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CLOVELLY, DEVONSHIRE
From a sketch on the spot by Dr. Johnson.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

AND

FAMILY VISITOR.

FOR THE YEAR 1877.

THIRD SERIES.—VOLUME I.



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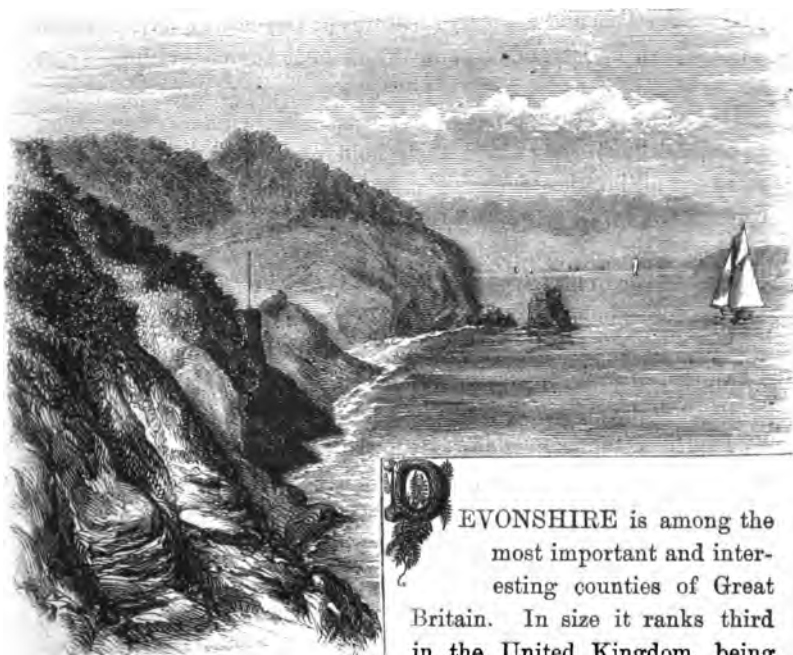
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THE CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

DEVONSHIRE.



DEVONSHIRE is among the most important and interesting counties of Great Britain. In size it ranks third in the United Kingdom, being

surpassed in extent of area by Yorkshire and Lincolnshire alone. It is rich in pasture-land, and in its breed of gracefully formed deer-like oxen. The 'Red Devon' frequently bears away first prizes at cattle-shows. Its geological structure is remarkable. For botanic study it affords a wide and deeply-interesting field; and by its venerable outspreading oaks, mingled with loftier trees of lighter forms and foliage, as well as by floral productions and varieties of ferns and grasses, it is richly attractive to the admirers of the vegetable adornment of hills, lanes, and valleys. In pic-

VOL. I. THIRD SERIES.—JANUARY, 1877.

A 2

turesque beauty and grandeur it has rare charms for the tourist. Its surface is diversified with innumerable heights and hollows. In some parts rugged granite breaks upward with towering peaks, amidst dark morasses, presenting scenes sternly wild and forlorn ; and in others, rich green pasture-land spreads its carpet over the red earth ; while on both its northern and southern coasts the grey limestone or red sandstone cliffs are romantically hollowed out with bays and coves, wooded down to the sea, and festooned, in many instances, with creepers of every variety of form and colour. The productions and attractive features of Devonshire have become more known of late, and it now draws to it summer visitors from all sections of the kingdom.

Historically, also, the county is surpassingly interesting. The ancient Britons long kept their hold of it against foreign invaders ; antiquities, such as cromlechs, sacred circles, logans, rock-basins, caves, stone-huts, with the remains of hill castles and camps of earth-work, some of which are of vast dimensions, tell of pre-historic times ; while remnants of roads, buildings, and other works of the Roman, Norman, and Mediæval periods are numerous. Devonshire took a prominent part in maritime enterprise under Queen Elizabeth, distinguished itself in opposition to Charles and the Long Parliament, welcomed to its shore the Prince of Orange when he landed with banners inscribed, 'For God and the Protestant religion.' It was professedly Christian before Romish emissaries crossed its borders. It allied itself early with the Protestant Reformation, and has continued onwards steadfast in the Truth.

Commercially, too, it is important. On the south-eastern side it has its ports and harbours—valuable to Government, as also to the shipping interests of the nation ; while its fisheries on both its coasts send abundant supplies to the fish-markets of London and other towns and cities of the country.

As restorative to invalids, especially those suffering from debility and pulmonary complaints, it is unsurpassed by any other region of Great Britain, and in many instances is recommended by medical men rather than the coasts of the Mediterranean. It enjoys a serene, equable climate, subdued and tempered by the sea, with sheltered bays ; while its mingled forms and colours of greensward, grey limestone, and overrunning foliage, soothe, as far as lovely

scenery can do so, the lassitude and depression of ill health. This is more especially realised at Torquay and its immediate neighbourhood, now the winter resort of invalids from all parts of England.

But by far the most strikingly picturesque portion of the county is 'North Devon.' Not to dwell upon the rugged wild grandeur of Dartmoor hills or the Exmoor forests, the scenes on the coast of the Bristol Channel are exceedingly charming and inspiring. *WESTWARD HO!* has been made familiar by Canon Kingsley in his volume bearing that title. He says :

'Torbay is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and to the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water, and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south, without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by in the glorious July days of 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains following fast in the wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; the stone on the pier-head which marks his first footsteps on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals, in life most pious, and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain-peak nor dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay surely has a soft beauty of its own. The rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass and rich red fallow fields, and parks full of stately timber trees. Long lines of tall elms, just flushing green in the spring hedges, run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast; and here and there apple orchards are just bursting into flower in the soft sunshine, and narrow strips of water-meadow line the glens, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten

yards of the rocky pebble beach. The shore is silent now, the tide far out; but six hours hence it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.'

Westward Ho can boast bold scenery, and supplies a healthy and refreshing retreat for persons worn and jaded by mental toil, or by the worry of commercial business. There is enough in its dark, stilted, wooden pier, extending far into the sea, in its bank of washed-up boulders, and in its black rocks and winding gullies, as well as in its hills and fields around, to interest the visitor; while the Isle of Lundy stretches two miles in length, at a considerable distance from the shore; and, seen in varying colours, under the reflections of a rising or setting sun, are the Welsh coast and hills beyond.

CLOVELLY, given in our Coloured Frontispiece to this number, presents one of the most romantic scenes in any country. The picturesque village hangs, as it were, in the midst of a woody nook from a high bank to the edge of the sea. Its one street—if such its broken, irregular way between homely stone cottages may be termed—descends steeply by stairs, adown which invalids ride on donkeys, if not too timid to make thus the abrupt descent to the pier and small harbour at its foot. Here may be seen fishing-boats and fishermen, and fishermen's wives and daughters, in primitive dresses, spreading and preparing the nets against the evening's sail, or *dive*, as it is named, for herring or mackerel. Above, to the right, are the park and gardens belonging to *Clovelly Court*, which estate, by the sea border, in its deep cliffs, secluded nooks, and wilderness of varied foliage, yields one of the finest views that can be imagined. The mansion of *Clovelly Court* is a large, handsome structure, but comparatively modern. It is flanked on both sides with vast reaches of full-grown trees of rich foliage.

ILFRACOMBE lies north of Clovelly and Westward Ho, and is reached by train from Barnstaple. It has on the land side, to the right of the town, high hills overspread with varied verdure; and the coast, with its semicircular bay, skirted by craggy rocks of wild, fantastic forms, and with huge, dark chasms intervening, bears a peculiar and most striking character. On its beach,

amidst the rocks, the naturalist may, when the tide is down, wander at will, and find various interesting forms of sea-side life.

LYNTON is reached by some two hours' quick drive from Ilfracombe. It is situated by the sea, on the outskirts of Exmoor, amidst richly-wooded scenery broken by steep ridges and precipices, and by impetuously-falling streams, so as to be, in the opinion of Southey the poet, one of the most lovely and sublime scenes in Europe. At the foot of Lynton, to the north, is

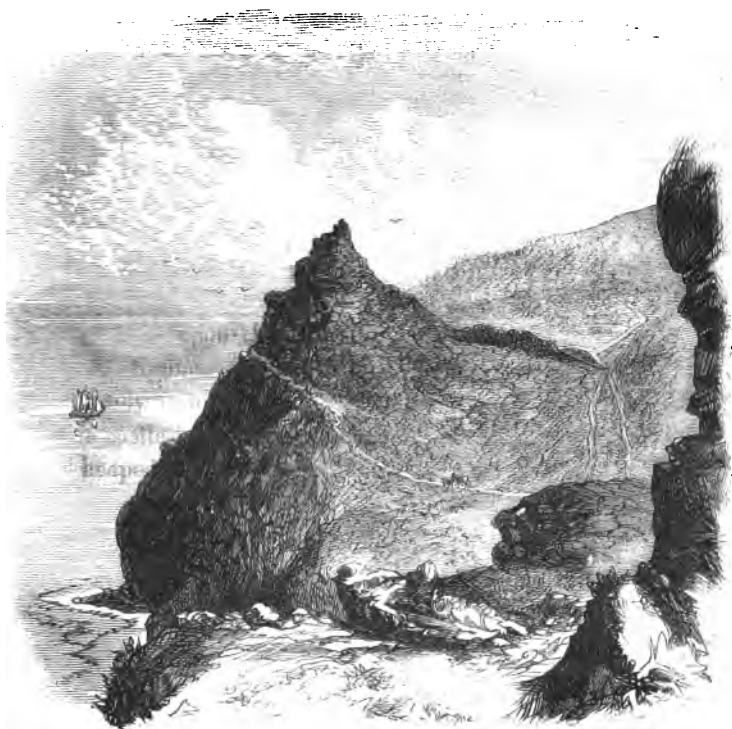
LYNMOUTH, a picturesque fishing village, with its primitive cottages and bawling waterfalls. To the right is a far-reaching, deep ravine, adown which water falls plentifully, and which is skirted on both sides with thick overhanging foliage, amidst

which the artist may find endless subjects for his sketch-book. From Lynmouth there are delightful walks and rides by the gorge of East Lyn to *Waters' Meet*, the junction of two branches of a river, where a scene of mingled rocks, precipices, wooded hills, and



foaming torrents opens to view, almost unrivalled in grandeur and beauty.

But the most astonishing of all the scenes associated with Lynton and Lynmouth is the VALLEY OF ROCKS. It is approached by a narrow pathway hewn out of the side of the cliff, from which, as looking down upon the sea, the traveller may be excused if he speak of dizziness produced by the depth of the steep descent immediately at his side. As he advances he sees huge piles of rock, in castle-like forms, which would seem at a distance to have been heaped up by giants of primeval times. But when he approaches them and examines their structure, he finds that nature alone has been their architect and builder, and that towering on high as they do, they are the upheaval of volcanic action, and monuments of the mighty forces which exist within the covering of the earth. Proceeding onwards by a winding course over shelving rocks and precipices, at length an extended vale is reached, in



which vast masses of rock are seen lying in wild disorder, as if they were the offal ribs and bones of a decayed creation. A lofty mountain of stone towers in front, as if with the upheaval and spent mouth of a volcano. All this, viewed from the Castle Rock, which rises hundreds of feet close by the sea, with overarched caverns, and waters whirling and foaming in and out of them below, renders the scene awfully sublime. After seeing this stern grandeur, and feeling the pressure of its effect upon the mind, relief may be readily found in fields, hills, and recesses adjoining, where grasses, ferns, flowers, and lovely verdure cover the ground and crown the adjoining heights.

F. J. J.

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER I.—HOW METHODISM CAME TO HISSAWACHEE VALLEY.

COLONEL WHEELER was the great man of the Hissawachee settlement, in Ohio, sixty years ago. He lived in a log house on the hill-side, and to this there rode one day a stranger. He was a broad-shouldered, stalwart, swarthy man, of thirty-five, with a serious but aggressive countenance, a broad-brim white hat, a coat made of country jeans, cut straight-breasted and buttoned to the chin, rawhide boots, and 'linsey' leggings tied about his legs below the knees. He rode a stout horse, and carried an ample pair of saddle-bags.

Reining his horse in front of the colonel's double cabin, he shouted, after the Western fashion, 'Hello! Hello the house!'

'Hello!' answered Colonel Wheeler, opening the door, 'Hello, stranger, howdy,' he went on, advancing with caution, but without much cordiality. He would not commit himself to a welcome too rashly; strangers needed inspection. 'Light, won't you?' he said, presently; and the stranger proceeded to dismount, while the colonel ordered one of his sons who came out at that moment to 'put up the stranger's horse, and give him some fodder and corn.' Then turning to the new-comer, he scanned him a moment, and said: 'A preacher, I reckon, Sir?'

* Condensed from "The Circuit Rider; a Tale of the Heroic Age." Routledge and Sons, London.

‘Yes, Sir, I’m a Methodist preacher, and I heard that your wife was a member of the Methodist Church, and that you were very friendly ; so I came round this way to see if you wouldn’t open your doors for preaching. I have one or two vacant days on my round, and thought maybe I might as well take Hissawachee Bottom into the Circuit, if I didn’t find anything to prevent.’

By this time the colonel and his guest had reached the door, and the former only said, ‘Well, Sir, let’s go in, and see what the old woman says. I don’t agree with you Methodists about everything, but I do think that you are doing good, and so I don’t allow anybody to say anything against you preachers without taking it up.’

Mrs. Wheeler, a dignified woman, with a placidly religious face, —a countenance in which scruples are balanced by evenness of temperament,—was at the moment engaged in dipping yarn into a blue dye that stood in a great iron kettle by the fire. She made haste to wash and dry her hands, that she might have a ‘real good, old-fashioned Methodist shake hands’ with Brother Magruder, ‘the first Methodist preacher she had seen since she left Pittsburg.’

Colonel Wheeler readily assented that Mr. Magruder should preach in his house. Methodists had just the same rights in a free country that other people had. Besides, he proceeded, his wife was a Methodist ; and she had a right to be, if she chose. He was friendly to religion himself, though he wasn’t a professor. If his wife didn’t want to wear rings or artificials, it was money in his pocket, and nobody had a right to object. Colonel Wheeler plumed himself before the new preacher upon his general friendliness towards religion, and really thought it might be set down on the credit side of that account in which he imagined some angelic book-keeper entered all his transactions. He felt in his own mind ‘middlin’ certain,’ as he would have told you, that ‘betwixt the prayin’ for he got from *such* a wife as his, and his own general friendliness to the preachers and the Methodis’ meetings, he would be saved at the last, *somehow or ’nother*.’

Colonel Wheeler’s son was despatched through the settlement to inform everybody that there would be preaching in his house that evening. The news was told at the Forks, where there was always a crowd of loafers ; and each individual loafer, in riding home that afternoon, called a ‘Hello !’ at every house he passed ; and when

the salutation from within was answered, remarked that he 'thought liker'n not they had'n heern tell of the preacher's comin' to Colonel Wheeler's.' And then the eager listener, generally the woman of the house, would cry out, 'Laws-a-massy! You don't say! A Methodis'? One of the shoutin' kind, that knocks folks down when he preaches! Well, I'm agoin', jist to see how *redik'lus* them Methodis' *does* do!'

The news was sent to the school, which had 'tuck up' for the winter, and from this centre also it soon spread throughout the neighbourhood. It reached Captain Lumsden's very early in the forenoon.

'Well!' said Lumsden, excitedly, but still with his little crowing chuckle; 'so Wheeler's took the Methodists in! We'll have to see about that. A man that brings such people to the settlement ought to be lynched. But I'll match the Methodists.'

Captain Lumsden accordingly got up a dance as a counter-attraction to the preaching.

Despite the dance, however, there were present, from near and far, all the house would hold. For those who got no 'invite' to Lumsden's had a double motive for going to meeting; a disposition to resent the slight was added to their curiosity to hear the Methodist preacher. The dance had taken away those who were most likely to disturb the meeting; people left out did not feel under any obligation to gratify Captain Lumsden by raising a row.

Both lower rooms of Wheeler's log house were crowded with people. A little open space was left at the doors between the rooms for the preacher, who presently came edging his way in through the crowd. He had been at prayer in that favourite oratory of the early Methodist preacher, the forest.

Magruder was a short, stout man, with wide shoulders, powerful arms, shaggy brows, and bristling black hair. He read the hymn, two lines at a time, and led the singing himself. He prayed with the utmost sincerity, but in a voice that shook the cabin windows, and gave the simple people a deeper reverence for the dreadfulness of the preacher's message. He prayed as a man talking face to face with the Almighty Judge of the generations of men; he prayed with an undoubting assurance of his own acceptance with God, and with the sincerest conviction of the infinite peril of his unforgiven

hearers. It is not argument that reaches men, but conviction ; and for immediate, practical purposes, one Tishbite Elijah, that can thunder out of a heart that never doubts, is worth a thousand acute writers of ingenious apologies.

When Magruder read his text, which was, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God,' he seemed to his hearers a prophet come to lay bare their hearts. Magruder had not been educated for his ministry by years of study of Hebrew and Greek, of Exegesis and Systematics ; but he knew what was of vastly more consequence to him—how to read and expound the hearts and lives of the impulsive, simple, reckless race among whom he laboured. He was of their very fibre.

On this evening he seized upon the particular sins of the people as things by which they drove away the Spirit of God. The audience trembled as he moved on in his rude speech and solemn indignation. Every man found himself in turn called to the bar of his own conscience. There was excitement throughout the house. Some were angry, some sobbed aloud, as he alluded to 'promises made to dying friends,' 'vows offered to God by the new-made graves of their children,'—for pioneer people are very susceptible to all such appeals to sensibility.

When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike Lumsden, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how the revengeful man was 'as much a murderer as if he had already killed his enemy and hid his mangled body in the leaves of the woods where none but the wolf could ever find him !'

At these words he turned to the part of the room where sat, white with feeling, Hezekiah Lumsden, or Kike Lumsden, as he was generally called. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noted Kike's emotion and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw in his imagination the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch (with whom he had had a deadly quarrel), hidden in the leaves and scented by hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now, he stopped and began again with tears, and in a tone broken

with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: 'O, young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How dare you hold them up before the Judge of all? You are another Cain, and God sends His messenger to you to-day to inquire after him whom you have already killed in your heart. *You are a murderer!* Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!'

No doubt all this is rude in refined ears. But is it nothing that by these rude words he laid bare Kike's sins to Kike's conscience? that in this moment Kike heard the voice of God denouncing his sins, and trembled? Can you do a man any higher service than to make him know himself, in the light of the highest sense of right that he is capable of? Kike, for his part, bowed to the rebuke of the preacher as to the rebuke of God. His frail frame shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. 'O, God! what a wretch I am!' cried he, hiding his face in his hands.

'Thank God for showing it to you, my young friend,' responded the preacher. 'What a wonder that your sins did not drive away the Holy Ghost, leaving you with your day of grace sinned away, as good as damned already!' And with this he turned and appealed yet more powerfully to the rest, already excited by the fresh contagion of Kike's penitence, until there were cries and sobs in all parts of the house. Some left in haste to avoid yielding to their feeling, while many fell upon their knees and prayed.

The preacher now thought it time to change, and offer some consolation. Some might say that his view of the Atonement was crude, conventional, and commercial; that he mistook figures of speech in Scripture for general and formulated postulates. But he succeeded in making known to his hearers the mercy of God in Christ. And surely this is the main thing. The preacher's whole manner changed. Many weeping and sobbing people were swept now to the other extreme, and cried aloud with joy. Perhaps Magruder, in some instances, exaggerated the change that had taken place in them. But is it nothing that a man has bowed his soul in penitence before God's justice, and then lifted his face in childlike trust to God's mercy? Can any one who has once passed through this experience not date from it a revolution? There were many who had not much root in themselves, doubtless, but among Magruder's hearers this day were those who, living half a century

afterwards, counted their better living from the hour of his forceful presentation of God's antagonism to sin, and God's tender mercy to the sinner.

It was not in Kike to change quickly. Smitten with a sense of his guilt, he rose from his seat and slowly knelt, quivering with feeling. When the preacher had finished preaching, amid cries of sorrow and joy, he began to sing, to an exquisitely pathetic tune, the hymn :

'Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?'

The meeting was held until late. Kike remained quietly kneeling, the tears trickling through his fingers. He did not utter a word or cry. In all the confusion he was still. What deliberate recounting of his own misdoings took place then, no one can know. Thoughtless readers may scoff at the poor backwoods boy in his trouble ; but who of us would not be better if we could be brought thus face to face with our own souls ? But his simple faith did more for him than all their philosophy has done for us.

At last the meeting was dismissed. But Kike stayed immovable upon his knees. His sense of guilt had become an agony. All those allowances which we make for the defects of education, Kike knew nothing about. He had a feeling that unless he found some assurance of God's mercy he could not live till morning. So the minister and Mrs. Wheeler, and two or three brethren that had come from adjoining settlements, stayed, and prayed and talked with the distressed youth until after midnight. The early Methodists regarded this persistence as a sure sign of a 'sound awakening.'

At last the preacher knelt again by Kike, and asked 'Sister Wheeler' to pray. There was nothing in the old Methodist meetings so excellent as the audible prayers of women. Women oftener than men have the gift of social prayer. Mrs. Wheeler began tenderly, penitently to confess, not Kike's sins, but the sins of all of them ; her penitence fell in with Kike's ; she confessed the very sins that he was grieving over. Then slowly—slowly, as one who waits for another to follow—she began to turn toward trustfulness. Like a little child she spoke to God ; under the influence of her

praying Kike sobbed audibly. Then he seemed to feel the contagion of her faith; he, too, looked to God as a Father reconciled in Christ; he, too, felt the peace of a trustful child.

The great struggle was over. Kike was revengeful no longer. He was distrustful and terrified no longer. He had 'crept into the heart of God' and found rest. Such an experience separates, by a great gulf, the life that is passed from the life that follows.

Kike, the new Kike, forgiving and forgiven, rose up at the close of the prayer, and with a peaceful face shook hands with the preacher and the brethren, rejoicing in this new fellowship. He said nothing; but when Magruder sang—

'How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above:
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love,'

Kike shook hands with them all again, bade them good-night, and went home and laid himself down to rest.

THE WISH FULFILLED IN A WAY NOT WISHED:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

'He shall choose our inheritance for us.'—PSALM XLVII. 4.

'He answered me in such a way.

As almost drove me to despair.'—JOHN NEWTON.

[I]n my childhood I had but one ambition; and God gratified it. Years later, I sat, one cold winter's night, by the dying embers of a low fire, watching the feeble flickerings of the flames; I drew my shawl tighter around my shoulders, and asked myself if it would have been otherwise had I been willing for God to direct my path and choose my inheritance for me; but no answer seemed to come to my weary soul, so I still sat looking at the remaining spark of fire as it blazed up fitfully and then died out. I drew nearer the empty grate, and with the poker stirred out the dust between the bricks that backed it.

I was cold, supperless, and sad; a single tallow candle shed a misty yellow light, that served but to show the dark shadows that gloomed across the dismal room. At last that sole remaining light burned to the socket, set on fire the encircling paper, flamed brightly for a moment, and then went low.

I rose, took the candle in my hand, and left the room, shutting the door fast, but not troubling to give a glance behind me. Why should I? There was nothing in that room to please the eye or cheer the heart. The furniture was old, meagre and scarce; an air of genteel poverty seemed to pervade it all. The drugget, once bright, was faded into colours of an indescribable hue, mended here and there with remnants of what it once had been; the gay colours showing up painfully the length and breadth of the several patches.

A comfortable easy chair stood in the best corner—that which was freest from draughts, nearest the fire, most in the sunlight! It was *his* corner; his easy chair, his sanctum when weariness of body and pain of heart pressed heavily on him—too heavily for the old man.

I stole quietly upstairs, stopped at his door, and listened. I could hear the low, regular breathing, now and then interrupted by a sigh: he was troubled, pained in his dreams. I left the candle by the door, and crept in. ‘Father!’ said I, touching the long white hand that rested on the quilt, ‘Father!’ He turned uneasily, then a smile played on his beautiful lips, and, without opening his eyes, he murmured, ‘All right, little Chriss, all right!’ Poor, dear, precious father! I pressed a kiss on his pale brow and left the room. My candle had died out; I groped my way in the dark, reached my homely couch, and was soon (in spite of my wretchedness) fast asleep and dreaming. Of what? Of but one; my dear old father; and mockingly glad were my dreams!

The cold, grey dawn of a winter’s morning crept into my room and awoke me. How cruel the awakening to despair! I dressed quickly, and stood before the defaced looking-glass, combing my tumbled hair. I shivered with the cold, and my fingers were benumbed. A thin, white face looked back from the glass at me, with sad, grey, languid eyes, that could have fired with energy and laughed in merriment had they the cause; thin lips,—the only feature in the face that I was proud of, for they were the lips of the old man whose life I prized a thousand times more than my own. An abundance of rich brown hair fell over the shoulders, and half-concealed a broad white brow. What cared I for it all! save that it pleased him to smooth back my ragged locks, and tell me they were like my mother’s when first her maiden heart was his. Another hour, and I was seated at the foot of his bed, cutting the toast into ‘lady’s fingers’ and pouring out his tea. I was smiling, too, positively joking and laughing, for I could be merry for *him*, with my heart aching the while.

But what did it cost? God and my own soul only knew. There is a wish those have who are weary and pained and sad,—the wish to *die*! Did I in my sorrow long for it too? No, I shrank from the very thought

of it. A weight of care and a crushed soul were better than leaving the old man.

So I clung to life, though the hectic flush burned bright on my cheek, as it had burned on hers, for my mother had succumbed to consumption. Yes, I could read it as clearly as a printed book. Would life last till I had seen him safe with the sainted dead? and then—Would God grant me this wish too? I besought Him with streaming eyes and agonizing heart.

When father was taking his afternoon nap, I loved to draw my chair close to the fire, lean back my head, close my eyes, and think of the long-ago,—of the days when his step was quick and firm; when the glad ring of his voice was strong; when, to him, sorrow, sickness and want were things unknown; when the pretty patter of children's feet made music in our home. But the great Reaper came, and love, e'en a mother's, was not strong enough to shut the door on him. He closed the baby's innocent blue eyes, and chilled into marble my little brother's noble brow; and I, the passionate, homely girl, was left—while he, with the mother's sweet Madonna-face, was taken.

Three short summers, and the broken-hearted mother joined her cherished one. I was not a child then. I was just growing beyond that, yet scarce a woman. Just getting to the age when one questions so much, and feels so intensely, and wonders why others do not too.

How saddened I became! earth seemed to me to be but one vast sepulchre, as I watched first one and then another sicken and die. And yet, though afraid of life, and weak and ill, I never wished for death to ease me of my load. O, no! Was I not father's only comforter, his little Chriss? and death meant *separation from him!*

Months passed on: one day father returned home unwell; his brow was clouded with anxious care, his dinner was left untasted. Girl though I was, I noticed that his hair was streaking with grey, and his upright, manly form stooping with dejection. I began to be alarmed. What if my handsome father was growing into a premature old man? Had we not had trouble enough? Had not death swept out with cruel speed enough of the cherished and beautiful, without laying a cold hand on him? How I prayed!

But my girlish heart had only learned as yet, from experience, one pattern of woe: it had not known the bitterness of poverty. Our home had ever been one of comfort, nay, luxury. How could we dream of want?

It was the old tale over again, that which one hears so often and will hear again: poverty for plenty, care for ease. And he lay unconscious of it all, while merciless creditors did their worst. Old family portraits,

rich furniture and choice plate, with endless knick-knacks, once greatly prized, were held up to the eyes of the curious public.

Meanwhile a little, frightened, foolish girl, of some seventeen summers, with eyes heavy with weeping and heart sick with aching, moved noiselessly about the darkened room of the sick man. From that bed he, who had once been so handsome and so active, rose a cripple for life.

So that is how we came to live in the shabby room with its patched drugget, mean furniture and scanty board. Sometimes in the twilight, when he thinks I am not noticing, I watch the big tears trickle down his pale, thin face, till I can sit and watch no longer, but rush from my seat, throw my arms about his neck, and give him all I have in this cold world,—my poor, childish love; and then he strokes my hair, kisses my hot cheeks, and calls me his ‘little Chriss,’ his ‘only earthly joy’—me! the unruly, passionate, uninteresting girl. Thank God that some eyes, at any rate, can see in us, who are so homely, something more precious to them than beauty, more lasting than the grace of a Hebe. What is that something that looks from the plainest face? It must be the answer to our love.

I think I will now tell you what had ever been the dream of my life: nothing more nor less than to become my father’s constant companion, his comforter in sorrow, his nurse in sickness, his hope and sunshine in trial and distress: from my childhood the golden dream of the future was to keep his house for him when he should become an old man and I a thoughtful maiden. And the time came, and I really was sole mistress of his home, my fond dream realised; but how? A bitter smile would sometimes flit across my face as I thought of it all, and meanwhile, with careful hands, put into the old-fashioned tea-pot the last grain of tea, and cut the last loaf of bread.

One day I had unusual good fortune: after several vain endeavours to sell a small watercolour painting, on which I had bestowed great pains, I met with a liberal purchaser. This was not my only employment: I was morning governess in a school, and during my spare time turned to account the only accomplishment in which I had been more than ordinarily successful. I almost gloated over the gold; child-like, I kept it in the palm of my hand, grasping it tightly; maiden-like, I pictured in my mind all the pleasant things that I could then possess.

After the school duties of the day were over and we had taken our frugal meal, I sat down to think. My fingers sewed busily, my brain planned the spending of my unexpected treasure. Already, in thought, I had disposed of it ten times over. At last I set myself seriously to decide what must be done. I glanced at my shabby dress, how shabby! though neat and well-fitting. I soon ran through the inventory of my

wardrobe: cloak, hat, boots and gloves. I began again to consider my cloak, at what time was the out fashionable and comely? I found myself smiling that I should be again thinking of fashion. I was sadly in want of a warm wrap, an umbrella, a hat, and just one nice pair of gloves for best. I thought again of the money, and reckoned how far it would go. But these meditations were cut short by the sound of a distressing cough; it came from the occupant of the easy chair. Mechanically I rose, stirred the fire, pulled the faded curtain tighter across the window, and moved his chair a little nearer the warmth.

For ever fled visions of dress, mantle, boots, hat and gloves. I folded my arms round his neck, and looked into his handsome face. Verily, I had more joy in him than in anything money could possibly purchase. I reproved my selfish heart for its vain wanderings among the trifles that are of so much importance in the life of a girl.

He was cold and shivering. Could I not buy him a dressing-gown? I might get the cloth, and I knew of a dress-maker who could cut it out and assist me, but of course I should have to remunerate her. She lived but a few doors from us, and I had always been interested in her for the sake of her little girl, a fairy-like child with merry laugh, and bright, blue, spiritual eyes. I could give the child music lessons, and in return her mother might lend me a helping hand.

With me a thing was no sooner decided than begun. I looked at the easy-chair; my father had sank into a quiet dose. I moved softly out of the room, tied on my ancient-looking hat without a glance at it, and ran off. I hated to look at old, ugly things.

O that my hateful pride were gone, with all the aches and pains attendant on it!

My proposition was accepted, and I returned home with a glad spirit; my heart was gay, for hadn't I a joyous secret therein? Early in the morning and late at night I worked at the present, taking care that my father should not guess what I was about. The fairy-child began at once with her music, bravely mastering the drudgery of the first few lessons. At last my task was finished. O how happy I was! I believe he coughed less, and the very sight of my dear old father looking so warm and cosy took all the chill out of my young life, for that day at least. Of course he remonstrated with me, and scolded a little that I had spent the money on him and not on myself; but I was full of joy. Even our home looked brighter.

The days were short, stormy and cold; my mantle was thin, and water soaked through my boots. I coughed almost incessantly, and the bright spots burned in my cheeks. Still I was glad of soul. I fed on the thought of that dear old man, safe from the chill of the winter's

wind, so warm and cosy. And I? Of course I felt shabby as I was. I could read it in the gaze of the passer-by, see it in the glance of my stylish pupils, feel it in the secret of my own sensitive heart. But what of that? They could see and despise my poor thin clothes; pity and turn from my sad young face; but who knew of the dear old man? I had my bliss amidst my sorrows, so I envied them not.

As I walked home day by day, I would look in the faces of those I passed, trying to put a history to each. Wondering if *they* had some one at home waiting to welcome them; some one around whom their heart's tendrils might for ever cling. If not—I could not for a moment wish to change my lot with theirs, though bright feathers plumed their hats, and silken velvets robed their graceful forms, and youth, beauty and wealth were ever their attendants. I used to listen for the cough, too: that which was mine own sad heritage; and I often heard it from those whose boots never let in the water, whose mantles were warm, rich and elegant, and whose well-being was the constant care of watchful mothers.

When the cold east wind lay sleeping, and the air was warm, it was my delight to wheel my father in his bath-chair. People who passed us on our way, would look at him with an admiration easy to discern, and then give a hasty glance at me. I could tell the meaning of that look, too; it by no means reiterated my father's little sentence of endearment, so often bestowed on me, 'My Pretty.' I would stay on some little pretence, move to the front, tuck the plaid tighter around him, and take a long look at his noble face, and think again that in it there was mirrored all that is tender and true.

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'Your cough is very bad, little Chriss,' persisted my father one evening as he was sipping his gruel and talking to me. I laid down my knitting and smiled. 'You are fidgety, dear father,' I said; 'you are far too anxious; the east winds try me, you know.' He gazed earnestly at me, then sipped his gruel again, but I could see that a shadow passed over his face; I had not satisfied him; he was thinking of my mother. He had listened to that cough before; he had watched the tired eyes grow brilliant and the pale cheek flush. I couldn't deceive him, though I buried my face in the clothes, and tried to stifle my cough through the long, still night, and powdered the pink in my cheeks that spoke so plainly of the grave.

When first I saw clearly the state of my health, my young heart passionately rebelled, with tears and prayers; but the malady was a slow one, and I had time to think. I set the case truthfully before me:

I prepared myself to face the worst; I felt that I must die. *Must die*, though I was so young! though I was all the world to *him*.

But just at that time God took me into His own hands, forgave my past waywardness, made the rough places plain, and crooked places straight, guided and sustained me, so that in weakness of body my soul strengthened and grew. I meekly faced the coming evil. I determined to live more earnestly. I placed my life, with all its passionate longings and childish fears, in the Saviour's hands, and besought that He would pilot me through all the storm and cloud. I laid on Him my guilt, my care, the welfare of my father. I began to feel that I could leave him, that God could take care of him even better than I. I saw the error of my life, the burden of care that I had so wilfully borne those long years back. When health and strength failed, I rolled the burden off, placed it on the Burden-bearer, and He, as of old, bore each grief and carried each sorrow. At last my heart had no load, my mind no anxiety: life, death, ease or pain, I could take what He willed, and be at rest.

The sickness was of a deceitful nature, and at times new vigour used to take possession of me; hope whispered in my ear that I might still live. But I felt that it was a flattering whisper, and heeded it not. I tried to be cheerful the long day through, and found it at times even easy. The old man brightened; earthly blessings became more abundant. At last life became positively glad!

So time passed on, and sweet spring came round again, with its zephyr winds, bright blue skies, and beauteous flowers from nature's choicest storehouse, gladdening the heart and pleasing the eye. It was God, my Father, Who scattered with so lavish a hand all the beauty around, and I thanked Him for it, for I had learned to be grateful for the smallest blessing in life. Every day of the glorious spring-time found me weaker; I could no longer walk to school; I gave up all thoughts of ever entering it again.

Some of my little pupils after the holiday rambles brought me their treasures of flowers, ferns and moss. There was always something sweet and cheering in the children's visits that spoke of green meadows, merry, rippling brooks and shady woods, where once I had loved to wander during the pleasant holiday. They seemed to bring in with them a glimpse of the fresh young world without, of the glorious spring-time, the last that I might ever hope to see. I strove not to check their merriment, but could not hide my tell-tale face.

I noticed that the rosy cheek of my favourite blanched a little as she slipped her small hand in mine, and raised her chubby face for a kiss. A look of sorrowing sympathy stole into her laughing eyes, and for the first time I had ever known it, her voice lowered into a grave, sweet

tone. Troublesome in school, yet she was of the truest and most joyous nature. I loved her passionately. I wanted to give her a little memento, so I unclasped a locket that hung round my neck, and fastened it on hers. Instead of abundantly thanking me, as was her custom, to my surprise she threw herself into my arms and sobbed violently. I knew that she had guessed the sad secret that I dare not tell, so I let her have her cry. At last she raised her tearful eyes to mine, to read in them the answer to the question that spoke in hers. I could not speak. Neither of us uttered a word. She had learned the truth; and for the first time her free young soul felt the approaching shadow of death. The first words she said startled me:

‘Miss Chrissie, is it very hard to die?’

‘No, child,’ I said, smoothing back the golden curls and kissing away her tears. ‘No; it’s the separation from those we love that pains; it’s a glorious, happy thing to die and be with God.’

But she shook her head; for there were joy and health and love in every step of her child life, and the road had been thornless for the little feet, and earth was fair. She questioned me no more, but looked wonderingly at me.

My dear, dear father! Who will look after you when I am gone? Who will draw your chair to the fire, reach your newspaper, warm your slippers, and learn by heart every look that steals over your noble face? Who will pour out your tea, laugh you into forgetfulness of your sorrows, and rejoice with you when you are glad?

I thought all this one dreamy day in June, while the sunbeams streamed in through the half-closed curtains. I thought a great deal more, too, for I was too weak to do anything but rest and think the whole day long. One of our old servants has come back to us, for our circumstances warrant it. A real comfort she proves, though her best days are over; but she has a faithful heart, that glows with a love almost motherly, and her ready hand ministers to our every want. My father grows more tender than ever toward me; he stays by my couch for hours together, patiently watching me. We read and talk together, and grow merry when I feel strong enough for merriment. When I am weary, I lay my aching head on his shoulder, and rest peacefully as a child. And as I rest contentedly, blissfully, with the arm of an earthly father around me, so I feel the Divine arm ever encircling me, and in the refuge I find peace and heavenly joy.

‘And so she has gone! My little Chriss, my bonnie girl! Who could

think that cold form was she, with its firm-closed eyes and silent lips ! She taken and I left ! The young heart stilled, and the aged one well-nigh broken in its agony. But hearts don't often break in their sorrow. God only knows the weight of agony they can bear ! I will wait patiently "UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY." "

O.

REMINISCENCES OF LEVI COFFIN ;

OR, UNDERGROUND RAILWAY-WORK.

THE name of LEVI COFFIN is one of the foremost and noblest of that heroic band who withstood the horrible system of slavery at a time when, and in a country where, it was a cherished national institution, and when practical opposition to it was a sure road to severe suffering. Levi Coffin belonged to the Society which, to their honour, have done far more than any other body towards the suppression of the gigantic evil—the Society of Friends. He was born about the year 1799, in North Carolina, one of the hotbeds of slavery. Among the earliest and most vivid recollections of his childhood were harrowing scenes of cruelties practised on slaves. He tells us that he dates his conversion to Abolitionism from his seventh year, when one day, as he was on the roadside with his father, who was chopping wood, a gang of slaves passed them, handcuffed and chained together, two and two, followed by a driver on horseback, with a long whip, such as is used for driving cattle. 'Well, boys,' asked the elder Coffin, 'why do they chain you ?' An intelligent, melancholy-looking man replied very mournfully, 'They have taken us away from our wives and children, and they chain us lest we should make our escape, and go back to them !' The boy's sympathy was thoroughly aroused, and he asked his father why the poor men were thus torn away from their families. And as his father explained to him some of the miseries and iniquities of slavery, the thought naturally arose, 'How terribly we should feel if father were taken from us !' From that hour the little fellow was an Abolitionist.

The story of the 'white-slave,' the circumstances of which occurred in the neighbourhood where the Coffins lived, shows one of the cruelist phases of slavery, and one of the instances in which the deepest suffering was inflicted.

'A slaveholder living in Virginia owned a beautiful slave-woman, who was almost white. She became the mother of a little boy, in whose veins ran the blood of her master, and the closest observer could not detect in its appearance any trace of African descent. He grew to be

two or three years of age, a most beautiful child, the idol of his mother's heart, when the master concluded, for family reasons, to send him away. Years passed; the child grew to manhood, and having received a good common-school education, and learned the shoemaker's trade, he married an estimable young white woman, and had a family of five or six children.

'He had not the slightest knowledge of the taint of African blood in his veins. He was a good citizen, a member of the Methodist Church, and was respected by all who knew him. In course of time his father, the Virginian slaveholder, died, and when the executors came to settle-up the estate, they remembered the little white boy—the son of the slave-woman; and knowing that by law—such law!—he belonged to the estate, and must be by this time a valuable piece of property, they resolved to gain possession of him. After much inquiry and search they learned of his whereabouts, and the heir of the estate went to North Carolina to claim his half-brother as a slave. Without making themselves known to him, they sold him to a negro trader, and gave a bill of sale, preferring to have a sum in ready money, instead of a servant who might prove very valuable, but who would, without doubt, give them a great deal of trouble. He had been free all his life, and they knew he would not readily yield to the yoke of bondage. All this time the victim was entirely unconscious of the cruel fate in store for him.

'His wife had been prostrated by a fever, and he had waited and watched by her bedside until he was worn out by exhaustion and loss of sleep, and one evening he retired to seek the rest he so much needed. That night the slave-dealer came with a gang of ruffians, burst into the house, and seized their victim as he lay asleep, bound him, after heroic struggles on his part, and dragged him away. When he demanded the cause of his seizure, they showed him the bill of sale, and informed him that he was a slave. In this rude, heartless manner, the intelligence that he belonged to the African race was first imparted to him. To get him black enough to sell without question, they washed his face in tan-ooze, and kept him tied in the sun, and to complete his resemblance to a mulatto, they cut his hair short, and seared it with a hot iron to make it curly. He was sold in Georgia or Alabama, to a hard master, by whom he was cruelly treated.

'Several months afterwards he succeeded in escaping, and made his way back to Guilford County, North Carolina. Here he learned that his wife had died a few days after his capture, the shock of the calamity having hastened her death, and that his children were scattered among the neighbours. His master, thinking that he would return to his old home, came in pursuit of him with hounds, and chased him



through the thickets and swamps. He evaded the dogs by wading in a mill-pond and climbing a tree, where he stayed all night. Next day he made his way to the house of a friend, where he remained several days. Dr. George Swain, a man of much influence in the community, had an interview with him, and hearing the particulars of his seizure, said he thought the proceedings were illegal. He held a consultation with several lawyers, and instituted proceedings in his behalf; but the unfortunate victim of man's cruelty did not live to regain his freedom. He had been exposed and worried so much, trailed by dogs, and forced to lie in swamps and thickets, that his health was broken down, and he died before the next term of court.'

Slavery and Quakerism could not flourish together, and many Quaker families, who felt like Lot in Sodom, removed to free States. About two years after his marriage, young Coffin followed their example, and settled in Newport, Wayne County, Indiana. Here he found himself on a line of the '*Underground Railroad.*' Our readers must not think of the Metropolitan Line, with its Daylight Station route. It was the name given to a carefully organized and elaborate system for

the secret, nocturnal conveyance of fugitive slaves to the houses of Friends or free coloured people, who lived at different distances on the route, and would keep them at these stations in safety and concealment, until stage by stage they could be forwarded to Canada, or to some free State. Into this work Levi Coffin and his wife entered with all their hearts.

Of course, such an enterprise involved no little difficulty and danger, as well as an enormous amount of trouble and expense. "A wagon and team of horses were kept for the conveyance of fugitives from station to station, and every precaution must be observed in order to elude observation or pursuit. They had to be always ready to receive passengers. Any hour of the day or night they might be aroused by the peculiarly gentle rap at the door, which was the signal for announcing that a train had arrived. 'I have often,' says Coffin, 'been awakened by this signal, and sprung out of bed in the dark, and opened the door. Outside, in the cold or rain, there would be a two-horse wagon laden with fugitives. I would invite them, in a low tone, to come in, and they would follow me into the darkened house without a word, for we knew not who might be watching and listening. When they were all safely inside, and the door fastened, I would cover the windows, strike a light, and build a good fire. By this time my wife would be up and preparing victuals for them. It was never too cold and stormy, or the hour too late, for her to rise from sleep, and provide food and comfortable lodging for the fugitives. They generally came to us destitute of clothing, and were often barefooted. Clothing must be collected and kept on hand if possible, and money must be raised to buy shoes and purchase goods to make clothes for women and children. The young ladies in the neighbourhood organized a society, and met at our house frequently, to make clothes for the fugitives.'

It was not an unfrequent but very delightful occurrence, for Levi Coffin and his wife to be greeted by respectably-dressed, happy-looking negroes, whom they failed to recognise as the runaway slaves whom they had helped to liberate. One evening, after a church meeting in a distant county, a coloured woman came up to Catherine Coffin, and warmly seizing both her hands, exclaimed, 'How are you, Aunt Katie? God bless you!' This was Eliza Harris, the original of the character so well known to the readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and whose terrible exploit of crossing the Ohio river on cracking masses of ice, was performed near Ripley, a town a few miles from Newport.

As may be supposed, Coffin was constantly exposed to the malice of slaveholders. He often received anonymous letters, threatening to kill him or burn his house. Once an announcement was made that a

band of armed men was about to surround and burn their dwelling. However, the family made no preparations for defence, but retired to rest at the usual hour and slept peacefully till the morning, when they found everything as they had left it, with no trace of molestation. Only one man was alarmed by the sound of what he thought was martial music, but it turned out to be 'only the frogs making a lively noise in honour of the return of spring.'

Some good people doubted the propriety of running such risks, and one Friend thought it wrong to harbour runaway slaves who might have been guilty of great crimes. But Coffin replied that 'It was always safe to do right. The Bible, in bidding us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, said nothing about colour;' and asked if they 'thought the Good Samaritan stopped to inquire whether the man who fell among-thieves was guilty of any crime before he attempted to help him.'

Meanwhile his business prospered, and all his commercial enterprises were most successful. 'The blessing of the Lord' made him 'rich,' and he 'increased' in spite of his plentiful scattering.

The Underground Railroad work was carried on until a year after the breaking out of the war, when slaves were received and protected inside the military lines. Then, after the war was ended, the noble couple were just as energetic in their exertions in behalf of the freedmen; Levi Coffin coming over to England to advocate their cause. After his return to America, at a large public meeting, amidst much applause, he resigned his office as President of the 'Underground Railroad.'

G. E. S.

'COME YE YOURSELVES APART.'

(MARK VI. 31.)

THE Saviour speaketh! Weary men
around,
Look on Him, as with heavenly glory
crown'd
He stands, and feels for all their little
cares; [bears.
While He alone His own great burden
All day with weeping had they sown
their seed,
And He had shared with them in every
need;
And now at eventide sweet rest they
find,
Alone with Him—all earthly cares
behind.

He knew the blessed power of solitude
Who knelt alone in Olivet's dark
wood;
Whose feet Gethsemane so oft had
trod,
While He held sweet communion with
God.

These words He often says to every
heart,
In gentle whispers,—“Come ye now
apart;”
And though unworthy, yet His tender
grace
Leads us into a quiet resting-place.

In vain we murmur at His sovereign will,
'Tis His command—To suffer, and be still;

We scarce can see the Lord Who gives us life,
For earthly passions hide Him in their strife.

Yet soon there shines a light from out the gloom,

Earth dies away, and leaves the Saviour room;

And towards His throne our hearts in rapture rise,

As He unveils Himself before our eyes.

How can we murmur at a call so sweet,
Which brings disciples closer to His feet?

Perchance in health the blessings ne'er had come,
And we had pass'd on heedless to our doom.

O blessed union with the God we love!
O happy fellowship with saints above!
O suffering spirit, give thy sorrows o'er—

The Lord is nigh to cheer thee evermore.

Only give Him thy heart with all its powers,

And he Himself will cheer thy lonely hours;

Only believe, then, in His mercy free,
He shows Himself '*The Lord that healeth thee!*'

SASSIE WRAY.

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

IN the history of Apostolic times an attentive observer cannot fail to notice the fearless, unhesitating, uncompromising statement of facts, which only admit of an interpretation by an admission of the supernatural—in their simple, unadorned truthfulness, without any attempt to account for the same in any other way than by the direct interposition of God. If there then existed the aversion to admit the supernatural which now exists, the Apostles did not manifest it. They give their narrative as simply and naturally as a lecturer of to-day would relate an anecdote to illustrate the subject of his discourse. With many of us there seems to be an instinctive shrinking from the acknowledgment that God is directly concerned in our affairs. We make no denial of it, but our allusion of God's presence and working among us is generally more or less indirect, unless we are occupied in religious conversation in a religious circle of friends or listeners.

Now contrast this with the spirit of St. Paul manifested on the occasion of his address to the Jewish mob from the stairs of the castle, when arrested and delivered by the chief captain, Lysias, Acts xxi. After having obtained silence, he began to give a very brief history of his life, commencing with the statement that he was a Jew, educated, in Jerusalem, at the feet of Gamaliel, particularly noting his persecutions of the Nazarenes, and thence proceeding to relate more fully the manner of his conversion. Without comment, he states what must either be

accepted as miraculous or rejected altogether. And he does not attempt to hide or explain away the supernatural character of the facts in order to soothe the prejudices of his varied audience, but relates them simply, allowing the unpolished truth to make its own impression.

Now, it is very easy to say, in the company of those who are sympathetic and of like tastes with one's self, what would be very difficult in the presence of those who are unsympathetic or sceptical. And consequently the task of the preacher of to-day cannot but contrast very strongly with the life-toil of the Apostles. They had everywhere strange things to declare, and nowhere a sympathetic audience. The smooth, soft terms of politeness—as we understand it now—would, if adopted by them, have been totally ruinous to their purpose. The resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth was the chief fact of their life-long utterances, and the purport of their speech was the establishing of that and its kindred facts in the faith of the human breast everywhere. And the way they proceed in their work is a proof of the strong consciousness of the supernatural which they possessed. They state their truths so naturally and boldly, that it would almost appear—if only their manner of preaching be considered—that they did not recognise the possibility of doubt.

The apostle of to-day has an audience nearly every man of which is more or less in sympathy with his theme. His boldness and his consciousness of the personal presence and interference of God should be—one might suppose—proportionately stronger than that of the Apostle of olden time. But in this we are reminded of the old truth, that exercise is necessary to develop strength. The tacit acknowledgment of the truth of his theme, leaves to-day's preacher less shut up to the exercise of that strong faith in the personal God which expressed opposition would make absolutely necessary. Hence the tendency to reduce everything to a natural standard. Where God is not understood to be excluded, the terms 'Nature' and 'Natural Laws' are preferred; and the term 'Providence,' as being more general and less personal, is far too frequent in Christian conversation.

Such thoughts almost tempt one to take morbid views of life. One is inclined to think not only that persecution was a blessing in all ages when it existed, but that there may be a stern and loving necessity for it again. Pray, what in human character can be the substitute of a faith which is definite and particular to a degree of holy familiarity? And what can produce that but personal experience? And to all who have such experience, it must be sorrowful to see the human race cramping, and dwarfing, and walling itself in by its unbelief, and wilfully refusing to admit any progress or existence beyond what is commonly

called 'the Natural;' and that the cold, bony fingers of this skeleton should be clutching at the warm heart of the Church is alarming as well as sorrowful.

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

BY E. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER I.—WILLIE'S HOME.

'FATHER, I am so glad this is my birthday, and not to-morrow, aren't you?'

'Yes, Willie, especially as it will be the last we shall spend together at the old Grange.'

'Never mind that, father; I hope we shall be together on a great many more of my birthdays; if not here, in some cosy cottage until I can buy a house.'

'Don't be too sanguine, Willie. You will have a long time to wait and work before you can buy a house. Do not expect too much, my boy. Life is full of disappointments.'

'Now, father, I won't be wrapped up in the wet blanket. I will expect a great deal, and I will do a great deal. If I have my health and strength, why, by the time I am twenty-one I shall be fit to be chief-mate—and that will be in seven years, as soon as my apprenticeship is over. Then who knows but in a year I may become master? and then—'

'And then, my boy? Are you not, think you, something like the milk-maid in your spelling-book—reckoning your chicks, eh? You know the rest.'

'Ay, father, I do. Only I won't be quite so silly as to throw over all my milk, which I take to be neglecting my learning. I intend to study, as well as work with my hands; because, if I don't, I shall be a *man* before the mast all my life.'

'Willie, I am afraid you are ambitious.'

'Of course I am, father; and I may thank you and mother for it.'

'Nay, my lad, that is going too far.'

'Not a bit of it! Did not you and mother keep me from running about, and from making companions of boys that would have done me no good?'

'We did that, Willie, because we wish you to grow up a truthful, honest, God-fearing youth.'

'Which I hope I shall be, father, thanks to you and mother; but being truthful and honest will help me to rise, if I only use the right means, which I intend to do. I shall try to be a smart sailor and a good navigator, which, I suppose, are two of the requisites to make a good master.'

'Ay; but a master has need of something more. He must be able to command.'

'Well, I will learn to control myself; then I shall soon learn to control others.'

'Well, Willie, I only say don't expect too much.'

'Father, I shall expect everything that a sailor can attain, and—'

What more Willie would have said is not known, for just then Mrs. Jacques came into the room to tell her husband that the goose was ready for him to carve. So he got up immediately, and went into the kitchen, followed by Willie, who liked to see his father cut up a goose. Mr. Jacques was considered an excellent carver, and he had his own notion of carving a goose, which was to do it in a large dripping-pan, putting all the pieces in methodical order, and then pouring over them a rich gravy. The pan was then put into the oven, to make the goose thoroughly hot. When this was accomplished, it was transferred to a large dish, and placed on the dining-table. Farmer Jacques had a weakness for roast goose, and every year had a certain number fed for home consumption. It was an invariable dish on Christmas-day, and on Willie's birthday, the thirty-first of January.

When the trio were seated at the dinner-table, Willie, who could not for a second forget that on the morrow he should go away, said—

'Mother, is it not funny that my ship's name is the same as yours, "Sarah"—the bonnie "Sarah"? I cannot forget you.'

Mrs. Jacques put down her knife and fork, and covered her face with her apron.

'Now, mother,' pleaded Willie, with his arms lovingly round her neck, 'you must not cry, or I cannot eat my dinner.'

'Do not mind me, my boy; go back to your chair.'

'Not unless you will dry your tears, and promise to eat.'

'I will; now go, or the goose will be cold.'

Willie returned to his seat. But even he had not his usual appetite, and he failed to do justice to the good cheer before him. He refused even the plum-pudding, to the dismay of his mother; who, however, secretly determined to put it into a jar, and pack it in his sea-chest, with other good things that she had prepared for her boy. He was to leave for the seaport on the following morning, at four o'clock, in order to get there before night; for the journey was long, and in those days there were no railways.

Newton Grange, the home of Farmer Jacques, was situated about a quarter of a mile from the river Derwent, and about an equal distance from the village of Newton. It was an old, gabled, stone edifice, with thatched roof and small diamond-paned windows, surrounded by ivy,

two sides of the Grange being one mass of green. The thatch was dotted with tufts of house-leek and stonecrop. A stone wall enclosed the garden, the top of which was covered with house-leek and club-moss and stonecrop. It was a picturesque old place, and strangers often stood to admire it; and could they have gone inside, they would have found old-fashioned comfort and real hospitality. The Grange had been in the Jacques family for more than two hundred years, but in a few weeks it would be their home no longer. Heavy losses, arising from various causes, had compelled the present occupant, the father of Willie, to give notice to leave the home of his ancestors. It nearly broke his heart, but there was no help for it. So he took a small place a few miles distant, and thither he would remove his family on Lady-day. Mrs. Jacques had to hide her own grief in order to support her husband, and he would sometimes tax her with being indifferent, when all the time she felt that no other house could become home to her in the same way the dear old Grange had been. She had gone thither a youthful bride; there her boy had been born, and there had been spent the best and, perhaps, the happiest years of her life. Leaving the Grange would be like losing a dear friend, but, mindful of her husband, she would not show her grief. Willie, their only child, a fine high-spirited boy of fourteen, had, after much coaxing, obtained his parents' consent to go to sea. He had chosen the Greenland trade, because he had known an old sailor who had been in that service, and who had told him marvellous stories of the ice-bergs, bears, and Esquimaux, until Willie imagined that no cities or foreign countries could compete in interest with the Arctic regions. His mother gently tried to dissuade him, but his mind was fixed. So she ceased her pleadings, hid her fears of the unknown dangers that would surround her darling, and set about preparing his outfit. Had they been going to remain at the Grange, it would have been different. But the poor cottage was no place for Willie. Even Mrs. Jacques acknowledged to herself that she should not like to see her boy a cowherd, and Willie would make his way, of that she was sure.

The last evening was a sad one. Willie did his best to be cheerful, but his gaiety was assumed. He was far too loving not to feel acutely this first separation from home ties. The farmer scarcely spoke a word; while Mrs. Jacques tried to busy herself in needless preparations,—needless, because all was packed, everything ready for the morrow. At last the farmer roused himself from his musings, and turning to Willie with almost stern abruptness, caused by intensity of feeling, thus addressed him:

'Willie, you are going out into a world where you will see and hear

much evil. You take with you good principles, but it remains to be proved whether you will retain them, and be guided by them during your future life. Remember that on yourself depends your future well-being. I will not ask you to make me any promise; I don't like promises; but I should wish you to avoid three things.' The farmer here paused, and looked earnestly at his boy.

'What are they, father?'

'I do not wish you to learn to smoke, to drink, or to swear. If you are tempted to one, or all of these, think of your home; think of your mother, boy; but, above all, think that God sees you. And do not do the less, lest you also do the greater evil. You told me a little while back that you would rise; be equally determined to keep a pure heart and an upright mind.'

'Father, I'll try to act so that you shall have no cause to be ashamed of your boy.'

'You know where to seek for help, Willie?'

'Yes, father,' said Willie; 'mother has packed up the Chart, I know,' looking affectionately at his mother, whom he had seen carefully folding in clean white paper a new Bible that she had bought for this birthday-present. She had also given him a little red morocco-bound book that she had had ever since she was his age, called 'Daily Bread,' containing a verse of Scripture for every day. He knew she wished him to read the verse every day, and he intended to do it; but he did not tell her so. His mother trusted him quite as much, and perchance more than if he had made her many promises. He had always been truthful and obedient, and he would not fail her now that he was going from her. The seed sown in his young heart, she felt confident, would bear fruit. Had she not the promise, 'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it'? And she and his father *had* tried to train him in the fear and love of God. They had endeavoured to implant in his mind sound principles, and their daily petition was that God would keep him in the path of virtue. Her boy was going from her, but he was not going out of God's presence; he would still be under the Father's care. It was needful that his principles should be tested by trial, or how would they be proved to be true?—needful that he should go out into the world, or how could he learn to acquit himself as a man? Still, her mother's heart quailed at the dreaded separation. She tried to lay her fears to rest by repeating to herself the manifold promises in the Word of Life. Yet, notwithstanding her efforts, fain would she have kept her boy with her, could she have done so without cause for after-regret and injury to his future welfare.

(To be continued.)

JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born at Gifford-gate, a suburb of Haddington, in the year 1505. His parents though not opulent, were in such circumstances as to be able to give him the best educational advantages then to be obtained in Scotland. When he had been taught Latin in the Haddington Grammar School, he was sent to the Glasgow University.

John Mair was professor of philosophy and theology. He had been employed in the University of Paris, where his mind was imbued with principles antagonistic to the supreme authority of the Pope. He held that General Councils were above the Pope, and had power to rebuke and even depose him; and boldly inveighed against the pomp and haughtiness of the Roman hierarchy. But notwithstanding the breadth and freedom of his thoughts on ecclesiastical polity, his prelections were dry and inanimate as the sands in the hour-glass on his desk, and it was only occasionally that the most attentive of his students obtained a thought worth recording in their note-books. The mind of Knox was too vivacious and independent to be held in captivity by an elaboration of logical frivolities, and sought nutriment in the sacred literature stored in the college library. His intellectual progress was so manifest that he was made Master of Arts and appointed regent to one of the University classes, which he taught with signal efficiency and success. He was also in favour with the cathedral Chapter, and on account of his unusual abilities and acquirements was advanced to the priesthood before he had reached the years required by the Canon. As he went on with his studies he was unconsciously preparing himself for the adoption of Protestant principles, and for that conflict with falsehood and superstition to which he carried weapons keener and more terrible than the great sword of Wallace.

No longer content with extracts from the Fathers, he began to read their ponderous tomes, and found in Jerome and Augustine a luminous sweep of godly wisdom which filled his soul with joy and wonder. Jerome inspired him with love for the Scriptures, and kindled in his heart a worthy ambition to become familiar with the thoughts of God as they are presented in the mystic Hebrew and golden Greek. Augustine gave him a theology which, though limiting Divine love by the doctrine of predestination, was a perfect orb of resplendent light, compared with the foul distortions of Christian truth shown in Romish pulpits.

Though Knox was one of the stoutest, he was not one of the first of those who, in Scotland, avowed the faith that had given a new aspect to the religious life of Germany and Switzerland. Patrick Hamilton, and others of lesser name, but not less brightly recorded in the Divine 'Acts and Monuments' of Christ's faithful martyrs, had borne with sublime

constancy the insolence of the Popish tribunal, the gloomy horrors of the dungeon, and the fiery agony of the stake, when Knox threw off and began to rend the Babylonish scarlet in which from childhood he had been swathed. He had removed from Glasgow to St. Andrew's, where he was employed in teaching. His subject was philosophy, but he diverged from the old path of argument, to strike at the corruptions of the Church. This bold proceeding drew upon him the enmity of Cardinal Beatoun, to whose guilty soul even the shadow of Protestantism was terrible as the spectre with the gory locks to Macbeth; and who would have strewn all the streets in St. Andrew's with the ashes of martyrs rather than have allowed a voice to have been raised against the abuses on which his power was founded. Knox knew what would be his doom if he remained in St. Andrew's, so demitting his academical charge, he retired to the south of Scotland, where he professed himself a Protestant. The Cardinal and his friends, on hearing of his defection from Popery, declared him a heretic, and commissioned hired assassins to take his life. He obtained the protection of Douglas of Langniddrie, and became tutor to his sons, and also to the sons of another gentleman who had embraced the Reformed doctrines. In giving religious instruction to his pupils, he made use of a small chapel, to which other families had access, and at times, in addition to the ordinary catechetical exercises, he read a chapter in the Bible, and endeavoured to explain its meaning. The chapel in which he began his long course of Protestant teaching, though in ruins, is still known as John Knox's Kirk.

While Knox was in Langniddrie, the proud cardinal was slain by a band of conspirators, who kept possession of the castle in which he had been living in princely state. The death of Cardinal Beatoun was an act of personal vengeance, and was only indirectly connected with the development of the Reformation; but the castle became the resort of numbers who, in different parts of the country, were suffering on account of their religious opinions. Douglas and the Laird of Ormiston induced Knox to accompany them to St. Andrew's, where he still went on with the education of his pupils. The people in the castle were so pleased with his method of imparting Scriptural knowledge, that they urged him to preach and to become the colleague of John Rough, whom they had elected as their Minister. He resisted their proposals, alleging that he had not the qualifications for such a work; but they were satisfied that there were in him all the elements of pulpit power, and arranged to give him a public call to the Ministerial Office.

One day, according to pre-appointment, Rough preached a sermon on the election of ministers, and at the close of it, thus addressed Knox: 'Brother, you shall not be offended although I speak unto you that

which I have in charge, even from all those that are here present, which is this: In the name of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of all that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation; but as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours, that you take the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that He shall multiply His graces unto you.' The preacher then appealed to the congregation, 'Was not this your charge unto me? and do ye not approve this vocation?' The unanimous reply swelled out, 'It was, and we approve it.'

Knox would not have been more startled if the voice of his martyred friend, George Wishart, had summoned him to the pulpit. He attempted to speak, but burst into tears, and rushing from the assembly, shut himself in his chamber. The man who, to use the fine saying of Grattan, 'came to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and to shake one world with the thunder of the other,' was overwhelmed by the awful grandeur of the task to which he had been called, and for days was in such trouble that his friends could scarcely get a word from his lips. But he was not the man to shrink from duty because it was painful, and he soon had an opportunity of making known the truth more publicly than he could have done within the walls of the castle. Having engaged in a controversy with a priest, in which he wielded the Protestant arguments with great moral power and literary skill, the people of the town insisted on hearing him more fully in the parish church. He read part of one of Daniel's visions as his text, and after a concise explanation of the hieroglyphic beasts, showed that the king wearing out 'the saints of the Most High,' and thinking to 'change times and laws,' was the Popery described in the New Testament as the Man of Sin and the later Babylon. The sermon indicated a bold stride in the path of Reformation, for hitherto the Protestants of Scotland, while giving prominence to pure doctrine in opposition to Romish dogma, had not ventured to denounce the whole system as false and corrupt. Knox was convinced that the pulpit was his right place, and continued to preach in an energetic popular manner, winning many of the citizens from the seductions of Popery to the simplicity of the faith. He also assisted in the Lord's Supper the first time the service was conducted in Scotland according to the method of the Reformed Churches.

Leaving for the present the narration of some intervening events, we pass to the reign of the celebrated Mary Stuart, the widow of the French king, who landed in Scotland in August, 1561. Her personal beauty and



(John Knox reproving Mary Queen of Scots.)

graceful manners, in connection with her early widowhood, her difficult position in Scotland, her long imprisonment in England, and the calm majesty she evinced when she 'bowed her comely head' on the block, have induced numbers to condone her faults, and to throw hard words against the memory of those who, for religious and patriotic reasons, opposed her designs. Knox especially has been censured for his harshness to the young Queen, but it is difficult to see how he could have acted in any other way, unless he had been willing to sacrifice the Reformation

to her bigoted Romanism. It was stipulated before she left France that she was to enjoy the private exercise of her religion, but she had the Chapel at Holyrood prepared for the public celebration of mass the first Sabbath after her arrival. This showed the Reformers what they might expect if they were not watchful, and Knox sounded the alarm by saying from his pulpit, that one mass was more terrible to him than a thousand enemies avowedly armed for the destruction of religion. It was not long before he was called to an interview with her, in which he told her very plainly what he thought of the Church to which she adhered, yet left her with the kindly remark, 'I pray God, Madam, that you may be as blessed within the Commonwealth of Scotland, as ever Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel.' In the second interview the high spirit of Knox, and the artifice of Mary, were more fully brought out. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine having attacked and cruelly slaughtered a number of French Protestants who were peacefully assembled for worship, Mary, as if studiously bent on insulting and grieving her own Protestant subjects, celebrated the event by giving a splendid ball in Holyrood. On the following Sabbath, Knox boldly condemned the untimely revels of the palace, and denounced dancing at the misfortunes of God's people as a sin that would bring judgment on those who had taken part in it. An exaggerated report of the sermon was carried to Mary, and Knox was summoned to appear before her. He vindicated himself from the charge of treasonable speech by repeating the substance of his sermon. She admitted that she had been misinformed as to his words, but wished him to refrain from public censures of her conduct, and to address his admonitions to her in private. Had the circumstances of the time been different, this would have been the proper course, but Knox knew that the Queen only wished to bind him to silence in the pulpit, that she might be able to practise her Popish acts with less fear of popular opposition. In reply to her proposal, he told her that if she wished to hear the doctrines he taught he would wait on her at her pleasure, but that neither his conscience nor his office would allow him to hang about the Court simply to whisper in her ear what people were thinking or saying as to her proceedings. She was angry with him, but leaving the room with 'a reasonable merry countenance,' he heard one of the Popish servants say, 'He is not afraid.' 'Why,' he asked, 'should the pleasing face of a gentilwoman afray me?' and added, 'I have luiked in the faces of mony angry men, and yit have not bene affrayed above measour.'

There were other conferences between Knox and the Queen, in one of which she thus angrily questioned him, 'What have you to do with my marriage? or what are you in this Commonwealth?' 'A subject

born within the same, Madam,' was his reply; 'and albeit I be neither earl, lord, nor baron in it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes), a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doth to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience require plainness of speech.'

(To be concluded.)

'PRAY FOR ME, JACK.'

BY REV. J. COLWELL.

NOBODY who ever lived within twenty miles of 'Squire Hawkins' could fail to hear of him, while most of them would know him well. He belonged to the class known as 'gentlemen farmers.' He cultivated a large farm in the most approved fashion, employed a great number of labourers, kept a good table and a capital stud, treated everybody with off-hand frankness; and while he claimed the mastery everywhere, did it with a sort of dashing generosity which made him popular, while it gave him his own way.

He lived in a delightful spot. His farm consisted of meadow-lands, and orchards filled with fruit trees, set off by grain-growing flats, stretching far and wide. All the varieties of hill and dale, green grass and yellow corn, were spread around him, and he might have lived a very happy and useful life. Pleasant in a certain sense it was, but not useful in any sense whatever, if we except the fact that he contributed something to the material prosperity of the country, as did the horses and cows that grazed in his meadows.

His happiness was much the same as his usefulness—not very great, and mainly animal. He loved his farm, he enjoyed his food, he was exhilarated when on horseback, and in his highest paradise when hunting. He believed in politics, at least of his party; he went to church once every Sunday, and he knew as much of vital religion as the horse that carried him there. He rode to market regularly, was a very great man when there, and never came home sober. He believed in 'the Constitution,' and would have shot either Frenchman or Englishman who attacked it, with as little compunction as he felt in knocking over a rabbit, and would have exposed his own life in its defence as gaily as he attended a coursing match.

He would never go out of his way to hurt anybody, nor turn aside to prevent any one's being hurt. There was nothing like craftiness about him, or low cunning or meanness; he was a sort of human lion—dashing, hard, careless, selfish. Utterly devoid of sentiment, and profoundly ignorant of God, he lived as worldly a life as any man could easily live.

But, though his life was singularly free from religious influences, he did sometimes come under them. Here and there one of the farmers of the district had become a Methodist; in some of the villages around Methodist chapels had been built; and one man, who was a distant relation of his, was in the habit of entertaining the ministers, though he was an unconverted man. One Sunday Mr. Hawkins was asked to dine with his kinsman, and the Wesleyan minister and many others met him at the table of his host. When blessing had been asked, the host said to the minister, 'Shall I help you to a little beef?' 'No, thank you,' said the minister; 'I saw the butcher's man delivering it this morning, and if he broke the Sabbath in delivering it, and you in receiving it, I will not do so in eating it; I will take a little bread and cheese.' This reply fell like a bombshell; but being uttered in a quiet and respectful manner, and with the air of a man who felt he had a painful duty to perform, and must do it as gently as he could, it did its work. Whether it made any lasting impression on Mr. Hawkins or not we cannot say, but it led to the conversion of two farmers who sat at the table, one of whom afterwards became very useful as a Class Leader and Local Preacher. Incidents of this kind occasionally happening in a man's life are, at least, enough to check his thoughtlessness and remind him of God and of the reality of things unseen, and this must to some extent have been the case with the squire.

It made no apparent difference in him, however; he conducted himself as usual. He was never married, and no woman, save hired servants, ever lived in his house. Neither mother nor sister softened the roughness of his character by gentle home-influences; and the loss to him was great. But he had a companion, nevertheless. His married sister died, leaving children behind her, and Jack, the eldest, was offered a home under his uncle's roof. The offer was accepted. Mr. Hawkins soon loved and delighted in his nephew, and showed his love by making him his daily companion, until Jack was as sinful, as worldly, and as godless as the uncle himself. A change was now, however, to take place. One bright autumn morning Mr. Hawkins mounted his hunter and rode off with his gay companions, the gayest of them all. The weather was superb; the horses were in good trim; the hunters had a magnificent run, and in high spirits were returning home. But as Mr. Hawkins was just gaining sight of his house through the trees that surrounded it, his horse took fright, and making a sudden plunge, threw his rider heavily to the ground. The riderless steed dashed on, and arriving at home without its master, aroused the suspicion of the servants, who started on the 'trail.' They soon discovered what they sought. Lying on the ground—bleeding, senseless and almost dying—

they found their master. As gently as possible they bore him to his home and laid him upon his bed. Mounting the swiftest horse, Jack rode to the nearest doctor, who was soon by the sick man's side. When the surgical examination was completed, the doctor announced that there was no hope, and that in a few days—perhaps hours—Mr. Hawkins must die. Slowly his consciousness returned, and he was made aware of his hopeless condition. Hopeless indeed it was, in respect of both worlds.

The nephew lingered around his uncle's bed until consciousness had fully returned, and then, as well as his choking sobs would allow him, asked what he should do for him. Never did he forget the answer. Raising himself as far as his failing strength would permit, and staring at him through despairing eyes, the sick man exclaimed, with startling energy, 'Pray for me, Jack.' 'Such a request from such lips! The last thing he had ever thought of doing, was to pray. If he believed in its utility at all, it was only as it referred to other people,—the King, the Bishops and the Parliament perhaps,—but certainly not as to himself. No man had ever lived a more prayerless life than this man; and yet now that he faced death, and the dread realities of the eternal world close in front of him, he needed prayer. What a different aspect is given to life by the approach of death! The false glare disappears, the tinsel is torn off. Eternity looks so long, so awful, so near! So it was with Mr. Hawkins. His wasted, worthless, wicked life lay behind him, and he saw it now as he had never seen it before. He had been like a boy sporting upon a sea of ice, with yawning chasms around him and a deep murmur beneath him, but who—bent upon enjoyment at all hazards—sports on till the catastrophe comes, and then staggers, falls, and perishes, while one wild shriek attests the infinite horror of his soul! 'O! Jack, pray for me.'

'In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanish'd,
Falsehood and deceit were banish'd,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.'

In a few hours the curtain fell upon the unhappy scene, and all was over. Let us hope that Mr. Hawkins prayed for himself, and found through Christ the mercy our loving Father never denies to those who seek it. Be that as it may, Jack did not pray for him, for he had never prayed for himself. But the words, 'Pray for me, Jack,' and the scene amidst which they were uttered, produced a blessed effect upon his mind, and were used by the Divine Spirit as the means of his conversion to God. Reflecting upon what he had heard, he thought, if when we die the only important thing is religion, we ought to obtain it *before* we die, especially as there may not be time to get it then. As he thought

so he acted, and very soon he obtained peace with God. Would that men would think and act as he did !

Jack not only became converted, but useful. He united himself with the Independent Church in the little town of New-street, and was soon made a deacon. Shortly after his uncle's death he took a large farm in an adjoining parish, and lived a pious, successful and useful life, dying at last full of days, full of honours and quite as full of riches as any Christian man could wish. His white hairs, noble countenance, dignified bearing and Christian character were well known to us in the days of our boyhood, and we regarded him with a loving and sincere respect. We happened to be in his village on the day of his death, and well do we remember the gloom thrown over the place by the announcement that he was gone. But nobody mourned 'without hope,' and few without thanking God for that grace which saved him by such strange means, and brought him out of such godless surroundings, to be a 'burning and a shining light.'

MEMORIALS OF NEGLECTED GENIUS AND WORTH :

FROM MARGINAL NOTES ON THE CALENDAR.

January 18th, JAMES TREGOSS ; d. 1671.—Tregoss was a genius of what might be called the unearthly class : a genius living rather in the future than in the present, having respect not so much to the 'things seen' as to 'the things not seen.' Its world of action here was a spiritual one, and the goal towards which it was ceaselessly bent was in the 'world to come.' He followed in the train of the great and hallowed genius who once said, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.' Like Paul, James Tregoss thought and felt that to save the souls of men was a work in which his genius might worthily be called into full play on the faith of an inspired utterance, 'He that winneth souls is wise,' and in the assurance that by consecrating itself to such work, human genius will find its noblest reward : 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'

Something like this must have sprung up about the middle of the seventeenth century in the mind of Francis Howel, M.A., in the course of his duties as Tutor or Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. He must have thought, for a time, that he was working upon a dull, blockish mind while dealing with the intellect of James Tregoss. The process of preparation for James Tregoss' start into a new mental as well as spiritual condition, had been going on under the tutorship of Francis Howel, and perhaps under influences which, in answer to his parents'

prayers, was coming towards its completion when the young student was admitted to Holy Communion by Dr. Conant, of Exeter College. Dr. John Conant, who was chosen Fellow of Exeter College in 1633, so distinguished himself at Oxford that the King's Professor of Divinity, Dr. Prideaux, gave him his merited praise by a whimsical play upon his name, Conant: *Conanti, nihil est difficile*; 'Nothing is hard to him who strives.' But he was to be disciplined as a preacher, before he should kindle the intellect and heart of one whose genius, zeal, diligence and power as a preacher were to be more widely effective than his own.

It is interesting in this case to mark the various lines of Providence as they tended to the accomplishment of a gracious purpose, and to see how the final confluence of Divinely-directed circumstances brought the desired good to completeness. Dr. Conant was of a timid and cautious spirit. The breaking out of the Civil War disturbed him in his College nest. He thought it most convenient and safe to find cover for a time at Lymington, a parish which had been under the care of his uncle, who, like himself, thought it best to shift his quarters; so the fugitive Fellow from Oxford found a vacant pulpit which, for a time at least, he could fill for the absent parson. Thus Lymington became his training-place as a preacher. Here the true spirit of preaching came upon him, and genuine Christian zeal gave his ministry a saving power. The zeal thus awakened was, however, to be tried as by fire. The Bishop of the diocese, Pierce, proving to be a warm imitator of Laud, put Conant under pressure, and silenced him as a Lecturer, while other rising authorities balanced his trials as a Lecturer by calling him to sit in the Assembly of Divines. He was too timid to attend; and thought it advisable to keep himself out of mischief by following his uncle to London, and exercising his preaching ability as Chaplain to the Lord Chandos. His Fellowship, too, was resigned; so set was he on a life of retirement and quietness. Nevertheless, all things were not under his control. There was a work for him to do, and there was a hidden Hand guiding him to his place of action. He was, in spite of himself, chosen Rector of his old College, and was constrained to take his place; yet not even now without faltering steps and provident wariness.

He hesitated to take the engagement of faithfulness to the Commonwealth. His betters knew him well enough to humour him into submission, and he was allowed to subscribe under a cautious declaration singularly illustrative of his class of character in relation to critical times. This was cleverly done. The Nonconformists claim him to this day, while Charles II. made him Prebendary of Worcester, and his father-in-law, Bishop Reynolds, named him Archdeacon of Norwich. He found himself at home in Oxford as Rector and University Professor of Divinity,

and now put forth his matured powers as a lecturer and a preacher. He one day preached from Hosea vi. 4, a sermon which gave the deciding touch to James Tregoss' heart, and brought his genius into full and gracious play. Did the Doctor know this? Nobody can tell us now. But if he did, he might in his last days of blindness think comfortably of his spiritual child as a man of stronger character than himself, a man whose genius was more thoroughly Christianised, whose zeal was more intense, and whose life was more like that of a martyr than his own. Tregoss' life was much shorter than his spiritual father's, but more painfully eventful, and, in the Christian sense, more blessedly full.

James Tregoss came from a family more ancient than any household of western Saxondom, one of high command over many a broad acre of old Cornwall. It still remains on the soil in several of the centres of its early power, though the men and women who once bore it have left nothing to represent them but the now obscure dwellings or hamlets which retain their name. At the end of the sixteenth century the dignity of the line was gone, and most of its wealth. The withering of the stock was thought by some to be a modern fulfilment of an ancient oracle, 'Cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the fatherless and widow!' This was believed by one who was next to the last man of his house—Thomas Tregoss, who, though he might not be prepared to say 'Amen' to the ruin of his ancestral fortunes, yet lived in fervent prayer that God would remove the curse which, in His righteous judgment, He had inflicted for a horrible instance of fraud, injustice and cruelty towards the widow and fatherless! The judgment evidently involved an extinction of the family, but the completion of the curse seemed to take the aspect of a blessing, in the short but full and gracious life of one who left balminess and blessing around the name of Tregoss.

From what portion of their lost lands the parents of Thomas Tregoss had been driven, or from which branch of the once widely-spreading tree they had been broken off, there is no record to tell; but they must have found their way to the Cornish port of St. Ives about the beginning of Charles the First's time. In that little primitive coast-town, nestling on the western point of its lovely bay, James, the son of Thomas Tregoss, was born. In August, 1657, he came back to his birth-place from Oxford, from under the influence of Dr. John Owen, and with his mind and heart the better for the teaching and example of University pastors and teachers. His fellow townsfolk asked him to preach. His preaching won their hearts; and they persuaded him to become their pastor. For two years he diligently continued his studies, and zealously ministered the Word of God. A devout visitor to St. Ives would find it solemn to stand in the fine old church by the sea, and

silently try to picture to himself the preacher and the people when Tregoss, in his sober Puritan cloak, stood in the pulpit, and with his searching voice, earnest spirit, forceful zeal, and plain, strong English, gave forth utterances which made the congregation feel that 'the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.' For the two years during which he occupied that pulpit, his preaching was the cry of the Baptist in the desert. The axe seemed always to be at 'the root of trees.' His labours were not without fruit. The good ground that George Fox came upon in St. Ives, and the devoted few whom the Wesleys afterwards were surprised to discover already in Christian fellowship, may be viewed as the lingering results of Tregoss' work.

S. W. C.

(To be concluded.)

THE CHRISTIAN COTTAGER.

ELIZABETH BROWN, whose maiden name was Osborn, was born at Great Oakley, in the county of Essex, on the 12th of May, 1785. When only seven years old, death deprived her of a mother's loving care, and her desolated home was made the more unhappy by the intemperate habits of her father. Alas, in how many a home, is drunkenness the chief bar to peace and comfort! At sixteen years of age she left her father's house for domestic service, and at twenty-three was married to Daniel Brown, a farm labourer, and went to live in the adjoining parish of Little Oakley.

All this time she seems to have lived in 'neglect' of the 'great salvation;' but a year or two after marriage, she became awakened to her need of more than this world can give for the happiness of the soul. Sometime in 1812 she was deeply convinced of sin, and alarmed at her danger, feeling assured that death in her then state would entail everlasting ruin. This penitence was brought about by means of affliction. The hand of God was heavy upon her, yet it was a Father's hand, stretched out in love, not to destroy, but to bring home His wandering child.

A neighbour calling to see her, and pitying her distress, tried, in a blind way, to comfort her, by saying she had not lived so bad a life as many others, and so might expect the Lord would receive her. But her deep conviction of sin prevented her receiving any false peace from notions of self-righteousness, and she exclaimed, 'What have I done to merit heaven?' Immediately it seemed to her, as if a voice said in her inward ear, 'Nothing! but thou shalt not die of this affliction, but shalt be raised up to serve God.' Accordingly she did recover. But though

the work of grace was surely begun in her heart by the Holy Spirit of conviction, it was long before she felt His cheering witness as her 'Comforter.' Knowing but little of the doctrines of salvation, and unable to read, she was much perplexed. Under painful and unrelieved conviction of sin, she at length resolved to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the parish church, hoping thereby to find rest to her soul. She met among the communicants, but no peace came. The mere receiving of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the precious Redeemer availed nothing; nor did it please the Lord to connect her salvation with the observance of that holy ordinance.

She earnestly strove to lead a good life, and no doubt succeeded in the estimation of others, but the 'pearl of great price' she had not yet found; there was no comfortable assurance of forgiveness, no 'good hope through grace' of eternal life. Her frequent and earnest prayer was that some spiritual adviser might be sent to her help. Soon this prayer was answered, for a godly woman came to live in the next cottage, who frequently read the Scriptures to her, and encouraged her penitent soul to trust in Christ for salvation. But, as if a veil were upon her heart, she could not see the way of salvation through faith in Christ alone. One day, while in this condition, she went to the neighbouring village of Ramsey to hear the Rev. Mr. Hordle, a Congregational minister, and while he was preaching, she was led to see that if she were ever saved, it must be for the sake of Jesus Christ alone. Yet even then she did not so believe as to enter into the 'liberty of the children of God,' and though she heard the same minister afterwards, she continued to be only a penitent inquirer after forgiveness, longing and looking for peace which did not come.

At length a sister, who had been converted to God, visited her, and to her Elizabeth told her distress of mind. Her sister spoke to her of the Methodists of Great Oakley, among whom she was likely to find spiritual help. She accordingly attended their meetings, and in some two or three months found peace with God. But it was not in the congregation, nor in the house of prayer, that the blessing came, but in the open air, as she was one day musing and praying while walking alone by the way.

For a time she suffered opposition from her husband; but she prayed for him, and soon his eyes also were opened to his sin and danger. He sought and found the mercy and grace he needed, and so became a converted man, and now husband and wife were helpers of each other's faith and joy.

Late in the year 1813 some Methodist friends came over from Great Oakley, and commenced a prayer-meeting in Daniel Brown's cottage.

But a difficulty arose, as the house belonged to the clergyman of the parish, who thought it his duty to discourage the Methodist services by threatening that the worthy couple should quit the cottage. At the same time the employer of the husband, for the same reason, intimated that he would lose his place. The good woman, however, encouraged by the fact that God had heard her prayers in the matter of her husband's conversion, prayed in faith that God would undertake for them now and open their way. And she did not pray in vain : for soon the clergyman, thinking better of the matter, and yet not wishing to seem to encourage the Methodists, sold the cottage, and the Browns gladly kept possession of it, and soon it was licensed as a preaching room. And instead of the husband being discharged from his situation, he found much favour in the eyes of his master, and spent the whole of his remaining days in his employment.

God blessed the Word preached in that humble dwelling, and many souls were converted in connection with the services held there. The good woman's habit was to fix her mind upon first one, then another, and pray for them until they were brought to God. Thus many were gathered into the Church, and a Society-class was formed, of which, after some years, Mrs. Brown was appointed Leader. Being an earnest, intelligent, consistent Christian, she was much respected and beloved by the members. In proof of the power for good which she exerted over others, the following incident may be given : One day a man, who was a backslider, came to the cottage to attend morning service. She spoke to him, saying he must not leave, but stay for the Class-meeting also, for one had been praying for him. He answered he felt as if he could not go, so remained, sought mercy, and soon found peace with God, and continues still a faithful member of the Society.

Mrs. Brown was one of those humble, earnest, faithful souls whom Methodism, under God, has made so great a power for good in many a hamlet and village up and down our land. She was long in seeking salvation, but fully satisfied in finding it. Thenceforth she was a woman of simple, unwavering faith ; so that she might always have said with Paul amid the storm and shipwreck, 'I believe God.' Thus His Word became a constant source of comfort and encouragement to her. Almost from the time of her conversion to the end of her days, this text was a means of rest to her soul, 'He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee' (Heb. xiii. 5). She never found that promise fail. She was 'careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,' she made known her requests to the Lord ; and in regard to temporal things, as well as spiritual, the Lord honoured the faith that honoured Him.

W. D. TYACK.

EVENING HYMN.

WHEN the evening shadows close
 Softly round the tired day;
 When we fain would seek repose
 Under slumber's gentle sway:
 Father, Thou our Guardian be
 Sweet our sleep if watch'd by Thee.
 Never weary is Thine eye,
 Thou Thy sheep dost ever lead;
 Thou didst give Thy Son to die,

For our sore and bitter need:
 After such love, can we fear?
 Sweet our sleep, when Thou art near.
 Strong to save and strong to keep,
 We have only to be still:
 When Thou giv'st Thy loved ones sleep,
 Who dare whisper thought of ill?
 Saviour, when Thou sendest rest,
 Shall it not indeed be blest?

EDITHA.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Visiting Book for 1877. London: Hodder & Stoughton.—This is precisely what its title indicates, not a pocket-book in the ordinary sense of that term, but a convenient little pocket diary for a minister, drawn up with considerable care. It contains blank pages ruled to receive lists of members,

with the dates, at which they were pastorally visited, sermons preached, addresses delivered, baptisms, marriages, funerals, etc. These are followed by a diary, cash account and space for general memoranda. It includes very little of the information usually found in Almanacs. The book is plainly designed primarily for Nonconformist ministers.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JANUARY, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	8 6	4 2	5 12a	5 4.m	4 1m	6 30m	8 45a
11	8 2	4 15	5 55	6 5	3 58	6 1	8 11
21	7 53	4 31	5 39	6 23	3 55	5 31	7 37
31	7 40	4 48	5 53m rises.	6 34	3 51	5 1	7 4

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Jan. 6th, Last Quarter 2h. 17m. after. | 22nd, First Quarter .. 3h. 53m. after.
 14th, New Moon 1h. 28m. after. | 29th, Full Moon 8h. 39m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 15th 2h. morn., Apogee; 252,651 miles.
 " 29th 3h. morn., Perigee; 221,621 "
 Mean distance for the month 237,136 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 1st 90,134,920 miles.
 February 1st 90,363,350 "
 Increase of distance for the month 228,430 "

J. ROGER, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



HAY MACDOWALL GRANT.*

[N our days, happily, it is no uncommon thing to meet with those who, while occupying a high position in this world, are among 'the poor in spirit' in 'the kingdom of heaven:' Hay Macdowall Grant was one of these. But the chief recommendation of his Christianity was not that it was the religion of a rich man: he would have been one of heaven's nobility in any station of life.

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT was born on the 19th of June, 1806, at his father's seat of Arndilly, in the county of Banff. His parents were Episcopalians, and their country home was far away from the

* 'Hay Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly: His Life, Labours and Teaching. By Mrs. Gordon.' London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. 1876.

nearest Episcopal church; so on very fine Sundays some of the family, of whom Hay was the fifth son, attended the Scotch church, but as a rule the mother read the Church-service at home, for the benefit of the assembled household. The children were also taught to read the Bible and say their prayers; but, as in too many other Christian households, there was hardly any direct religious intercourse between parents and children. Intellectually, young Hay was almost a prodigy. At the age of ten, his tutor pronounced him quite fit to enter the University of Aberdeen. At fifteen he took his degree of M.A. It will be observed that the Scotch Universities are conducted on a very different principle from the English, but even in Scotland ~~it was~~ a rare thing for a boy of fifteen to be a Master of Arts. His parents wished him to study for the English bar; but as a temporary arrangement, he took a situation ~~in a mercantile house in Bristol~~. While there, the somewhat sudden illness and death of two of his brothers was the means of wakening him to serious thought, which was deepened by the powerful sermons of Robert Hall, whose ministry he occasionally attended. He was ultimately led to decision for Christ.

But about this time he entered into a matrimonial engagement which his friends thought most ill-advised and premature. 'This is the first sore heart my beloved Hay has ever given me,' was the exclamation of his mother when the letter arrived announcing his marriage.

He now resigned the prospect of the bar, and gave himself up, rather from necessity than choice, to a more quickly lucrative occupation. He undertook the management of an estate in St. Vincent, and the next one-and-twenty years of his life were spent in the West Indies. Here he was known as a thoroughly upright and hard-working business man, and much respected and beloved for his courteous kindness. A Christian friend who knew him then, writes, 'There was a deep feeling in the minds of fellow-Christians that he was tending Godward; but there was never anything tangible to lead one to think that he was a converted man, although he afterwards told me he really was so even at that time.' He says of himself, that his ambition then was to be 'a closet Christian,' by which expression he meant one whose religion was almost entirely a matter between God and his own soul, and not something to be seen by, and spoken of to, his fellow-men. This arose

partly from a nervous shyness on spiritual subjects, and partly from what he regarded as 'just pride.'

Are not these the hindrances that keep many Christians from confessing with their mouths the Lord Jesus? O that all would overcome them as triumphantly as Hay Macdowall Grant did! When 'the string of his tongue was loosed and he spake plain,' he saw that this kind of Christianity was neither Scriptural nor serviceable, and it became his ambition to be a *consecrated Christian*. He was, however, at this time the means of much good by his warm advocacy of 'the temperance cause.' He spared neither time nor trouble for the work, and would frequently decline invitations to the company of the first families in the Island to go about the country 'addressing assemblies of the poor and miserable.' The circumstance that induced him to become an abstainer, he related to his nephew, the Rev. W. Hay Macdowall Aitken, as follows:

'There was on my estate a wretched old drunken negro rat-catcher, very clever at his business when sober, but only sober at rare and uncertain intervals. I felt concerned for the poor old man, as I saw that drink was dragging him, body and soul, down to perdition, and I spoke very earnestly to him, urging him to become a teetotaller. I was not a little taken aback when the old man turned round upon me with, "All very well for Massa tell dis poor nigger to give up his drop o' rum, when Massa sit at dinner and drink him wine." And I suppose the old man was more taken aback still when I replied, "Look here, Sambo, if you will give up the rum, I will give up the wine." The old man's heart was touched by such an offer coming from such a quarter, and we both took the pledge together.' Mr. Hay Aitken adds,—'I believe the old man kept it, and was rescued from ruin.'

In 1849, by the death of a relative, Mr. Grant unexpectedly came into possession of his maternal inheritance, the estate of Arndilly, and left St. Vincent to reside in his childhood's home. For the first few years after his return, Mr. Grant was still a half-and-half Christian, though a most lovable man. A Christian lady who visited the family soon after their arrival at Arndilly, noticed with pain that family worship was held only once a day, when Mr. Grant would read from a book; and card-playing was quietly allowed by him, if he did not engage in it himself. 'Dear Hay does not pray

extempore since we came to Arndilly,' said Mrs. Grant to her friend, with much sorrow; 'I cannot help saying that he has become entangled with the world. O! it is such a pity that we have now no family worship.' But the worldly snare was at length broken. Mr. Grant's sister had been offering up much earnest prayer for the people of Arndilly among whom she had been brought up, and no doubt for her brother's soul also. She was the wife of the late Rev. Robert Aitken, Vicar of Pendeen, that great Evangelistic preacher, who is so gratefully remembered as the spiritual father of thousands.

One Sunday afternoon in February, 1856, Mr. Aitken said to his wife, 'I wish you would take the two children and go down to Arndilly.' She was much surprised at the suggestion, and at first objected on account of the distance, and the unfavourable time of the year for travelling, but her husband pressed the matter so much that she at last consented.

When they had reached Garthland, in Scotland, Mrs. Aitken was taken so alarmingly ill, that her children wrote for their father to come to her. He hurried down, but his wife soon so far recovered as to be able to proceed with her husband and children to Arndilly. Very likely while she lay ill at Garthland, it seemed to her that the journey had been a mistake. She little thought then, though she heard afterwards, that on that very Sunday when her husband first suggested that she should go to Scotland, her brother went to church in deep distress, mourning over the deadness of his soul, and earnestly crying to God to remove it.

The morning after their arrival, Mr. Aitken characteristically said to his brother-in-law, 'I cannot be idle, you must find me some work to do.' Meetings were arranged for in the neighbouring barns, and the churches of the nearest town, Rothes, were thrown open for Evangelistic services. Several were converted, and a good work began. Before Mr. Aitken left, a deputation of earnest Christians living on the estate called to beg him to prevail on the laird to carry on the meetings. Mr. Aitken, with his God-given power, which so often proved irresistible, laid the burden of the Lord on his brother-in-law's soul. He shrank from the cross; but when he was left alone, and he found the people had arranged a meeting, and had no one else to address them, he tremblingly

began, and of course 'found God greatly helping him.' After an absence of three weeks, during which time he says he gave 'the enemy time to choke or steal the good seed sown,' he found the people as much in earnest as ever.

'On my return,' he writes in a letter to Miss Marsh, 'I resolve to let the people alone, and see how they will act, but an old convert tells me they have arranged a Prayer-meeting, and expect me to attend. To this I reluctantly consent, but resolve to take no part in it further than to be present; but, at the same time, I lay the whole matter in prayer before God, asking for direction. Then when I go I meet ten people, and after sitting down they call upon me to tell them what to do, so I am forced to give out a hymn, and I say a prayer, and read a chapter, and am led to explain some parts of it, which I never tried to do before, and find a power given me to do so. . . . I go to the next meeting after earnest prayer, and find fifty persons instead of ten, and wish I had not attended it. Again obliged to speak, and obtain much aid from above; and now I dare not go back, I see the Lord's hand in it, I can doubt no longer. I labour on for two months among many difficulties. No fruit appears, though much earnestness, till Mr. North comes for three days in the beginning of June, and after one of his addresses a woman comes to him weeping, and next day she visits him at Arndilly, and finds peace soon after. . . . In February last I was one Sunday deeply impressed with a feeling that I was passing through life eating and drinking and amusing myself, but in every other way useless; and praying earnestly to have some way of usefulness opened to me, *but not this way*; flesh and blood would have recoiled against that.'

Mr. Brownlow North, a personal friend of Mr. Macdowall Grant, had begun to preach the Word with all boldness about a year previous to this time; and when, after one of his meetings, his friend came to him anxiously enquiring, 'I say, North, tell me the meaning of all this?' he affectionately urged Mr. Grant himself to set about doing something for God; for unless he did what mark had he of being a Christian at all?' It was to Mr. North that he communicated the joyful intelligence,—how joyful only those who have had a similar experience of working and watching can realise!—'I have got my first soul.' One evening, as he was returning from preaching

in a church fifteen miles away from his home, he saw on the road-side a woman weeping bitterly. He was passing on when she called out, 'O, Mr. Grant, do not go by without giving me a word; do stop and speak to me!' She had heard him preach, and the arrow of conviction had entered her soul. They talked and prayed together till her sorrow was turned into peace through believing. 'Arndilly,' as he was called by his tenants, was now fairly enlisted in the blessed service.

'Among his own people, "Arndilly," in his tartan shooting-jacket, was to be seen at the cottage-door, by the chimney-corner, in the farm-steading, by the road-side, earnestly, eagerly engaged in his calling, that of "catching men." The other day I passed through one of the most picturesque villages of our north-eastern coast, and was struck by the unmistakable nature of the business of its inhabitants: here were the bait-catchers starting with their baskets coastwards; there the fish-sellers setting off inland with their "creels," the feebler ones baiting lines, others disentangling the dripping nets, the beautiful braes covered with drying nets or with snowy "speldings."* There could be no doubt whatever that the occupation of those sons and daughters of the sea was to catch fish. Equally unmistakable were the signs of a settled work and calling which all could thenceforward see in the life of this fisher of souls.'

He was soon able to rejoice in multitudes being led to the Saviour through his instrumentality. But though he spoke to so many people, he never lost his particular interest in each individual—they were never mere 'cases.' This was one of the secrets of his power. But the particulars of each case, at least for some years, was most carefully noted down, in order that he might gain experience of the Spirit's work and not be ignorant of Satan's devices.

As may be supposed, his own deadness of soul entirely vanished, and was succeeded by a glowing love to his Redeemer and the souls of men. He was most carefully circumspect, too, in his own life, and humbly anxious to find out and profit by his mistakes and failings.

One evening, returning at a late hour from an exciting and

* Dried whittings.



exhausting meeting, he found his wife suffering great pain, and very fretful. 'Found myself,' he says, 'in danger of blaming her and getting impatient myself. Went downstairs to mix some medicine for her, and prayed earnestly that God would relieve her pain, if agreeable to His will, but not otherwise. All of a sudden she said, "I am free from pain." O my unbelief! I would not look upon it as an answer to prayer, and began accounting for it in different ways; but my conscience struck me how ungrateful and unbelieving I am; . . and then I told her what I thought of my wicked unbelief; and this led to a pleasant conversation, and our both joining in earnest prayer.'

Shortly after this, to the great joy of her husband, his wife, who had long been 'not far from the kingdom,' decided for Christ.

Invitations to preach and hold meetings now thronged him on all sides; and he was always ready for every good work, though, like all earnest, humble workers, he was often painfully reminded of his own insufficiency: 'Often have I thought that I could make a person believe and feel happy by unanswerable arguments; and lo! the words seemed to fall unheeded on deaf ears and closed hearts.'

(To be concluded.)

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER II.—HEZEKIAH LUMSDEN'S FIRST SERMON.

SOME considerable time intervened between Kike's conversion and Mr. Magruder's second visit to the settlement. Kike had developed a very considerable gift for earnest speech in the Class-meetings. In that day every Methodist influence contributed to make a preacher of a man of force. The reverence with which a self-denying preacher was regarded by the people was a great compensation for the poverty and toil that pertained to the office. To be a preacher was to be canonized during one's lifetime. Kike needed little urging to impel him toward the Ministry. He was a man of the prophetic temperament—one of those men whose beliefs take hold of them more strongly than the objects of sense. The future life, as preached by the early Methodists, with all its joys and all its awful torments, became the most substantial of realities to him. He was in constant astonishment that people could believe these things theoretically and ignore them in practice. If men were going headlong to perdition, and could be saved and brought into a paradise of eternal bliss by preaching, then what nobler work could there be than that of saving them? And Kike's opinion was the right one—no work can be so excellent as that of helping men to better living.

Kike had been poring over some works of Methodist biography which he had borrowed, and the sublime Life of Fletcher was the only one that fulfilled his ideal. Methodism preached consecration to its disciples. Kike had already learned from Mrs. Wheeler,

who was the Class Leader at Hissawatchee settlement, and from Methodist literature, that he must 'keep all on the altar.' He must be ready to do, to suffer or to perish for the Master. The sternest sayings of Christ about forsaking father and mother and hating one's own life, he heard often repeated in exhortations.

Most people are not harmed by a literal understanding of hyperbolic expressions. Laziness and selfishness often pass current for common sense. Kike had no such buffers: taught to accept the words of the Gospel with the dry literalness of statutory enactments, he was too honest to evade their force, too earnest to slacken his obedience. He was already prepared to accept any burden and endure any trial that might be given as a test of discipleship. All his natural ambition, vehemence and persistence found exercise in his religious life; and the simple-hearted brethren pointed to the transformation as a 'beautiful conversion,' a standing miracle. So it was, indeed; and, like all moral miracles, it was worked in the direction of individuality, not in opposition to it.

Brother Magruder had received a severe beating from some rowdies and was unable to preach. The little band of Methodists had counted much upon his visit, and now the devil seemed about to snatch the victory. Mrs. Wheeler enthusiastically recommended Kike as a substitute, and Magruder sent for him in haste. Kike was gratified to hear that the preacher wanted to see him personally. His sallow face flushed with pleasure as he stood, a slender strippling, before the messenger of God.

'Brother Lumsden,' said Mr. Magruder, 'are you ready to do and to suffer for Christ?'

'I trust I am,' said Kike, wondering what the preacher could mean.

'You see how the devil has planned to defeat the Lord's work to-day. My lip is swelled, and my jaw so stiff that I can hardly speak. Are you ready to do the duty the Lord shall put upon you?'

Kike trembled from head to foot. He had often fancied himself preaching his first sermon in a strange neighbourhood, and he had even picked out his text; but to stand up suddenly before his school-mates, before his mother, and, worse than all, before his cousin, Morton Goodwin, was terrible. And yet, had he not that very

morning made a solemn vow that he would not shrink from death itself?

‘Do you think I am fit to preach?’ he asked, evasively.

‘None of us are fit! but here will be two or three hundred people hungry for the Bread of Life. The Master has fed you; He offers you the bread to distribute among your friends and neighbours. Now, will you let the fear of man make you deny the blessed Lord Who has taken you “out of a horrible pit” and set your feet upon the Rock of Ages?’

Kike trembled a moment, and then said, ‘I will do whatever you say, if you will pray for me.’

‘I’ll do that, my brother. And now take your Bible and go into the woods and pray. The Lord will show you the way, if you put your whole trust in Him.’

The preacher’s allusion to the Bread of Life gave Kike his subject, and he soon gathered a few thoughts, which he wrote down on a fly-leaf of the Bible, in the shape of a skeleton. But it occurred to him that he had not one word to say on the subject of the Bread of Life beyond the sentences of his skeleton. The more this became evident to him, the greater was his agony of fear. He knelt on the brown leaves by a prostrate log; he made a ‘new consecration’ of himself: he tried to feel willing to fail, so far as his own feelings were involved; he reminded the Lord of His promises to be with all whom He had sent; and then there came into his memory a text of Scripture: ‘For it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.’ Taking it that the text had been supernaturally suggested to him, he became calm; and finding, from the height of the sun, that it was about the hour for the meeting, he returned to the house of Colonel Wheeler, and was appalled at the sight that met his eyes. All the settlement, and many from other settlements, had come. The house, the yard, the fences were full of people. Kike was seized with a tremor. He did not feel able to run the gauntlet of such a throng. He made a detour, and crept in at the back door like a criminal. For this fear of human presence is not a thing to be overcome by the will: susceptible natures are always liable to it, and neither moral nor physical courage can avert it.

A chair had been placed in the front door of the log house for

Kike, that he might preach to the congregation indoors and the much larger one outdoors. Mr. Magruder sat on a wooden bench just outside. Kike crept into the empty chair in the doorway with the feeling of one who intrudes where he does not belong. The brethren were singing, as a congregational voluntary, to the solemn tune of 'Kentucky,' the hymn which begins :

' A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.'

Magruder saw Kike's fright, and leaning over to him, said, 'If you get confused, tell your own experience.' The early preacher's universal refuge was his own experience. It was a sure key to the sympathies of the audience.

Kike got through the first part very well. He could pray, for in praying he shut his eyes and uttered the cry of his trembling soul for help. He had been beating about among two or three texts, any of which would do for a head-piece to the remarks he intended to make ; but now one fixed itself in his mind as he stood appalled by his situation in the presence of such a throng. He rose and read, with a tremulous voice,

' There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes : but what are they among so many ? '

The text arrested the attention of all. Magruder, though unable to speak without pain, could not refrain from saying aloud, after the free, old Methodist fashion, 'The Lord multiply the loaves! Bless and break to the multitude!' 'Amen!' responded an old brother from another settlement, 'and the Lord help the lad!' But Kike felt that the advantage which the text had given him would be of short duration. The novelty of his position bewildered him. His face flushed; his thoughts became confused; he turned his back on the audience out of doors, and talked rapidly to the few friends in the house: the old brethren leaned their heads upon their hands and began to pray. Whatever spiritual help their prayers may have brought him, their lugubrious groaning, and their doleful, audible prayers of 'Lord, help!' depressed Kike immeasurably, and kept the precipice on

which he stood constantly present to him. He tried in succession each division that he had sketched on the fly-leaf of the Bible, and found little to say on any of them. At last, he could not see the audience distinctly for confusion—there was a dim vision of heads swimming before him. He stopped still, and Magruder expecting him to sit down, resolved to ‘exhort,’ though the pain should kill him. The Philistines meanwhile were laughing at Kike’s evident discomfiture.

But Kike had no notion of sitting down. The laughter awakened his combativeness, and his combativeness restored his self-control. Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure. He was through with the sermon, and it had occupied full six minutes. The lad’s scanty provisions had not been multiplied. But he felt relieved. The sermon over, there was no longer necessity for trying to speak against time, nor for observing the outward manner of a preacher.

‘Now,’ he said, doggedly, ‘you have all seen that I cannot preach worth a cent. When David went out to fight he had the good sense not to put on Saul’s armour. I was fool enough to try to wear Brother Magruder’s. Now, I’m done with that. The text and sermon are gone. But I’m not ashamed of Jesus Christ. And before I sit down I am going to tell you all what He has done for a poor lost sinner like me.’

Kike told the story with sincere directness. His recital of his own sins was a rebuke to others; with a trembling voice and a simple earnestness absolutely electrical, he told of his revengefulness, and of the effect of Magruder’s preaching on him. And now that the flood-gates of emotion were opened, all trepidation departed, and there came instead the fine glow of martial courage. He could have faced the universe. From his own life the transition to the lives of those around him was easy. He hit right and left. The excitable crowd swayed with consternation, as in a rapid and vehement utterance he denounced their sins with the particularity of one who had been familiar with them all his life. Magruder forgot to respond; he only leaned back and looked in bewilderment, with open eyes and mouth, at the fiery boy whose contagious excitement was fast setting the whole audience ablaze. Slowly the people pressed forward off the fences. All at once

there was a loud bellowing from some one who had fallen prostrate outside the fence, and who began to cry aloud as if the portals of an endless perdition were yawning in his face. This outburst of agony was fuel to the flames, and the excitement now spread to all parts of the audience. Kike went from man to man, and exhorted and rebuked each one in particular. Kike's mother wept bitterly under his exhortation; and Morton sat stock still on the fence listening, half in anguish and half in anger, to Kike's public recital of his sins.

THE CHRIST OF EXPERIENCE.*

THIS is the ground upon which myriads of religious men, ignorant men, feeble men, men whose knowledge is limited, whose theology is confused, whose reason is easily baffled, who are able neither to defend their Christianity, nor theoretically to understand it, justly trust in Him: they have personally come to Christ; they have rested upon Him the hope, and joy, and life of their souls; they have realised the forgiveness of His love, the tenderness of His sympathy, the boundlessness of His grace; He has consciously quickened the life and the love of their souls; they know that they have passed from death unto life, that whereas once they were blind, now they see; they cannot mistake the new life that has been wrought within them, nor the practical power upon it of the thoughts, the life and the love of the Christ. His Divine presence witnesses in their souls. In some mystic way He is their daily Saviour, and Sanctifier and Comforter. Other teachers they may have—Paul or John—to whom they listen, and whom they reverence; but Jesus they commune with and worship. He is their personal, ever-present Friend; they listen to His gracious voice, feel His healing touch, commune with Him at His table, stay themselves upon Him in sorrow, and commit their souls to Him in death; and He is precious to them—aye, precious as life itself. Question them, reason with them, array proof against them, nothing is more easy than to baffle them; but you cannot shake their trust, or make them ashamed of it. They know in Whom they have believed. They can give you no answer, but sooner than forsake their precious Christ they would die.

How precious the Christ is when the sense of sin is quickened within

* 'The Vision of God, and other Sermons. Preached on Special Occasions. By Henry Allon, D.D., Minister of Union Chapel, Islington.' London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row. 1876.

us, when we awaken to the grave culpability of its guilt, when we realise its essential antagonism to the Divine holiness, its transgression of God's inviolable law, the imperative necessity of its dread penalty of death!

No feeling in human hearts is more instinctive, mysterious or ineradicable than the feeling of sin. What is it? It is altogether different from other human regrets. It is not the sorrow produced by mistake, by misfortune, by helplessness, by destiny. More pungent than either, it is a feeling of culpability, of shame, of remorse, of self-chosen, self-incurred evil. In every age men have felt it. Never yet has man been found kneeling before his God in the pure consciousness of primitive innocence. Wherever men are found, in some way or other, they indicate their consciousness, not merely of imperfection, but of sin—wrong-doing. In every religious system this has had the most prominent place. Every religious service takes some expiatory form. A thousand altars have piled their sacrifices under its promptings; it has given birth to a thousand forms of priestcraft; it finds expression in manifold forms of penance and of prayer. The religious system that did not recognise and provide for it would be utterly unsuited for humanity; man has no feeling so strong and universal. Christianity does not produce it, it presupposes and provides for it. The feeling anticipates Christianity, and extends far beyond it; philosophers and moralists of all ages and countries lament over it. How men wail and struggle because of it! 'Wherewithal shall I appear before God? how shall I atone for the sin of my soul?'

What human philosophy has furnished any solution of this great problem of sin? If there be no God, if I have no spiritual soul, if I live under no religious responsibility, this is surely the most gratuitous and inexplicable of all human feelings. If every capacity has its provision, if every faculty has its function, if there is any truth in the doctrine of final causes, then surely this indisputable feeling of sin is the strongest of all presumptive arguments for the reality of our religious nature, for the truth of the supernatural, for the validity of the salvation of Christ.

How is this feeling of sin to be dealt with? It can neither be denied nor disregarded.

Who that looks in the face all the principles of the Divine government, and all the facts of its history, can satisfy himself with vague hopes of good-natured mercy on God's part. As well might the culprit calculate upon the sentiment of benevolence in an upright judge. Who could satisfy even his own conscience with a forgiveness that should rest upon recognised principle of rectitude, but only upon an arbitrary feeling?

Holy principles violated, the holy law broken, and no recognised reparation of them! Penalty remitted by a mere volition, its threatening arbitrarily reversed!

The moral sense, the conscience within me, that which makes me a moral being, demands atonement for sin as much as my safety does. Mere security is no moral satisfaction to a righteous being. I could not be happy in the salvation of Christ if I were saved as a man is saved who breaks prison, or to whom the prison doors are illicitly opened; if I were saved at the cost of a single righteous principle.

How unspeakably precious then the Christ when He is 'set forth' as a 'propitiation for sin,'—'Who Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' 'He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' How all that is within me leaps towards such a Redeemer! It is a provision for my forgiveness, in which both heart and conscience can rest. God is a just God, and yet the Justifier of the ungodly. It is not the Divine nature only that demands atonement for sin: our human nature demands it fully as much.

Than the principle of vicarious sacrifice, there is, I am bold to say, none that is more true to the constitution of our nature and to the experience of human life, none that is more satisfactory to the moral conscience, or more in harmony with the rectitude of love.

BECALMED.

BECALM'D at noon, noon of a summer's
day,

A track of light across the silent sea
Unto some unknown region far away
Seems to invite our bark, all mock-
ingly,

Smiling awhile, to think how helpless
we,

Who at the dawn of day were speeding
on

Towards a distant port right merrily;
Now, ere the sun's meridian ray has
shone,

Our happy course is stay'd, the favour-
ing breeze has gone.

Becalmd at noon we lie; a ship
appears

Far on the billow o'er our leeward
bow,

By potent steam propell'd, and as she
nears

Our vessel, seems from tiny boat to
grow

To giant ship, until her ripples flow
Around our bulwarks, as she seems to
scorn

The wave; then fast receding, sinks
below

The horizon's line; e'en as in chariot
borne,

Earth's favour'd ones pass by the
needy and forlorn.

Listless we gaze and idly think of
home;

To golden fields which lie beneath the
sun

For harvest ripe, our careless fancies
roam;

One wonders, 'Has the husbandman
begun

To reap the ripen'd grain his toil has
won

From fertile soil?' another wistful
cries,

'O that my journeyings o'er the deep
were done,

And I had reached that healthier clime
which lies

Amid the Southern seas, beneath Aus-
tralian skies.'

Impatient now the captain treads the
deck,

O'er which throughout the year he
holds command,

When winter's storms are high, and
many a wreck

In splinter'd fragments strews the
rocky strand ;

When vessels, strongly built and fully
mann'd,

No longer will the guiding helm obey,
But, helpless, drift upon the treacherous
sand

Where soon the seething waters claim
their prey,

As wave on wave they foam, and dash
in wild array.

Briskly he walks the deck, as he would
fain

The slothful moments by example
chide ;

With fretful gesture and impatient
mien,

Anon he gazes o'er the vessel's side,
But not a wavelet on the glassy tide

Is visible ; above, the colours droop,
Which at the masthead oft are floating

wide,
The sails hang motionless, a sleeping
group,

And down the dreamy masts in listless
slumber stoop.

Becalm'd at noon :—how often in our
life

Are we at noon becalm'd ! compelled
to yield

To sickness, and to leave the restless
strife,

Like hardy soldier, who to danger
steel'd,

Is wounded on the doubtful battle-
field ;

Our weary feet the plain no longer
tread,

While others fight, the sword we may
not wield,

Until the throbbing heart and aching
head,

Long for the last repose amid the
restful dead.

Becalm'd by sickness ; 'tis a fitting
leisure

For still reflection on the days gone by,
The days of strangely mingled pain

and pleasure,
For then in vivid light exposed they

lie,
And we may view them with an eagle
eye,

Like some vast landscape 'neath the
mid-day sun,

And, marking them, may form a pur-
pose high,

The errors of the past henceforth to
shun,

Until the sands of life their hasty
course have run.

HUMPHREY BARKER.

'HEAVEN IS BETTER THAN EARTH ;'

OR, THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

'**S**HALL I ever get well, dear mother, or does the doctor say that I must
die ?' Such was the question put by a boy of thirteen summers to
his fond, widowed mother as one August evening they sat together in
the little garden of the cottage where they dwelt. It was a beautiful
scene which met their gaze ; for the rays of the setting sun lit up the
fleecy clouds in the western sky with tints of golden hue, whilst brilliant
wreaths of vermillion surrounded the beaming orb fast sinking below

the horizon, and flooded the little garden with a lovely roseate light. And yet a shade of sorrow rested on the mother's brow. In spite of all this beauty her heart was heavy. The birds were singing their sweet songs above a head that was bowed with grief. A tear-drop trickled down her cheek as the boy again enquired, 'Mother, dear mother! shall I ever get well again?'

Has the reader ever found it necessary to break the awful news to a dear friend that he or she is dying, even though for a few short weeks or months the lamp of life may continue to flicker ere it finally goes out? If so, you may form some idea of the pain that mother felt when she was compelled to answer her son's question. She dared not deceive the boy by false hopes of returning strength; nor assure him that he would probably live a few years, for she knew that in all human probability he would not see another summer-time; and so she wisely thought that it would be better, with loving tenderness, to tell her boy the sad, solemn truth. She said, 'Edward, darling! I don't think you can get strong again. If it is God's will, you may be spared for a few months, possibly a year longer; but most likely before another summer season comes round, my boy will tread a fairer garden than this, and be free from sorrow and pain, living with dear papa in the mansions of the skies.'

For a few moments afterwards neither spoke; the silence, however, was at last broken by the widow, who exclaimed, as bitter tears trickled down her cheeks, 'How can I give you up! You are my only treasure, and I do think it would break my heart to part with my little son; for without you I should be alone in this wide world.' The pale, thin arms of the frail, delicate boy were clasped around his mother's neck as he gently whispered these words of consolation:

'No, my own dear mother! not alone; for we are never left *alone* if we love Jesus Christ, are we? You have often told me of the sweet promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" and though I should like to be with you a little longer, mother, God's will be done. Should He call me away, He Himself will provide a Comforter for you, for He says, "I will . . . give you another Comforter." Shall we go and read that beautiful chapter together once more, as we used to do with dear father when he was alive? I think it will cheer you up, mother mine.'

She saw the child was weary, so placing her arm around him, she gently walked by his side to the house, and when he had been comfortably seated in the low easy-chair, she got the good old Book down from the sideboard, and began to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Unconsciously almost, her heart was cheered by the blessed words,—'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In

My Father's house are many mansions.' When the chapter was finished, side by side, on the floor of that cheerful room, mother and son knelt down, and a fervent, believing petition ascended to the throne of God. Together their voices repeated the sublime words of the prayer our Saviour taught His disciples; but with tremulous lips the widow repeated, 'They will be done.' Still she did utter them, and sincerely desired strength from on high, so that the words might be the wish of her heart. They rose from their knees, and the mother went with her boy to his room, and ere long he was wrapped in a calm and refreshing slumber.

Rather more than fourteen years ago the widow had stood at the altar a blushing maiden giving heart and hand to the man of her choice. Her husband was a surgeon in the village, a true-hearted man, respected by the wealthy, beloved by his associates and almost idolized by the poor. For ten brief years they were spared to the world and each other; but then that husband so fondly loved gradually sank into consumption, and after a comparatively short illness passed away to the skies. Only one of her children was living at the time, and he seemed to enjoy excellent health, and became very, very precious to his widowed mother. It was her delight to keep him near her. She had taught him all that he knew; she had taken the utmost pains to bring him up with a loving reverence for all that was good, and had ever tried to instil into his mind a hatred of all that was mean, cowardly or sinful. But the truth gradually forced itself upon her, and she was compelled to own at last that her handsome boy, with the rosy cheeks and golden hair, was an inheritor of his father's complaint, and must soon die of that terrible disease. She had tried to buoy herself up with false hopes for a long time, but she could deceive herself no longer; for daily the boy's white hands grew more emaciated, the hectic flush on his cheek increased, and the fair blue eyes glistened with unnatural brightness.

Now she sits in the shade of the lamp which lights up the room, leaning her head upon her clasped hands, whilst tears she cannot keep back steal down her cheeks and trickle ever and anon upon the table. How long she wept she knew not, but all at once she saw the setting sun amid the golden clouds in the western sky. Never before had the heavens appeared so glorious; but as she gazed the fleecy clouds seemed to part, a white-robed host appeared, and in their midst she beheld one who called her by name and beckoned her to follow him. Then she passed on, how she could not tell, to the glorious home of the blessed, and walked by the side of her loved husband through the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Music far transcending anything she had ever heard fell upon her ears, as the chorus of the ransomed throng re-echoed again

and yet again through the Celestial City, and the words were like to these : 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever.' Past glittering hosts of angels and spirits of the just made perfect, she sped her way, to stand at length outside the gates of the city so beautiful; then she felt reluctant to return to earth, and lingeringly she looked upon its jasper walls. But as she waited by her husband's side, they saw a band of angels bringing a child of earth home to heaven, and like the lightning's flash a thought swiftly passed through her mind, 'Surely that must be my Edward.' Nearer and nearer came the winged messengers, till they reached the spot where she stood, and with a gladsome heart she saw it was indeed her son, but wondrously changed; for the pale, sick lad who so long had suffered from wasting disease and wearisome pain was clad in purest white; his brow was decked with an unfading diadem, and a palm of victory was in his hand. His face was lit up with joy, and he was full of strength and life; the earthly had been changed into the heavenly. Contrasting the sick-room with the holy habitation she had so lately left, the spiritual body with the wasted frame, her own anxieties with perfect and eternal peace, she exclaimed half involuntarily, 'Heaven is better than earth for all God's tempted children.'

She woke (for it was but a dream) with the words upon her lips. So vivid was the impression made, so certain was she that her dream was vouchsafed by the mercy of God, that immediately she wrote the sentence she had just spoken that it might never escape her memory.

But a few more weeks and her suffering son had joined his father. Often had she read the sentence she had written, and she turned to it for comfort while the pang of parting was fresh and sharp. She murmured not at the mysterious dispensations of God's good providence: good for her son and her husband, and unquestionably good also for herself.

She caused those words to be engraved in gilt letters on Edward's tomb; and there, whilst the heavens are golden with the bright rays of the setting sun, and the little grave is flooded with a rosy light, this sentence is again impressed upon her saddened heart, '*Heaven is better than earth for all God's tempted children.*' Reading the words again, she exclaims, with loving trust in the Fatherhood of God, '*He doeth all things well.*' The widowed and childless woman returns homeward in the twilight, grateful that her loved ones are in glory, and content to wait till the days of her sojourning shall be ended.

EDWARD BAILEY.

‘TOO LATE!’

IT would be both interesting and instructing could we by any means procure sufficient knowledge of the career of Sunday-scholars to be able to trace them through life, and say, in each case, this one has made for himself an honourable position by doing good work for Jesus; or, that one, to all appearance, has failed to fulfil the expectations formed of him, and given himself to sin. We doubt not that the result, on the whole, would be highly gratifying and encouraging; yet we cannot hide from ourselves that there would be another side of the picture, dark and terrible enough, showing hopes blasted, characters ruined, and lives completely wrecked.

In the year 186— I was a passenger from the ‘Cape’ by the good steamer ———. We had a large number on board, as, besides the usual complement in the saloon, there were about sixty soldiers—the greater part of them invalided—for whom berths had been specially prepared in the forepart of the vessel. Looking at them, I could readily believe what the surgeon stated in my presence, that in very many cases those sickly specimens of early manhood were brought into their present position by their vices. Yet not a few of them were once Sunday-scholars, and one or two had even been teachers in the Sabbath-school.

Well I recollect one of the invalids because of the very sad circumstances connected with his death. I had not been long on board, when my attention was directed to him by the medical man saying to me, ‘Poor fellow, he will not reach England.’ I found him well educated, the son of pious parents, trained in the Sabbath-school, himself once a teacher, and brought up to a respectable profession. Soon after entering into business he associated with evil companions, then became a drunkard, and by-and-by a bankrupt, and enlisted in the Army to hide his shame. From his conversation I gathered that he had been, at the period of his enlistment, earnestly desirous to retrieve in some measure his position, and to shake himself free from his soul-destroying habits. He therefore determined, when he sailed for Africa, that he would forsake his sins and lead a new life. But he forgot that change of sky is not change of nature. He made the determination in his own strength, and failed. He found sin—his sins—as powerful in Africa as in England; and the result was that, like a drowning man, his struggles only caused him to sink the deeper.

Then the end came—his vices had prematurely consumed the oil of life; and when I first saw him, he was dying, without hope of recovery and without forgiveness. I thought of the prayers once offered up in the Sabbath-school for his conversion, of the prayers of his father and

he prayers of his mother. I thought of their anguish for their prodigal boy, and resolved to do my utmost to lead him to Christ. Day after day I visited him ; sometimes he was lying in his cheerless berth, only just able to converse ; sometimes he was a little better, and could sit by the berth-side. In the former case he would listen attentively to 'the story of the Cross,' and respond with apparent earnestness to my prayers for his salvation ; but in the latter all this was changed, and he would talk of home or on any subject except religion, and all spiritual advice was heard impatiently. So day by day passed, we making our way home, he making no real progress towards recovery, and none perceptibly towards Christ.

We had almost reached the Equator, when one intensely hot afternoon the doctor touched me on the shoulder, and informed me that the sick soldier was nearly gone. Hastening to his berth, I soon saw that his last moments had arrived ; and I feared that they would find him unprepared. Bending over the dying man, I whispered that Jesus was 'able to save,' even 'to the uttermost.' He fixed his eyes on me with a look I shall not forget, his lips moved as if there was not strength to articulate, —I heard not the words ; he tried again, then bending nearer, I caught the words, 'Too late !' 'too late !' There was a slight struggle, and all was over.

While reading the burial service the next morning, my heart was almost too full of sorrow to allow me to proceed. When the body was committed to its long home, and I thought of the scene of the evening before, I could not keep back tears ; they would flow. Into the deep the body was cast, never to be raised until it shall hear the trump of God. But what of the soul ? These whispered words of the dying man harassed me more than words have ever done before or since. The body was cast into the deep, but of the soul I know no more than the dying man's 'Too late !'

We fear that this is no solitary instance among those who were once Sunday-scholars. But what an impressive lesson does such a case read us on the importance of securing the best, the only preparation for death, 'while it is called To-day' ! Opportunities once passed can never be recalled, and a life misspent is forfeited for ever. 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' Not only are the gates of the kingdom flung wide open to receive the good man, but also earth's best blessings are for him who is 'wise unto salvation.'

Young men, we would lovingly warn you against all the ways of sin, but especially against evil company and drunkenness. Against these, as against all error, the only true preservative is the acceptance of Christ as your Saviour, and a prayerful, persistent effort to obey His laws.

‘Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word.’ One false step may lead to dishonour, death and eternal despair. May God bestow upon you the strength of will and grace to decide for Christ before it is ‘too late!’

T. ROBERTS.

NANNY SHACKLOCK.

IN our November number we gave a graphic communication from Mr. Joseph Jones, of Derby, relating to the Peak of Derbyshire, and to Dr. Spencer T. Hall (the Sherwood Forester), in which allusion was made to a good old woman, whose cheering words in his youth had done something to influence that writer’s literary destiny. The motherly woman in question was Nanny Shacklock, of whom Dr. Hall has given us the following touching account in his volume of ‘Biographical Sketches of Remarkable People:’

‘In girlhood NANNY SHACKLOCK came from Gloucestershire, to one of the little border towns of Sherwood Forest, as nurse in a baronet’s family, and in her young-womanhood was married to a village tailor. But what a noble soul was hers, and what an unspeakable blessing was her whole life to her adopted neighbourhood! She had in time a large family of her own, but was in many respects a mother to all around her. And yet, so quiet! Her husband, like herself, was a Methodist of the early sort,—he, Francis Shacklock, fervid as a summer sunbeam, and his wife gentle and soothing as the zephyr that tempers it. There are people in the world who are always ready with great professions, to which they are in the habit of adding, “and should you ever want a little assistance, don’t fail to let me know;” but when it is required are too much otherwise engaged to render it. Yet it was not so with Nanny Shacklock. She seemed almost ubiquitous, though by no means an intruder or a gossip, and was scarcely ever out of the way of anybody when needed—as neighbour, general adviser and friend. Supposing, for instance, that Mr. Goodacre, the parish clergyman, had called to solace some poor dying woman, whose husband was away at his necessary toil, and whose helpless children were in danger from want of attention, he could always leave such a case with a longer breath and a lighter heart after sending for Nanny Shacklock. Mrs. Woolley, who lived at the Hall, and was a descendant of the ancient and gallant Nottinghamshire house of Willoughby, and whose loving daughters were very Florence Nightingales in their way, found in many of the dispensations of her goodness, an ever-ready and worthy auxiliary in Nanny Shacklock. The parish doctor, too, over-worked and badly paid, unable to stay long in a house where every member was so ill that it seemed inhuman to go

away, could always proceed to his next case with some relief after he had ascertained that Nanny Shacklock would supersede him. A lovely orphan girl, little beyond her childhood, betrayed and forsaken by a pretended suitor, died of the consequences, among which was a broken heart; but it was in the arms and under the religious solaces of Francis and Nanny Shacklock. When the ladies of the parish were commencing a Bible Society, and wanted some Christianly suggestions as to the best method of commencing, it was unanimously resolved to send for Nanny Shacklock. At the starting of a Dorcas Society, for supplying poor people with clothing in winter, on the question being asked who was to chalk out the plan for them, several voices at once said, "Let us send for Nanny Shacklock."

'In short, I have a doubt if, for many, many years, any consecutive words of similar import were so often repeated in all that parish of Sutton-in-Ashfield as those four words: "Send for Nanny Shacklock." And it was to her that I, too, was indebted for one of the best impulses to improvement I ever received. From seeing me fond of haunting the lanes and fields, she had come to imagine that I cared nothing for learning; but on my good sister one day telling her of her mistake, she put into my hand a beautiful poem, asking me to read it; and when I did, her face was bright with delight, as she exclaimed in her native dialect, somewhat elongating the words, "Bless that tongue!"—thereby giving my love of books a fresh glow, the value of which I can yet feel. And such was the way in which she spent her days, without neglecting a single duty to her own family. Yet never did she take pecuniary reward for all her service to the sick and poor—her sittings-up at night, or her consoling and healing visits by day.

'I saw her in her ninetieth year, her eyes still bright with heavenly light, her voice as clear and sweet as that of a youthful maiden. Sooth to say, as with all the really good people I have ever known, her soul seemed to be growing more youthful as her body declined. And why should it not? Was it not *going back* to join that of her husband in its native heaven? It was; and the next time I heard of her, God Himself had *sent for Nanny Shacklock.*'

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER II.—ON THE ROAD.

THE morning of the thirty-first of January was bleak and stormy. A driving sleet made the quiet old horse, that was yoked in the cart to take Willie and his father to meet the stage-coach, toss his head and

snort with discomfort. The farmer buttoned his great-coat close, to keep out the damp; and Mrs. Jacques wrapped a thick woollen comforter round Willie's neck, which he would fain have gone without, as he wanted to begin to be hardy. But to resist would grieve his good mother; so he let her bundle him up to her heart's content, secretly resolving that when he reached L— he would not take such care of himself. But all thought was put to flight by the agony of parting. This was his first separation from his mother; and in spite of his best endeavours to be brave, his tears would come, when he thought his mother's arms were about his neck and her kisses on his lips for the last time for so long. And when she whispered, 'Don't forget that one Eye is always upon you, Willie,' his voice was too choked to reply.

'Come, Willie, we shall miss the coach unless we make haste, and it will be bad travelling through the snow and sleet.'

'Yes, father, I am ready;' and Willie, breaking from his mother's encircling arms, jumped into the cart beside his father, his substantial oak chest making a capital seat for both.

His thoughtful mother had spread on the top a thick woollen rug, and given them another to cover their feet, that they might not suffer from the severity of the weather. The farmer attempted to laugh and make a joke, saying,—

'You must think us a pair of babies to be coddled in this way, and not a sturdy old farmer who has faced all weathers for nigh fifty years, and a strapping youth who feels himself equal to face a Greenland bear.' But ere he had finished speaking the cheerfulness had gone, and he ceased abruptly, lest he should, in truth, make a baby of himself. So stealthily drawing his coat-sleeve across his eyes, he turned to give some superfluous direction to the man about letting the horse have a rest and a feed of corn before he returned.

At length the cart drove off into the darkness; which seemed typical of Willie's unknown future. He was about to enter on a new, untried life, with the hope and energy of a bright young spirit that knew little of the world beyond the home-circle, and had seen less. How would he pass through the trial in which so many had failed?

After a cold drive of two hours, they reached the wayside inn at which the coach stopped to pick up passengers, just without the market-town where it changed horses. The farmer and Willie took their seats by the driver,—a tall, stout man, with a rubicund-face like a full moon—genial, jovial and good-natured. He had travelled that road for thirty years, and was well-known as the best whip on the road: 'Go by the "Flyer," Jipstone will take care of you,' was the usual advice to any one about to travel north. The farmer and his son were the only two



outside passengers on this cold raw morning, and when they had taken their places, the guard blew his horn and they started. Soon they reached the town, and drew up before the 'Black Swan,' where the tired horses were taken off and fresh ones put to, and where the coachman and guard breakfasted. Mr. Jacques and Willie spent the time in seeing a little of the town, which was dimly lighted by oil lamps; 'the oil for which,' Willie observed, 'he was going to help to supply.'

When they resumed their journey it was daylight, and Willie could see a little of the surrounding country. The distant hills interested him: he had lived in a flat part, with scarcely an undulation, and therefore was the more pleased to see the bold, snow-capped hills; and he wondered if the icebergs he had heard so much about would look

like them. But his thoughts were scattered by the coachman's cheery voice :

'So, young man, you are going to try the sea, eh?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What service do you favour? The merchant, I suppose.'

'No, Sir; I am going to the whale-fishery.'

'Ah, to Greenland, or Davis' Straits, as the case may be! Well, you will find it cold there: this is nothing to it, I'm told; it freezes your hair into icicles.'

'Yes, I expect to find it very cold, but as other boys can bear it, why, so can I.'

'That's right, boy; "what man has done, man may do" was a copy I wrote when a lad myself. I never forgot it; and when I learned to drive, I meant to do it as well as any man. And I believe I can do it, tidily; so you see the copy did me no harm.' And the coachman smiled complacently as he smacked his whip, and encouraged his horses to a brisker pace.

'Well,' he resumed after a pause, 'well, the oil-trade is very fresh at the present, not to mention the whalebone manufacture: I could name two or three who during my time have made famous fortunes by it. You may do well if you will, young man: all depends on yourself. Keep steady, and do your duty,—you are sure to get on.'

'Then you think to be a sailor is not such a bad choice, after all?' asked the anxious father.

'Not a bad choice, by any manner of means; but not one I should fancy. For, you see, I like living things to manage, that know when I speak to them, which a ship does not.'

'But you may manage a ship, and make it obey you,' said Willie.

'Right, always supposing wind and waves will let it. But we are not all alike, and what contents me would not satisfy you; for you want to see the world of ice.'

'Indeed I do, and the great whales.'

'And the bears,' slyly remarked Jipstone.

'Yes,' responded Willie, with enthusiasm, 'and the white foxes and the Arctic birds.'

'You will be gratified before you drive with me again, and will have perhaps killed a whale.'

'I should like; but I am afraid they will not let me try.'

'What ship will you sail in?'

'The "Bonnie Sarah," Captain Winter.'

'Ay, ay, I know him: not a smarter sailor or a better master sails out of L—; and the owners are the best I know: upright, liberal men.'

'You have been fortunate in your choice: the "Bonnie Sarah" is a good sailer, and far more comfortable than many of the whalers, which, to say the least of them, are dirty old tubs. Why, I went on board of one last October, and was heartily glad to get out of her. How men can live five or six months among blubber-casks is more than I can tell.'

'But the casks are in the hold, and the men don't live down there.'

'All the same: the smell is abominable—ugh;' and so saying, with a gesture of intense disgust, the coachman changed the subject. He then pointed out places of interest on the road, and narrated incidents that had happened to him during the last thirty years, so the day passed more quickly than Willie had expected.

It was towards evening when the coach reached its destination. The town was lighted, not with the brilliant gas of the present day, but with a plentiful supply of oil-lamps. The light could be seen for a great distance, and Willie was enthusiastic in his admiration. As the coach wound round a slight curve, he came in sight of a row of large handsome houses that to him looked like palaces, and he thought the town must be, if not the finest, one of the finest in England. Then he imagined it must be also one of the largest, they went through so many streets before they reached the hotel at which the coach stopped.

Mr. Jacques had in his pocket-book the address of an inn to which he had been recommended, and showed it to Jipstone; who told him he knew the inn-keeper, and that he was the right sort of man. He said that Mr. Alton would make them thoroughly comfortable, and not overcharge them, and that the inn was close by. So calling a porter, the driver told him to conduct the two strangers to the 'Anchor and Cleaver.' Willie wanted to give the kind-hearted Jipstone a gratuity, but he refused to take it:

'Nay, my lad, not this time. You will be going with me again some day; then you shall "spin me a yarn," as the sailors call it, in return for mine to-day. You will have plenty to tell me when you come back from Greenland. And when you kill a bear, you can give me a bit of his skin to make a cap to keep my ears warm on a day like this. Good-bye, good-bye, and good success to you.'

The 'Anchor and Cleaver' was a respectable, well-conducted house, and the landlord was not entirely self-seeking. As soon as he glanced at the two visitors he saw they were from the country, and leading the way to his own little parlour, called his good wife. He had no need to tell her that the travellers were cold and hungry: she could see the one and imagine the other, so she replenished the already blazing fire, and then went into the kitchen to prepare substantial refreshment.

She soon had ready for them tea, toast, and a large dish of fried ham and eggs; so that, had it not been for the strange faces, Willie could almost have fancied himself at home. Mrs. Alton presided at the tea-table, and literally compelled the travellers to do ample justice to the fare she had provided. When her husband came in the farmer told him his errand to L—. Alton knew the captain of the 'Bonnie Sarah,' and offered to go with them to the docks on the following morning. The offer was gladly accepted by the strangers, who felt bewildered amidst the forest of houses. Willie being sleepy, they retired to rest early.

CHAPTER III.—THE 'BONNIE SARAH.'

In the morning, accompanied by Alton, they went to the dock in which the 'Bonnie Sarah' was moored, and found the captain on board. He was a fine specimen of the British sailor, rather tall, well-formed, and had an open, genial countenance that at once won confidence. He knew Mr. Jacques well, and shook his hand cordially, all the while glancing at the boy by his side.

'So you want to be a sailor?'

'Yes, Sir;' and Willie coloured to the temples—why, he could not have told.

'Then you don't care to follow the plough, as your father has done?'

'No, Sir.'

'You will find that a sailor's life is a very rough one. You cannot run into a house for shelter, when a storm comes on the sea. Then you are confined to one small vessel for many months,—no going to market on Saturdays; no church-bell to invite you to the house of prayer on Sundays; no weekly paper to tell you the latest news. Do you think you will be content with such a life?'

'Yes, Sir; because I shall have work to do, and I mean to learn to do it.'

'That is right, boy. Keep yourself well employed, then it will not matter whether you be on land or sea: you will be kept out of mischief. Now go with Jack, and look over the ship while I talk to your father and Mr. Alton.'

The boy Jack was a tall, awkward youth with yellow hair, small eyes and very thick lips; altogether his appearance was not prepossessing. Jack nodded his head, and led the way to the forecabin with a shuffling gait. When the two had descended the ladder, and were out of hearing, he turned to Willie, and said in a sneering tone, 'So you are going to try the sea, are you, youngster? Better be a clodhopper.'

'Why do you say that to me?'

'To you? Ah! ah!—that is good. Who are you, that I should not say so to you?'

'A stranger to you, whom you were to show over the ship, and not ask impertinent questions,' returned Willie, gravely. He did not like his companion's manner, and determined to check his undue familiarity.

'Ah, that's your game, is it! Well, then, look here; this is where we eat our meals, and through there is where we sleep. Come, you would like to see your bed; this will be it.'

'What, that funny thing hung up to the top. How shall I ever get into it?'

'"Turn in," we say, you get in fast enough; and get out faster, I reckon.'

'What do you mean?'

'O, you will soon know! I'm not going to tell you. Come into the hold; we can go down this ladder.'

'What a great dark place!' exclaimed Willie. 'And what are all these casks for?'

'Them, why they are for blubber—when we get it.'

'But these nice clean ones?'

'O, we are going to take these to G—for butcher's meat, which we always get there. Then there are the water-casks, and casks of flour and biscuits, besides stores of all sorts.'

'Then you pack every thing in casks?'

'Of course we do. We can't run to the shop for everything we want. But we have some closets—*lockers* we call them—in the cabin we just left.'

'I did not see them.'

'O, I dare say you thought them only seats! they go round the cabin, and are both seats and lockers. You will have one, and let me advise you to keep it locked, for greet-mice—'

'What is that you are saying, Jack?' shouted a hearty voice from some part of the hold. Whence the voice came Willie could not tell, until a black curly head appeared above a cask at some distance.

'Is that you, George?'

'Yes, it is me, sure enough; and I want to know what you are telling the boy.'

'Only that there are mice aboard.'

'Ay, ay, and rats too, and some very queer, tawny ones; so you do right to tell him beware,' remarked the sailor, as he came forward and shook hands with Willie.

'So you are going to sea?' But how differently the question was put!

'Yes, Sir.'

'Well, my boy, if you like it half as well as I do, you will never repent becoming a salt.'

'But he may swallow the marline-spike, you know, George.'

'What you ought to have done, Jack.'

'Now that is too bad, George.'

George eyed the youth with a curious glance, but, making no further remark to him, began to show him several things that excited his interest. Jack soon left them in high dudgeon, muttering, 'I saw captain liked him, and now George; a fine time I shall have; but I'll be even with 'em.'

George Nicholson, harpooner of the 'Bonnie Sarah,' was remarkably tall for a sailor, and was not a little proud of his fine, well-knit frame. His face was handsome, but that he seemed not to know; or if he did, he cared not for it. His eyes were very dark and piercing, but they would soften to tenderness; and as Willie looked at him and listened to him, he thought he could trust him entirely. Time will tell whether the boy's instinct was true. However, by the time Willie rejoined his father and Captain Winter, he had numbered George Nicholson among his friends.

'You look as though you were satisfied with your future quarters, Willie.'

'I like the ship very much, father. Won't you walk over it?'

'Yes, Mr. Jacques, you must see the vessel. You tell me you have never been over one; I will go with you.'

Escorted by the courteous captain, the farmer did go over the vessel. But he could not conceal his surprise that any one could prefer the close cabin, with its circumscribed accommodation, and the hammocks, to a neat sitting-room and comfortable bed-rooms at home. For his part, no prospect of future gain should tempt him to shut himself up, or 'smother' himself, as he termed it, 'in them swinging things.' Even the captain's cabin and state-room were, in his opinion, 'too small for a good pig-sty.' Captain Winter good-naturedly laughed at his remarks; and told him that, had he gone to sea when a boy he would have loved his ship, and would have thought no place so good. Mr. Jacques shook his head; he could not be convinced. He and Willie dined with Captain Winter, who informed them that the vessel would not sail for a few weeks; adding that in the meantime Willie could begin to learn navigation: he could then follow it up on board, under the superintendence of George Nicholson, who was a capital scholar. Willie's eyes glistened as he heard what was said: this was the commencement of his plan. He would try, he said, to do his best.

In the evening, it being Saturday, they went into the shambles to see the butchers'-shops, a new and wonderful sight to Willie, who wondered where the people would come from to buy all the meat that he saw in the large market-house. He enjoyed the bustle and confusion, and did not mind being pushed about; but his father disliked the noise, and wished himself in his own quiet home. He had never been accustomed to such a crowd, and had all a countryman's aversion to it. On the Monday came the parting. On Sunday, at service, when the prayer for sailors was read, Willie gently touched his father; and when they were in the street he said, 'Father, you will always think of me at service. I never thought before how everybody at service prays for those on the sea; but now I shall think of that when I read it. And, father, I'll try to act as you have taught me. So don't trouble too much about me.'

The father could not answer in words, but he pressed the hand he held, and Willie saw a suspicious brightness in his father's eyes. Were anything wanting to strengthen his resolve to be a true man, this would have done it. 'How fond father is of me!' was his mental comment; 'it would be a shame if I did not try to please him.'

REVIVAL.

How cheering to our ears is the continued echo and re-echo of the word *revival*! Not that we are surprised, as some appear to have been, at the *manner* in which the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit have been given to water those parts of the Lord's inheritance which were parched and weary. Among ourselves revival has long been a household word, one of the choicest and most familiar in our Connexion, both at home and abroad. Methodism and revival, in fact, are synonymous terms, and are so regarded by every faithful inhabitant of our Zion. If we were put to the proof of this, how easily could we point to a host of tracts and treatises written by the promoters and defenders of revival work among both the Ministers and Laymen of the Body. We have hailed, therefore, with sincere pleasure the adoption of the phrase, and the joyous realisation of its import in the sister Churches of our land.

After the lapse of more than a hundred years, during which time we have borne no small degree of reproach and endured 'a great fight of afflictions,' we cannot but rejoice to see those Churches recognising the leading principles of our own policy, based, as we have ever believed they are, on the Word of eternal truth. The frigid and stereotyped

Ecclésiasticism which shut up its votaries to certain forms and phrases has begun to melt away before the warmth of earnest Evangelism. Calmly reviewing those gracious 'revivals,' we note at first the general astonishment of religious professors, and its repeated assertion in papers and books. For a time at least, the matter seemed to hang in doubt with many grave and high-standing men as to whether it was the work of God or not. Now, however, that the shock has passed, and the holy influence has spread itself in Pentecostal glory among all ranks and classes of the community, those very persons, like them 'of the circumcision' who accompanied Peter to the house of Cornelius, though astonished at such effusions of grace; yet could not doubt the reality as Divine both in its origin and in its continuance. Such a hold has the work taken upon the nation itself, to say nothing of other parts of the world, that the slowest of heart to believe are obliged to confess that it is even so.

But who were they who were so wonder-stricken and amazed at the manner in which this work originated? We shall content ourselves by simply stating who they were *not*. They were *not* the Methodists. And why? Because the same thing had been witnessed over and over again in our Societies. In the earlier stages of what has now come to be called 'revival' in this country, when objection was taken to the *manner* in which some persons were affected, one of the utterances at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was the following: 'A hundred and twenty-one years ago John Wesley, from one of the scenes of his evangelistic work in England, wrote to Ralph Erskine, "At Weaver's Hall, seven or eight persons were constrained to roar aloud, while the Sword of the Spirit was dividing asunder their souls and spirits, and joints and marrow. But they were all relieved upon prayer, and sang praises unto our God, and unto the Lamb that liveth for ever and ever."' Referring to this, Mr. Wesley says: 'I gave a particular account, from time to time, of the manner wherein God here carried on His work, to those whom I believed to desire the increase of His kingdom, with whom I had any opportunity of corresponding. Part of the answer which I received (some time after) from one of these I cannot but here subjoin: "I desire to bless my Lord for the good and great news your letter bears, about the Lord's turning many souls 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;' and that such 'a great and effectual door is opened' among you, as the 'many adversaries' cannot shut. O may 'He that hath the Key of the house of David, that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth,' set the door of faith more and more open among you, till His house be filled, and till He gather together the outcasts of Israel:

and may that prayer for the adversaries be heard: 'Fill their faces with shame, that they may seek Thy Name, O Lord.'

"As to the outward manner you speak of, wherein most of them were affected who were cut to the heart by the Sword of the Spirit, no wonder that this was at first surprising to you, since they are indeed so very rare that have been thus pricked and wounded. Yet some of the instances you give seem to be exemplified in the outward manner wherein Paul and the jailer were at first affected; as also Peter's hearers. (Acts ii.) The last instance you gave, of some struggling as in the agonies of death, and in such a manner as that four or five strong men can hardly restrain a weak woman from hurting herself or others: this is to me somewhat more inexplicable; if it do not resemble the child spoke of Mark ix. 26, and Luke ix. 42; of whom it is said, that 'while he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down and tare him.' Or what influence sudden and sharp awakenings may have upon the body, I pretend not to explain. . . . However, the merciful issue of these conflicts in the conversion of the persons thus affected is the main thing. . . .

"I am, Reverend and dear Sir,

"Your very affectionate Brother and Servant in Christ,

"RALPH ERSKINE."

Yes, it is a standing tenet of our Theology, that the Holy Ghost shall choose His own method of converting mankind to Himself. We thankfully and expectantly sing:

'The deed, the time, the *manner* choose;'

and whether it be, as in the case of Lydia, at the river side, or as when Saul of Tarsus was struck as by lightning to the ground, we complain not of His choice, 'lest haply' we should 'be found even to fight against God.' How marked was the contrast in those instances! By the river side 'prayer was wont to be made;' but on the road side probably its echo had never resounded before. Nothing remarkable is noted in Lydia except the simple statement of the fact of her conversion; but of Saul it is stated that he was 'three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink.' (Acts ix. 9.) Yet to each of them the kingdom was opened as a *believer* in the Lord Jesus Christ. Our anxiety, therefore, is not so much about the *mode* of the Spirit's operations, as about their continued and glorious extension, and for this purpose let us attend to the following practical suggestions:

1. Let us resolve, in the strength of Divine grace, to be fully and entirely devoted to Christ.

To this end it is needful for us to have clearly defined to our own minds the *obligation* under which we are laid to Christ in this matter:

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F

'Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord.' Let us, then, be true and faithful :

'We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses.'

Bear with us, dear reader, if we express ourselves somewhat freely on this point. Is it not apparent to every one who stands on the watch towers of Zion, that negligence here is one of the great defects in the experience of Christian professors? How familiar has the expression become, 'not prospering in the Divine life,' and its companion, 'living much below our privileges and advantages'! How much of the religious experience of the present day is thus stereotyped, and made to serve in lieu of a higher and happier state of grace! Now, why is it we do not 'go forward' and prosper in the good way, as we confess we ought to do? According to our own acknowledgment, nothing would contribute so much to our comfort; nothing would give us greater joy and peace; nothing would so fit us for both 'the life that now is, and that 'which is to come.' Again, then, we ask, *Why?* Does the Lord withhold the grace we need to enable us to accomplish this object? Do His promises fail when we plead them in His presence? Or does He forget to be gracious? Or rather, do we not neglect to apply to Him in the time of need, and even refuse,—professors as we are,—absolutely refuse, to accept His proffered grace? Have we no cause to fear that the complaint uttered by the Almighty to His ancient people is still applicable to ourselves?—'O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea: *thy seed also had been as the sand, and the offspring of thy bowels like the gravel thereof.*' (Isaiah xlviii. 18, 19.) Of the early Christians it is stated that 'they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.' (Acts ii. 42.) And what was the result? 'And the Lord added to the Church *daily* those who were being saved.' (v. 47.) There was no day on which there were none being 'added.' Nor is it less distinctly manifest in the records of the Church, that when the steadfastness of its members declined the corresponding blessings were withheld. 'Hear ye me, Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin; The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him; and if ye seek Him, He will be found of you; but if ye forsake Him, He will forsake you.' (2 Chron. xv. 2.) This is the *rule*,—the rule we ought to follow in our efforts to promote the extension of Christ's Kingdom in the earth. O, then, let it be adopted by every member of the Body, and we doubt not of the result! Let *each one* feel his *individual* duty and responsibility in this

matter, and act accordingly. Let us not look to others, but look to ourselves. Let the admonition of the Saviour to Peter be ever sounding in our ears, 'What is that to thee? follow thou Me.'

(*To be concluded.*)

'UNTO YOU THEREFORE WHICH BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS.'

(1 PETER II. 7.)

When through sunny paths I wander,
Flowers adorning all my way;
Earth attracting by its grandeur,
And its numerous follies gay—
Precious Jesus!
Do not suffer me to stray.

When my way is dark and dreary,
Storm and tempest rising high;
When my heart grows faint and weary,
Seeing no deliverer nigh—
Precious Jesus!
To Thy side, O! let me fly.

If in some unguarded hour
I Thy fold should blindly leave;
Yielding to the tempter's power,
Thy most gracious Spirit grieve—
Precious Jesus!
Pity and again receive.

When afflictions sore distress me,
When in weakness, pain and grief;
Then with meek submission bless me,
Save from murmur'ing unbelief—
Precious Jesus!
Be Thy presence my relief.

When to earth my eyes are closing,
When my heart beats faint and slow,
Let me, on Thine arm reposing,
Gently leave this vale below—
Precious Jesus!
Then eternal life bestow.

When the heavenly host are praising
Him Who died upon the tree;
As with them my voice I'm raising,
This my endless theme shall be—
Precious Jesus!
By Thy blood Thou'st ransomed me.
M. T. J. S.

HOLY-DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;

OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. E. S. CLIFFORD.

NEW SERIES.

I.

SOME of the peculiarities of Ritualism are naturally pleasing to a quality inherent in the majority of our race, namely, the love of variety. Therefore it is in no way astonishing that in an age marked by its restless activity and its reluctance to follow old tracks, the novelties and variations in Divine worship patronized by the Church of Rome, and by a certain section of the Church of England, attract numbers of people, young and old, whose knowledge of Scripture is but shallow, and their principles not based on the One Sure Foundation. The fasts, feasts and festivals which seem to afford an agreeable succession in what has been called the 'Church's Year,' contrast strongly with the almost unvarying routine of the Sunday services as conducted in the

places of worship belonging to most Protestant denominations. Those who pass their leisure time during the week in the pursuit of hollow amusements, with intervals, perhaps, given to the reading of sensational fiction, are just the persons to throng buildings wherein Divine worship is too literally 'performed,' and where the eye is amused, the ear gratified and a sensuous excitement imparted to the imagination. Vain is it often to argue with those who allow selfishness or whim to override their judgment; but it is sometimes our duty to point out to them that what they admire is opposed to the Scriptural idea of worship as offered to God the Father, through the mediation of Christ the Son, by the aid of the Holy Spirit. And, speaking more particularly of the observances attached to days and seasons, it is provable that the ingenious fabric built by ecclesiastics in the early days of Papal corruption is a compound of Pagan bricks with an intermingling of Jewish stone, with very little that is Christian or Apostolic about it. To us, in this nineteenth century, most mediæval 'holy-days' ought to have little more than an antiquarian or historic value.

Lent, the longest and the gloomiest of the special seasons which our ancestors deemed of so much importance, and which some at least kept with an honest simplicity, did not run its course without break or change. 'Mothering Sunday' was, in many districts of England, a memorable day on several accounts, and long after the Papal domination was overthrown in these islands, the traditions of the day survived, especially amongst young folks, for a reason sufficiently obvious. New the anniversary, let it be noted, was not so-called from its being associated with her whom the Romanists designate 'holy mother;' this Sunday was kept as a day of mild rejoicing because it behoved all those who could do so, to visit on it their 'Mother Church;' that is, the one in which, by baptism, they were formally admitted within the pale of the Church. Of course the priest expected an offering proportionate to the circumstances of the person. Also, on this day children used to visit their actual parents, if they themselves were resident away from home; and we can easily suppose that in the times before railways, when migrations were less common than now, a call at the church and at the old home could generally be made on the same day, and the parents gratified as well as the priest honoured. It affords a proof of the vagueness with which the old chroniclers wrote, however, that it remains still a question open to debate whether this 'Mothering Sunday' was the fourth or fifth Sunday in Lent. In the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' the editor, referring to this day, appears to hold the view that it was the Sunday before Palm Sunday. And it was within his recollection, that in the reign of George III., apprentices and servants thought themselves hardly done by if they

could not have a holiday on 'Mothering Sunday;' and some kept up the old custom of taking to their parents (or at least to their mothers) a cake made for the occasion, to which the name of 'Simnel' was given. The materials were rich, and the dough was usually tinged yellow with saffron. At a period more remote, these Simnel cakes were painted with singular designs; artists, not bakers, taking them in hand to finish them off; and, as we are told, the cakes were frequently not eaten, but put aside as family relics. The mother, again, like a good housewife, had a warm dish of some kind ready for the child or children, which would be acceptable after a journey on a March or April day. Frumenty, also known as 'firmity,' was a common dish. This sort of porridge is made by boiling wheat in water until the grains are swelled, and again boiling them in milk, sugar and spices being lastly added. Another favourite dish consisted of dried peas, well fried, with abundance of butter, pepper and salt. One historian appears to have been a little scandalized at the large bowlfuls of the latter dish he saw some individuals devour; the proceeding, to him, being opposed to the moderation suitable in a season of fast.

Amongst other names applied to this holy-day, was that of 'Sunday of Refreshment:' either, it is thought, from the Gospel of the day, which contained the account of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand; or from the first Lesson, for which was appointed the narrative of Joseph feeding his brethren. In the North of England the day was called 'Care,' or 'Carling Sunday,' a quaint rhyme associating it unmistakably with a particular date in Lent:

'Care Sunday, care away,
Palm Sunday, Easter day.'

Was there here, under an old superstition, an allusion to the fact that our Lord, in His Passion, bore away the cares and sorrows of humanity? In some districts, the boys on Care Sunday carried about from village to village a rude figure, intended, so it is said, as a representation of Death. The treatment they received varied considerably, according to the different superstitious beliefs existent, or perhaps to mere caprice. Some of the farmers and villagers gave their visitants a friendly reception, and sent them away with gifts of fruit and dried peas. But from other houses, instead of a welcome the boys got an angry order to depart, which if they did not speedily heed, the residents turned out and chased them and their figure away with sticks. This was not the only boyish performance connected with Care Sunday. Lads were also dressed up to represent summer and winter; Summer being well adorned with green buds and such early flowers as were obtainable,

while Winter was made of dismal aspect by means of grey moss and decaying twigs. Each of the actors bore a wooden spear, and the two engaged in conflict, Summer by arrangement being the victor. These customs, though the offspring of the Papacy, survived the Reformation for several generations.

Peas we have already named as frequently affording a relished dish in Lent, and these, with their companion vegetable, beans, were occasionally placed upon the altar on one or other of the Sundays in Lent, and after they had been duly blessed, small doles of them were distributed amongst the congregation. Bale, a Protestant writer, ridicules the faith people had in the 'blessed beans,' which if they possessed a hidden meaning, presumably derived it from the Pagan association of beans with the rites of the dead: as Pythagoras relates, the Greeks thought these emblems of dormant life, like the chrysalis of the butterfly. The beans or peas, then, served as symbols, we suppose, of the death and resurrection of our Lord, ere long to be commemorated by the Church. Moreover, as we read, the monks of the olden time were great in gardening, and there used to be a competition among these gardeners who could raise the first green peas in spring. At the convent of Barking, in Essex, they carefully observed the practice of sowing the seeds in the wane of the moon before Christmas, and they expected to get a dish by 'Mothering Sunday,' if the season was forward, or at any rate by Easter Day.

How was it that at the time of Lent the 'cucking' or ducking stool often came into use? May we assume that the austerities of Lent, on the one hand, rendered some persons too free or violent with their tongues, and on the other, made the listeners unusually impatient? Even as until public executions were abolished, the vulgar flocked to witness these as exciting spectacles, and at a little earlier date crowded to stare at the luckless individuals who were pilloried; so, two or three centuries ago, the populace turned out with pleasure to witness the punishment of a scold. In this ungallant proceeding for the correction of those who were too free with their tongues, the offender of the female sex was taken to a muddy or offensive pool. (There must surely have been masculine scolds who deserved punishment, but history does not tell us how these were dealt with.) We have extant a description in verse of one of these ducking ceremonials, and the author tells us how, at the outset,

'The fair offender fills the seat,
In sullen pomp, profoundly great.'

And the first plunge, strange to say, has no curative effect; 'she rages louder than before;' however, the practical philosophers repeat the

dose, and dip after dip follows, until the shivering woman finds silence is her only chance of deliverance from the cucking-stool. In a few town-halls such stools survive, quaint relics of a bygone and by no means enviable period.

Palm Sunday presents the peculiarity, that although it commences the week in which falls the day which, above all others in the Church's Calendar, is marked by heavy gloom, it was kept as a day of rejoicing, qualified necessarily by its being within the bounds of Lent. Every reader is aware that the festival was designed to commemorate Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem within a few days of His crucifixion. But there is no positive evidence that this event took place on the day following the Jewish Sabbath, that is, on our Sunday; rather it is probable that Christ came to Bethany on the Sunday, and on Monday proceeded to the Holy City. (See John xii.) The laity joined the clergy, however, in the procession, which gave a joyous tone to this the last of the Lenten Sundays, and he or she who did not take part in the celebration, was regarded as profane, unworthy to be a recipient of the blessings of Mother Church. In the quaint style and spelling of an Harleian M.S., it is declared that on this day 'ye chirohe maketh procesione, in mynd of ye procesione Christ made, but as we have no olyve, we take palme, and welcome hym wyth songe into chirch, as theye welcom'd hym into ye citey of Hierusalem.' Another reason why every Christian man should carry palm is added, namely, 'in tokenynge thatte he hathe foughten wythe ye feinde, and gotten ye victorie.' It is to be feared too many of the Englishmen of the olden time were forgetful of the fact that conflict with Satan lasts for life, and exultation at some supposed victory over the powers of evil, would too often end in a speedy downfall at the Tempter's feet. But it appears there was actually a saying current in some parts, that 'He who hath not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday, deserves to have his hand cut off.' There is no question about the fact that the palm was common in Judæa, growing along the road-sides, and that the ancients viewed it as an emblem of victory; but how it was the clergy introduced the use of willow boughs and sprays as substitutes for the true Eastern palm, is not satisfactorily ascertained. Box-tree twigs and branches of yew were also considered lawful substitutes for the palm, when duly blessed and sprinkled with holy water. An entry in one of the account-books of an old London church, specifies an outlay for 'kaks and yow,' evidently *cakes* and *yew*; orthography being then a neglected accomplishment! It was generally believed that if these palm branches which had been carried to the Church on Palm Sunday were hung up

about the houses or barns, they would protect both man and beast from injury by storm or tempest.

A 'RIDING CIRCUIT' SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. L. R. PAGE.

WE have a story to tell of phases of Christian work in a country Circuit, of journeys on horseback among mountains and scattered villages; and this, not in the times of the 'Early Methodist Preachers,' but in years still recent, though under circumstances which, in these days of concentration, are rapidly passing away, and are not likely to be reproduced. Our materials are drawn from the stores of memory, and from a journal kept in those bright, fresh days of early ministry, when the impression received from new scenes was ready and permanent, and when the work of the Ministry was done under a less degree of pressure than in later years.

In the very Circuit of which we are about to write, we listened to a lecture from the Rev. William Naylor,—white-headed old man he was then,—who entered the Ministry in 1802, eleven years after the death of Wesley, who knew personally many of his preachers, and could tell wonderful stories of Methodist life in the past. The title of the lecture was, *My First Circuit; Sixty Years Ago*, and most interesting were the descriptions given of toils and hardships endured by the workers of those early days. He said, that when labouring in the Retford Circuit in 1802, he met with various oppositions, mischievous and malicious: in one place where he had preached, he found on going to the stable for his horse, that during the night the poor creature's tail had been cut off. What was he to do? Sell the horse and get another? or ride it tailless the round of the Circuit? He foresaw the merriment his appearance would excite, but resolved to stand by his persecuted beast, and brave it out. He did this; to the improvement in numbers, he thought, of his congregations—many coming to hear the preacher who rode the tailless horse. But it *did* look awkward, the old man naively said, when the hair began to grow, and the animal's natural appendage presented the appearance of a bottle-brush!

Shall we add a reminiscence of Joseph Benson, which Mr. Naylor gave us the morning after as we drove to the railway station? He said Benson's voice was thin and shrill, almost like a girl's; yet notwithstanding, such was his power as a preacher, that men would literally fall down under the Word. In giving us an account of a sermon he heard from him on Peter's backsliding, he told how Benson, as he spoke of that disciple's fall, cried out in his earnestness, 'Stop, devil, stop! you

have got one of the Master's lambs!' William Naylor was Chairman of our District then, a hale old man of eighty-one years. On his eightieth birthday he preached from the text, 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and though by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow;' telling the congregation that, through Christ, he could say life was not 'labour and sorrow' to him. Fine, sturdy old preacher! He, too, is gone! But we hasten to give some account of the geographical features of the Circuit over which the Conference of 1860 sent us to travel. It embraced portions of three counties,—Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Radnorshire. The names of thirty-eight places adorned its Plan; among which were seven market towns, one of them, which had no resident preacher, being the 'assize town' of its county. The place most distant from the head of the Circuit was nearly thirty miles away; and the area covered by the Circuit was forty miles in length and thirty-three in breadth.

In one direction a single line of rails between two towns considerably lightened the labour of working the Circuit, but the more distant places were only to be reached on horseback, or by almost impossible journeys afoot. Some of the places on the Plan had names of pleasant sound, as Lyonshall, Aston, and Kingsland; while others were uncouth, as Knucklass, Vronganllyd, Goostree, and Quabbs. We have preserved a copy of that old Plan, with its long list of forty-three preachers, thirteen 'on trial,' and two exhorters! In some places the preaching was at half-past nine on Sunday morning and two in the afternoon; others had a morning service only; elsewhere the service-time was morning and afternoon on those rare occasions when the Minister was appointed, and at other times afternoon and evening. One place boasted a distinguished honour,—we have met nothing like it on Circuit-Plans before or since,—an afternoon service on the week-day. The place was Llanbister, of which more anon. When the preacher rode down the village on Thursday afternoon, the shops were closed, the people gathered at the chapel, and the Society remained after service for the renewal of tickets. Is it so now, we wonder? and is there another instance in modern Methodism? There were one or two places never visited by the Ministers—offshoots of larger Societies, gathered in small hamlets among the hills, where perhaps fortnightly service was held. We never preached at Quabbs.

At the time of which we write, the Circuit numbered nearly five hundred members, whose spiritual interests were cared for by three Ministers, one of whom was a Home Missionary. In a town fifteen miles from the head of the Circuit, resided an estimable Supernumerary, who only passed to his reward three years ago. The Circuit has since

been twice divided, and five Ministers are labouring instead of three. The method of working the Circuit embraced several regular rounds, those of the Superintendent differing slightly from that of his colleague; the labour, however, being nearly equally divided. The second Minister's longest round was about eighty miles. On this journey we left home on horseback on Thursday afternoon, and preached our way night after night till the Friday week following, when we had a ride of about twenty-five miles straight home. For the second round we started on Monday, went fifteen miles by rail, preached, visited the members next day, walking out four miles to a village for evening service.

On Wednesday we went further up the country, calling at a farmhouse for tea, and preaching in the evening. Here we stayed all night. We were allowed Thursday to get home,—walking some six miles to the nearest railway-station,—and preached on Friday in the 'town' chapel, leading a Class afterwards. The other weeks we preached in places nearer home, five or six miles away, some of them, either returning afoot after service, or accepting the cheerfully-given invitation to remain all night. While one preacher was working the places near home, his colleague had the horse, and was labouring in the more distant regions. This sketch will afford a general idea of the ground travelled over.

We have something to say of 'Topsy,' the Circuit-horse; of our first journey 'round;' and of services held in village chapels and farm-houses. What a hard Circuit! says the reader. Yes; but what a joy to work for the Lord Jesus *anywhere!* What a good Master is He! What a blessed life that spent in His service! and how joyfully do the humblest of His messengers sing,—

"Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name!"

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN COTTAGER.

(Concluded from page 47.)

ON August 25th, 1846, Mrs. Brown's pious husband died. She survived him twenty-seven years. But though a farm-labourer's widow, left with seven children, by the blessing of God upon her industry and good management, she brought up her family respectably, without any parochial aid. By diligent attention to her large garden, hives of bees, and a grape-vine that ran over the cottage, and by occasional employment as a nurse for the sick, she was enabled to obtain a livelihood for herself and children, and even to lay by a little money

for times of special need. Several of her children were daughters, who, after being well trained at home, went out into domestic service. They were all much respected and highly valued for their character and work.

Mrs. Brown had the happiness of having Methodist preaching weekly in her cottage during nearly fifty years, until the present neat chapel was built in Little Oakley. Its erection was a great joy to her; and, to her honour be it recorded, out of her hard-earned savings she gladly gave £10 towards the building,—a subscription which, doubtless, the Master regarded as He did the mites another ‘poor widow’ once cast into ‘the treasury.’

Habitually Elizabeth Brown served the Lord with gladness, and was ‘joyful in’ her ‘king.’ One who knew her well, writes: ‘Her conversation was always of a spiritual and animating tone. I have heard her speak at a tea-meeting in a most instructive and encouraging way to those who were younger than herself, saying what delight she felt in rendering any service to the Lord. And when I have heard her pray in the chapel, she seemed to take hold of the arm of Him Who showered His blessings down. Once, after she had spoken at a meeting in her usual way, the Minister present said to me, “Our friend Mrs. Brown is a star amongst us.”’

She lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, and had the joy of seeing all her children, and some of her grandchildren, converted to God. A cheerful, happy, bright and hopeful Christian, of unblemished character and hearty good-will towards all, she was loved and respected by all who knew her—rich and poor, Church people and Methodists, and even by the careless and irreligious.

Her last days were days of feebleness, but she manifested unfaltering trust in God her Saviour, and the possession of the abiding, promised peace. Unable now to go to the chapel, she sat in her cottage musing upon the goodness of the Lord, and calmly waiting to be removed within the veil to ‘behold the King in His beauty.’ Cheered by many Christian visits, and cheering her visitors by her words of faith and hope, her long and happy and useful life drew to a close. But no mortal eye was witness of her last moments, for on the night of August 28th, 1873, she quietly passed away in sleep to a blissful awakening, amid the fuller light of that day which long ago had dawned upon her soul.

She was ‘steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;’ and her ‘labour’ was ‘not in vain in the Lord.’ She rests from her labours, but truly ‘her works do follow’ her. And when God shall ‘give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings,’ how great will be the reward of this humble Christian

cottager! The fruit of her doings at Little Oakley will doubtless continue to increase to the end of time.

Crowds of people came together, from far and near, to hear a funeral sermon for Elizabeth Brown. The text chosen was, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee' (Psalm lxxiii. 25); words which, throughout her Christian life, she was often heard to repeat, as expressive of her full satisfaction in God.

'THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.'

GOLDEN THOUGHTS FOR PREACHERS.

'WHEN I let my heart grow cold, my preaching is cold; and when it is confused, my preaching is confused; and so I can oft observe also, in the best of my hearers, that when I have grown cold in preaching, they have grown cold too; and the next prayers which I have heard from them have been too like my preaching. We are the nurses of Christ's little ones.'—*Baxter*.

'O SHALL we be less earnest to save their never-dying souls, than we would be to save their bodies? How anxious was the Lord Jesus in this. When He came near and "beheld the city" He "wept over it." . . . Brethren, there is need of the same urgency now. Hell is as deep and as burning as ever. Unconverted souls are as surely rushing to it. Christ is as free, pardon as sweet as ever! Ah! how we shall be amazed at our coldness when we get to heaven.'—*M'Cheyne*.

PURITANISM.—'It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand. Nay, a man preaching from his earnest *soul* into the souls of men: is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever?'—*Carlyle*.

'O SPEAK not one cold or careless word about so great a business as heaven or hell! Whatever you do, let the people see that you are in good earnest.'—*Baxter*.

'THE fear of overdoing makes most come too short. Of the two extremes, we should most fear lukewarmness. Rather let your milk boil over than be raw.'—*Ward*.

'THE more inwardly God speaks and converses with the hearts of His Ministers, the more inwardly and efficaciously they are able to speak to the people. This is deep preaching, when it is from the heart to the heart.'—*Burroughs*.

'If our words be not sharpened and pierce not as nails, they will hardly be felt by stony hearts. To speak slightly and coldly of heavenly things, is nearly as bad as to say nothing of them at all.'—*Baxter*.

PREACHING.—‘The most palatable food is not always the most wholesome.’ ‘Patients must not expect to be always pleased, nor physicians to be always applauded.’—*Mason*.

‘ENLARGE my heart, and I shall run, said David. Enlarge my heart, and I shall preach.’—*M^r Cheyne*.

‘To be a finger-post is all I want to be—pointing out the way.’—*Ibid*.

‘It is well to write books or read them ; but here is the main thing—Preach the Word. The pulpit is, as George Herbert says, our joy and throne. This is our watch-tower. Here we must warn the people. The silver trumpet is put into our hand. Woe be unto us if we preach not the Gospel !’—*Ibid*.

‘It is a bad case when a man has acquired the knack of preaching, and can talk on for an hour without effort and without effect. In proportion as the truths and doctrines we preach are well known and familiar, so much the more necessary is it to retire and meditate on them much, that our minds may be affected by them, and that we may render them impressive and interesting to those that hear us.’—*Jay*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Rowland Hill ; His Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings. By V. J. CHARLESWORTH. With an Introduction by C. H. SPURGEON. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.—Several biographies of Rowland Hill have been published, but they have been for some time out of print. The present is not exactly a memoir: a brief but tolerably full ‘biographical sketch’ is followed by a small selection of characteristic anecdotes, a rather larger assortment of ‘pulpit sayings,’ two complete sermons, a Sunday-school address and two prayers. Mr. Charlesworth has produced a compact and interesting little volume, likely to keep alive the memory of its subject, and to correct some current misapprehensions about him. The ‘pulpit sayings,’ especially, are striking and well chosen.

It is a pity that Mr. Charlesworth

makes needlessly prominent his own Calvinism, and it would be difficult to justify his censure of those Ministers who ‘submit to the restraints of any ecclesiastical system.’ Nevertheless, the book is calculated both to profit and to please.

Barnabas Shaw : the Story of His Life and Missionary Labours in Southern Africa. With a Brief Account of Wesleyan Missions in that Country. By the Rev. W. MOISTER. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.—The name of Barnabas Shaw is familiar to every Methodist, and to every student of Missionary history. Yet his biography has only just been issued. Mr. Moister has done well to furnish the Church with an account of so devoted and successful an evangelist. Barnabas Shaw’s great strength lay in his simplicity and godly sincerity: his memoir shows how much these qualities, com-

bined with fervent faith in God, can accomplish. The biographer does not paint his hero in extravagant colours, but strives to represent him faithfully as he was. Indeed, this anxiety to be accurately truthful causes Mr. Moister to dwell with needless iteration upon certain intellectual deficiencies he believes Mr. Shaw manifested. The book is written professedly for 'the present race of Juvenile Missionary Collectors;' the style is one that elder children will appreciate, while their seniors would not find it beneath them.

Information about Barnabas Shaw's early days is scanty. An anecdote current in the neighbourhood of his birthplace does not seem to have reached his biographer's ears: It is said that young Barnabas was at one time so seriously ill that the issue was at best doubtful. The mother appeared unconscious of the danger. A friend counselled her to be prepared for the worst; to whom she gravely replied, 'Barnabas won't die; I gave him to the Lord when he was born, to be a Missionary.* It is highly probable that the circumstance is authentic.

The Royal Road to Riches. By E. H. MILLER. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.

The Wonderful Lamp; and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

Rosa's Christmas Invitations; and other Stories.—Nora Grayson's Dream; and other Stories. By LILLIE MONT-

FORT. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

The first named of these books appeared last year as a serial in this Magazine. Our readers need not be told of its suitability to boys, its freshness and interest, and its healthy moral.

'Ruth Elliott' writes gracefully and easily stories exactly adapted to her juvenile readers. 'The Wonderful Lamp' is a capital little book for young children—pathetic and humorous by turns, yet always natural and childlike.

'Lillie Montfort's' 'Incidents in my Sunday-school Life' has secured for itself a popularity that renders praise superfluous. The tales to which her name is attached are extracted from that volume.

All these books are tastefully printed, bound and illustrated, and would be excellent as Sunday-school rewards or prizes.

In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents of West Indian Life. By the REV. JABEZ MARRAT. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—A prettily 'got-up' volume—paper, type, engravings and binding being alike handsome and good. Mr. Marrat describes West Indian scenery in glowing words. Many of his pages read like prose poems. Even were the matter defective, the style would render 'In the Tropics' pleasant reading. But in fact the matter is worthy of the manner. The book contains valuable information as to the climate, productions and religious history of British Guiana, and several of the West Indian Islands; while interesting reminiscences of personal labour enable the reader to appreciate

* The story was told to us by a Yorkshire Local Preacher, since deceased, who had heard repeatedly in his boyhood from contemporaries of Barnabas Shaw. Our informant was born and reared in the immediate vicinity of Elloughton, Shaw's birthplace.

the charm of a Missionary's life. The sketches are purposely light, but they are evidently as truthful as they are entertaining.

Missionary Sermons; and other Discourses. By the REV. W. MOISTER. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—Some of these Discourses were preached on behalf of Missionary Societies, some on Mission-stations to heathens and to converts, and some in the course of an ordinary ministry at home. Mr. Moister has provided an abundant variety. The texts are well chosen, the divisions clear and sensible, the exposition generally sound, and the doctrine evangelical.

Old Jonathan. Vol. I. Third Series. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge. 1876.—The New Series in size and shape is an improvement upon the old, and the engravings are better designed and executed. The letter-press is quite equal to that of former volumes.

The Faithful Local-Preacher. A Memorial of William Gibson, of the Durham Circuit. By the Rev. W. HUDSON. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office.—A brief memorial of one who had few educational and social advantages, yet served God and His Church faithfully and efficiently in various spheres of labour.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR FEBRUARY, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
1877.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Jan.							
31	7 40	4 48	6 53m	6 34m	3 51m	5 1m	7 4a
Feb.							
10	7 23	5 7	6 14	6 36	3 46	4 30	6 32
20	7 4	5 25	6 6	6 31	3 39	3 58	6 0
March							Rises.
2	6 43	5 43	6 4	6 21	3 30	3 25	6 54m

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Feb. 5th, Last Quarter 5h. 0m. morn. | 21st, First Quarter .. 4h. 15m. morn.
 13th, New Moon 8h. 59m. morn. | 27th, Full Moon 7h 14m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 11th 4h. morn., Apogee; 252,556 miles.
 " 26th 2h. after., Perigee; 223,265 "
 Mean distance for the month 237,911 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 1st 90,363,350 miles.
 March 1st 90,893,100 "
 Increase of distance for the month 529,750 "

The Moon will be totally eclipsed on the 27th, and if the weather be favourable, the phenomenon will be visible almost throughout at Greenwich.

The first contact with the penumbra takes place at 4h. 34m. in the afternoon, below our horizon.

At 5h. 28m. the Moon rises, and two

minutes after she begins to enter the Earth's shadow. At 6h. 27m. she will be totally immersed, and will continue so till 8h. 3m., when she begins to emerge from the dark shadow, from which her disc will not be totally free till 9h. 1m. At 9h. 57m. occurs the last contact with the penumbra. The eclipse will be visible in the whole or in part throughout Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. As the Moon will be near perigee and not far from the Equator, and the Sun at less than his mean distance from the Earth, the eclipse will be accompanied by high tides.

The Moon will be at her lowest point, $28\frac{1}{2}$ deg. south of the Equator, about noon on the 8th, and at her highest point, $28\frac{1}{2}$ deg. north of the Equator, on the 22nd, at 10h. in the evening.

She will occult Regulus on the 27th from 0h. 46m., till 1h. 51m. in the morning, and the phenomenon will be visible at Greenwich. On the afternoon of the 26th an occultation of Uranus may be witnessed in some other regions of the northern hemisphere, but not by us.

Mercury is a morning star. It will be stationary on the 7th; the motion changes from retrograde to direct. On the morning of the 8th it will be near Venus, on the morning of the 11th not far from the Moon. On the evening of the 20th it will be at its greatest elongation, 27 deg. westward; next morning it will be in descending node.

Venus is still a morning star, but rises not long before the Sun. It will be near the Moon on the 11th. Being

in the superior part of its orbit, it turns nearly the whole of its illuminated hemisphere to us. The apparent diameter is 11s.

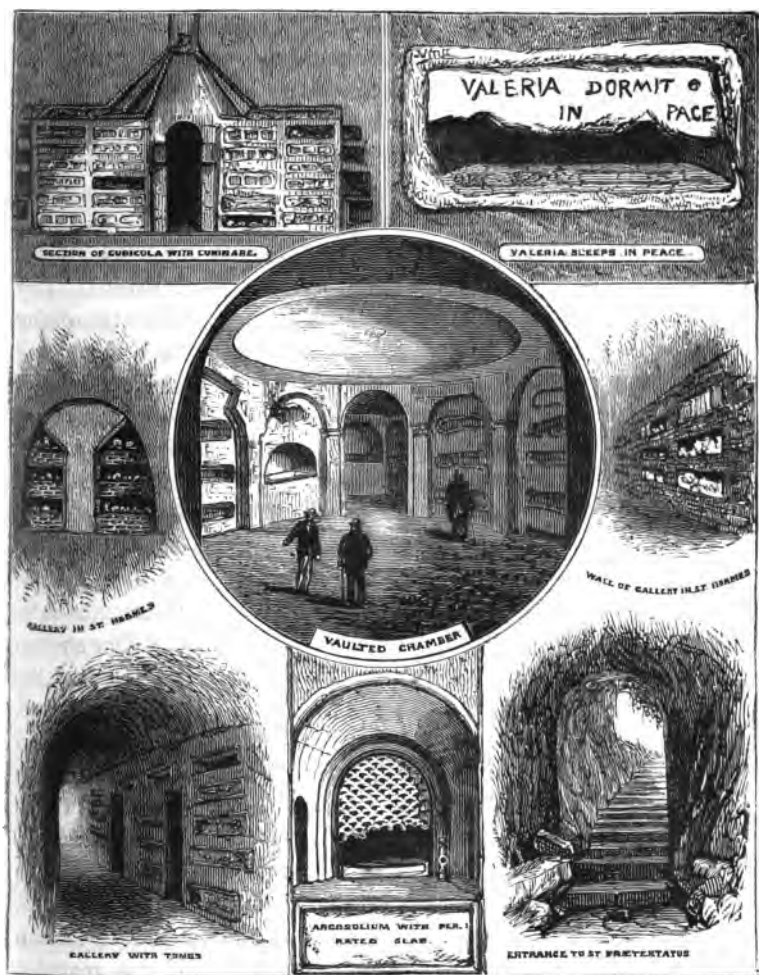
Mars is following *Jupiter* along the Ecliptic, and will overtake him on the 1st of March at 3h. in the afternoon, when the distance of the two bodies will be only half a degree, Mars being southward of Jupiter. On the morning of the 22nd the former will be in descending node.

The only eclipse of Jupiter's satellites visible at Greenwich, is a disappearance of the second on the morning of the 22nd, at 5h. 38m. 14s. Among the remarkable groupings of the satellites may be noticed the configuration on the morning of the 18th at 6h., when the second and third will be close together east of the disc, the second to the west, and the fourth apparently above the disc or north of the planet. At the same hour on the 26th the first, third and fourth will be close together on the west side of the planet, the second on the east; and next morning the first, second and fourth will be very close to one another on the east side of the planet, and the third comparatively far away on the west.

As Saturn will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 1st of March, it will only be visible in the earlier part of the month.

Uranus will be in opposition to the Sun on the 11th at 6h., in the morning. On the 14th it will be on the meridian at mean midnight; altitude 53 deg.

Neptune sets at midnight on the 5th, and at 11h. in the evening on the 21st.



THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THE origin of the Roman Catacombs, at one time matter of dispute and doubt, may now be considered to be satisfactorily determined. They may be described roughly as long, narrow, subterranean galleries, wherein lie sepulchred Rome's Christian dead of the first centuries. Were they originally *arenaria*—sand-pits—which the persecuted Christians adopted as places of burial

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and of refuge? or were they originally excavated by Christian hands to be used as cemeteries? The latter question may be answered by an unhesitating affirmative. Occasionally the Catacombs ran into sand-pits, but the latter are invariably of older date than the former. Besides, difference of shape and mode of construction and of the soil wherein they are dug, renders it impossible to regard the galleries of graves as a mere adaptation or enlargement of abandoned sand-quarries.

The Romans burned their dead; yet to a considerable portion of the population of the imperial city cremation was hateful. Very large numbers of Jews had settled in Rome long before the coming of Christ; they dwelt alone, inhabiting a separate quarter, and holding no relations with the Gentiles save those of business. They had been accustomed to lay the bodies of the departed to rest in the earth or in rock-hewn sepulchres. It is highly probable that they introduced the practice of burial into Italy, if they did not actually hollow out the first catacomb. The Christians would naturally follow the Jewish practice, specially in the freshness of their faith in the resurrection of the body. Doubtless, as Mr. Withrow well says, 'The origin of the Christian Catacombs dates from the death of the first Roman believer in Christ.'* One stratum of the soil of the Campagna—that vast field stretching for miles from the gates of Rome—lent itself readily for sepulchral purposes. It is called *tufa granolare*, and consists of 'stratified beds of volcanic ashes, pumice and scorice, often consolidated with water.' Too friable for building-stone, too solid to be employed as sand, it remained for many centuries to all appearance utterly useless. While the lower strata were lifted to form the streets and palaces of the city of the Seven Hills, though here and there great quantities of *pozzuolana*—the material of the celebrated Roman cement—were cut out of it, the *tufa granolare* itself was regarded as mere waste, of no economic value whatever. But for it was reserved a noble destiny. Sufficiently soft to be excavated with a mattock, strong enough to retain any shape into which it was fashioned, too porous to accumulate water, no material could be

* 'The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.' London: Hodder and Stoughton 1876. From this work we glean most of the facts given here.

better suited for the objects which the Catacombs were designed to serve.

The earliest Catacombs were formed without the slightest pretence of concealment, the entrances to them often abutted upon a public road, an inscription might state their purpose, or even a species of mortuary chapel be erected at their mouth. These were generally cut comparatively near the surface of the ground. As necessity arose, galleries were constructed at a lower level, with perhaps a flight of steps between them, or perhaps no connection whatever. Other galleries would be driven, generally at right angles to the first, till the earth was burrowed in all directions and at several depths. When persecution compelled concealment, and the subterranean cemetery became a refuge and a church, passages were cut seemingly for the express design of bewildering a pursuer, and sometimes led by a secret stairway into an *arenarium*. These later galleries were not seldom forced right across older ones, and even through tenanted graves. Not unfrequently the different levels were joined by a movable ladder to facilitate escape. The engraving on page 102 will illustrate the subject.

It is impossible to explore these labyrinths without a guide or a clue. The rash adventurer would be almost certain to find no exit. A young Frenchman once entered one alone, with a torch to light him, and a thread by which to feel his road back to day. Suddenly he lost his thread, and searched for it eagerly, but vainly. His torch expired, and he was left in total darkness. He shouted, but only the echoes replied. He fell upon the ground in blank despair, when his hand happened to light upon the missing clue!

A party of French Republican soldiers, 'who feared not God, neither regarded man,' turned one of the crypts into a bacchanalian banquet-hall. The boldest of them attempted to penetrate farther than the rest; he remained for twenty-four hours in the living tomb; searchers rescued him, but he was an atheist no longer. In 1837 a company of students, from sixteen to thirty in number, explored the vaults without a guide. Not one returned to tell how his companions had perished!

The entire length of the various passages has been computed by a thoroughly competent calculator at five hundred and eighty-

seven geographical miles; and the number of graves, according to the same authority, is not less than three million eight hundred and thirty-one thousand. Other estimates increase the sum to seven and even eight millions. The principal corridors vary in width from three to five feet; their branches are usually narrower, permitting persons to traverse them only in single file. The customary height is about eight feet, but occasionally this measurement increases to a maximum of fifteen, or decreases to a minimum of five feet. The walls on either hand are thickly lined, tier above tier, with graves or *loculi*. These *loculi* are simply spaces cut in the *tufa*, in which the uncoffined corpse was laid. The opening was closed with a slab of marble or *terra cotta*, and hermetically sealed. Many of the graves are now empty, but in others the body may be still seen, the slab having fallen down or been broken. At the slightest touch the bones will crumble into dust. Besides the *loculi*, the galleries contain *cubicula*, chambers of graves, entered by a separate door. Probably in the first instance the *cubicula* were family vaults. In times of fierce persecution they were employed as places of worship and as class-rooms for the instruction of catechumens. In both chambers and galleries may be found a peculiar form of tomb, called *arcosolium*. An arched roof covers a grave very like the ordinary graves of this country, but dug out of the solid *tufa*, or built of stone. The actual tomb of the *arcosolium* formed a convenient table for the administration of the Lord's Supper. In this underground necropolis, ventilation was an absolute necessity for the living, especially when the Catacombs became churches and dwelling-houses. Artificial light could be procured, but some communication must be maintained with the upper air. With this object shafts were carried to the surface, generally starting from the junction of two or more *cubicula* and lined with masonry.

For some two hundred years the Christians enjoyed peaceable possession of their burying-places. The Roman waged not war with the dead. The corpse of the vilest malefactor might be claimed by his kin, and treated according to their wish. The emperors could order the murder of the saints, the populace could clamour for Christian blood, could shout 'The Christians to the lions!' but the very mob scorned to maltreat the lifeless carcase; and the per-

secuted disciples, though 'hated of all men,' might carry the bodies of their martyrs from the arena to the Catacomb, unmolested. Their cemeteries, too, were not despoiled. The official guardian of all sepulchres, heathen and Christian, protected impartially the ground wherein the despised sect buried their dead out of their sight. It was not till the third century, when the Roman empire was fast hastening to ruin, that tombs were violated, and the Christians hunted down even in their last asylum.

We need not attempt to repeat the tale of solemn services held in the bowels of the earth, the cubiculum dimly lighted by lamps or the sun-rays that struggled down through the air-shaft; of sacraments partaken of at the tombs of the martyrs; of bishops and leaders of the Church hidden for years among the dead; of blood-thirsty soldiery slaughtering the Christians as they worshipped in the subterranean sanctuary; of whole congregations suffocated as they prayed. Bare records of such scenes and events are abundant; trustworthy, detailed descriptions are wanting.

The Catacombs were abandoned as localities of sepulture almost immediately after the edict was promulgated (A.D. 313) that declared Christianity lawful throughout the dominions of the emperor. Burial was not replaced by cremation, but the cemeteries were now above ground. Yet the Catacombs were regarded as objects of the deepest veneration, more particularly the supposed resting-places of those who had sealed their testimony with their blood. A festival was celebrated at the tomb of the martyr on the anniversary of his martyrdom. The practice had descended from the earliest times. It appears to have originated in the Roman custom of birthday feasts. But for one of Christ's faithful martyrs, the day of death was a glorious birthday. So the disciples began to hold their simple *Agapæ* (love-feasts) on what they called the natal festival of the saint. These feasts survived, till they were prohibited by a Council on pretext of various abuses. One can easily understand how a superstitious reverence for the ashes of the martyrs sprang up. Traces of it have been met with at the commencement of the second century, and several protests against it were evoked. Against one form of it,—the desire to be buried near to some saint,—a warning was inscribed on a recently-discovered tomb:

‘It nothing helps, but rather hinders, to stick close to the tombs of the saints ; a good life is the best approach to their merits. Not with the body but with the soul, must we draw nigh to them ; when that is well saved, it may prove the salvation of the body also.’



(To be continued.)

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.—MORTON GOODWIN.

[T would be hard to analyse the emotions with which Morton had listened to Kike's exhortation. In vain he argued with himself that a man need not be a Methodist and 'go shouting and crying all over the country,' in order to be good. He knew that Kike's life was better than his own, and that he had not force enough to break his habits and associations, apart from religion. He inwardly condemned himself for his fear of Lumsden, and he

inly cursed Kike for telling him the blunt truth about himself. But ever as there came the impulse to close the conflict and be at peace with himself by 'putting himself boldly on the Lord's side,' as Kike phrased it, he thought of Patty, Captain Lumsden's fair daughter, whose aristocratic Virginia pride would regard marriage with a Methodist as worse than death. And so, in mortal terror lest he should yield to his emotions so far as to compromise himself, he rushed out of the crowd, hurried home, took down his rifle and rode away, intent only on getting out of the excitement. For days he lived in the woods, wandering farther and farther from home at every step.

In returning, Morton had been directed to follow a 'trace' that led him toward home by a much nearer way than he had come. After riding twenty miles, he emerged from the wilderness into a settlement just as the sun was setting. It happened that the house where he found an hospitable supper and lodging was already set apart for Methodist preaching that evening. After supper the shuck-bottom chairs and rude benches were arranged about the walls, and the intermediate space was left to be filled by seats which should be brought in by friendly neighbours. Morton gathered from the conversation that the preacher was none other than the celebrated Valentine Cook. The Class here had been founded by his preaching, in the days of his vigour. He had long since given up 'travelling,' on account of his health. He was now a teacher in Kentucky. He had set out on a journey among the Churches with whom he had laboured, seeking to strengthen the hands of the brethren, who were like a few sheep in the wilderness. The old Levantine Churches did not more heartily welcome the final visit of Paul the Aged, than did the backwoods Churches this farewell tour of Valentine Cook.

Finding himself thus fairly entrapped again by a Methodist meeting, Morton felt no little agitation. His mother had heard Cook in his younger days, in Pennsylvania, and he was thus familiar with his fame as a man and as a preacher. Morton was not only curious to hear him; he entertained a faint hope that the great preacher might lead him out of his embarrassment.

After supper Goodwin strolled out through the trees trying to collect his thoughts; determined, at one moment, to become a

Methodist and end his struggles ; seeking, the next, to build a breastwork of resistance against the sermon that he must hear. Having walked some distance from the house into the bushes, he came suddenly upon the preacher himself, kneeling in earnest, audible prayer. So rapt was the old man in his devotion that he did not note the approach of Goodwin, until the latter, awed at the sight of a man talking face to face with God, stopped, trembling, where he stood. Cook then saw him, and, arising, reached out his hand to the young man, saying, in a voice tremulous with emotion : ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’ Morton endeavoured, in a few stammering words, to explain his accidental intrusion, but the venerable man seemed almost at once to have forgotten his presence, for he had taken his seat upon a log and appeared absorbed in thought. Morton retreated just in time to secure a place in the cabin, now almost full. The members of the church, men and women, as they entered, knelt in silent prayer before taking their seats.

But now the room is full. People are crowding the doorways. The good old Class Leader has shut his eyes and turned his face heavenward. Presently he strikes up lustily, leading the congregation in singing :

‘How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!’

When he reached the stanza that declares,

‘While blest with a sense of His love
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there,’

there were shouts of ‘Halleluia!’ ‘Praise the Lord!’ and so forth.

The preacher, in his meditations, had forgotten his congregation—a very common bit of absent-mindedness with Valentine Cook ; and so, when this hymn was finished, a sister, with a rich but uncultivated soprano, started, to the tune called ‘Indian Philosopher,’ that inspiring song which begins :

‘Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in this wilderness,

• Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
Look forward through this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.'

The hymn was long, and by the time it was completed the preacher, having suddenly come to himself, entered hurriedly, and pushed forw to the place arranged for him. The festoons of dried pumpkin hanging from the joists reached nearly to his head ; a tallow dip, placed in the window, shed a feeble light upon his face as he stood there, tall, gaunt, awkward, weather-beaten, with deep-sunken, weird, hazel eyes, a low forehead, a prominent nose, coarse black hair resisting yet the approach of age, and a *tout ensemble* unpromising, but peculiar. He began immediately to repeat his hymn :

' I saw One hanging on a tree
In agony and blood ;
He fixed His languid eye on me,
As near the cross I stood.'

His tone was monotonous, his eyes seemed to have a fascination, and the pathos of his voice, quivering with suppressed emotion, was indescribable. Before his prayer was concluded the enthusiastic Morton felt that he could follow such a leader to the world's end.

He repeated his text, '*Behold, the day cometh,*' and launched at once into a strongly-impressive introduction about the all-pervading presence of God, until the whole house seemed full of God, and Morton found himself breathing fearfully, with a sense of God's presence and ineffable holiness. Then he took up that never-failing theme of the pioneer preacher—the sinfulness of sin ; and there were suppressed cries of anguish over the whole house. Morton could hardly feel more contempt for himself than he had felt for days past ; but when the preacher advanced to his climax of the Atonement and the Forgiveness of Sins, Goodwin felt himself carried away as with a flood. In that hour, with God around, above, beneath, without and within,—with the inspiring and persuasive accents of this weird prophet ringing in his ears,—he cast behind him all human loves, all ambitious purposes, all recollections of theological puzzles, and set himself to a self-

denying life. With one final battle he closed his conflict about Patty. He would do right at all hazards.

Morton never had other conversion than this. He could not tell of such a struggle as Kike's. All he knew was that there had been conflict. When once he decided, there was harmony and peace. When Valentine Cook had concluded his rapt peroration, setting the whole house ablaze with feeling, and then proceeded to 'open the doors of the church' by singing,

‘Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?’

it was with a sort of military exaltation—a defiance of the world, the flesh and the devil—that Morton went forward and took the hand of the preacher, as a sign that he solemnly enrolled himself among those who meant to

‘—conquer though they die.’

He was accustomed to say in after years, that ‘God spoke peace to his soul the moment he made up his mind to give up all.’ When peace came he accepted it. One of the old brethren who crowded round him that night and questioned him about his experience was ‘afear’d it warn’t a rare deep conversion. They wuzn’t wras’lin’ and strugglin’ enough.’ But the wise Valentine Cook said, when he took Morton’s hand to say good-bye, and looked into his clear blue eye, ‘Hold fast the beginning of thy confidence, brother.’

At last the knight was in the saddle. Much as Morton grieved when he thought of Patty, he rejoiced now in the wholeness of his moral purpose. Vacillation was over. He was ready to fight, to sacrifice, to die, for a good cause. It had been the dream of his boyhood; it had been the longing of his youth, marred and disfigured by irregularities as his youth had been. In the early twilight of the winter morning he rode bravely toward his first battle-field, and, as was his wont in moments of cheerfulness, he sang. But not now the ‘Highland Mary,’ or ‘Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,’ but a hymn of Charles Wesley’s he had heard Cook sing the night before, some stanzas of which had strongly impressed him and accorded exactly with his new mood, and his anticipation

of trouble and the loss of Patty, perhaps, from his religious life :

‘In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the Cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant’s tears,
And take His exile home.

• • • • •
‘O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away :
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.’

Long before he had reached Hissawachee he had ceased to sing. He was painfully endeavouring to imagine how he would be received at Captain Lumsden’s.

Soon he knew his fate. Arrived at the Captain’s, he received at first the heartiest welcome from Patty ; but when he told the story of his conversion and proclaimed his resolution to live and die a Methodist, her tone changed on the instant :

‘Morton, if you are a Methodist, I never want to see you again,’ she said, with lofty pride, and a solemn awfulness of passion more terrible than an oath.

‘Don’t say that, Patty!’ stammered Morton, stretching his hands out in eager, despairing entreaty. But this only gave Patty the greater assurance that a little decision on her part would make him give up his Methodism :

‘I do say it, Morton, and I will *never* take it back.’ There was a sternness in the white face and a fire in the black eyes that left Morton no hope.

But he straightened himself up now to his full six feet, and said, with manly stubbornness, ‘Then, Patty, since you make me choose, I shall not give up the Lord, even for you. But,’ he added, with a broken voice, as he turned away, ‘may God help me to bear it.’

QUEEN CLOTILDE.

TOWARDS the close of the fifth century, a time of no great gentleness or mercy, a series of horrible murders were committed in Burgundy by the reigning king. Gondebold, jealous of his relatives, put them to death with an unsparing hand, sacrificing, 'at one fell swoop,' all his brothers but one, and their wives. One of them, Chilperic, left two orphaned daughters to the cruel care of their uncle, one of whom took refuge in a convent, but Clotilde, the other, remained with her merciless kinsman, and like a lily amongst thorns, grew up, outwardly beautiful and inwardly virtuous, in the midst of his demoralized court.

Such a position was not a little trying for Clotilde. She was a fair maiden amid a number of coarse, cruel and licentious men; the daughter of a murdered man amongst her father's murderers; and a Christian among heathens. True, the king made some profession of Christianity (alas! fearfully belied by his wicked life), but it was of a very shady nature, and was popularly supposed to be Arianism. Whatever he was by profession, the king was so indifferent to religion, that he neither cared to encourage nor to exterminate it, and allowed his niece to be brought up as an orthodox Christian. We can only wonder, who brought her up? who trained her aright in that fearfully-debased court? Had Gondebold a wife who shrank from her husband's villanies, and who strove, by loving and pious care, to atone to the young girl for the wrong she had suffered? Or was there some good man who lived, like Seneca in Nero's palace,—a perpetual reproof and contrast to the surrounding cruelties,—and secretly influenced the orphan's life? We do not know. We only know that she 'grew in grace, as she grew in graces;' and finding the society around her painfully uncongenial, she withdrew into herself, and learned in secret communion with God to find at once pleasure and strength.

But Clotilde was not made of the stuff which forms 'pale, pensive nuns.' Her graceful form and beautiful face were not more noticeable than her wit and amiability, and the brilliant princess found herself the 'cynosure of many eyes, the theme of many tongues.' Conscious of her attractions (as all fascinating women are), she felt no inclination to immure them behind convent walls, and when Clovis, the valiant young king of Paris and Soissons, asked her in marriage, she hailed the prospect of escape from the brutal Burgundian court. For a Christian like Clotilde, the marriage was an inadvisable one, since Clovis did not even *pretend* to Christianity, but was an openly avowed Pagan. Unfortunately, the profession of half-and-half piety at Burgundy had been no safeguard against the committal of fratricide, and the princess might argue that an honest heathen, who might be converted, was better

than a debased Christian, who refused to listen to reproof. She was allowed to make her own stipulations as to the free exercise of her religion, and in the year 493 she and King Clovis were united.

Her biographers and historians all join in commending the great discretion and prudence with which she entered upon her new relationship. Promptly obedient, she cheerfully deferred to her husband in all matters which did not affect her conscience. She made his wishes her careful study, and his interests and employments were identical with her own; while she conversed generally upon the bold and lively topics which suited his warlike mind. Finding him an ardent hunter, she entered into the chase with him, and willingly left her favourite feminine pursuits to listen to his accounts of prowess, and to accompany him in new expeditions. Her religious duties never clashed with her queenly obligations, but she was a frequent and welcome guest in the council chamber, and indefatigable in her court supervision; in short, her object, even at the cost of great self-sacrifice, was to prevent Clovis from regarding religion as a bugbear. In this she certainly succeeded, for she was scrupulously unostentatious, and, unlike many of the saints of the Romish Calendar, whose charities made them act the part of pious thieves, Clotilde drained neither her husband's purse nor the public treasury, but gave, and that largely, from her own private resources.

She studiously avoided argument with the king, rather relying upon the hold which she was gaining upon his affections, and trusting to the unanswerable argument of a pure and holy life. But though she was a good listener (an excellent gift in woman), there were times when she urged, in words of gentle persistence and loving eloquence, a renunciation of idolatry and the duty of adhesion to Christianity. But though her husband heard her with patience and even with interest, he clung to his idols, and refused to make any radical change. He allowed her to have their children baptized, but this concession, while it showed that he was not a rigid Pagan, was made more to Clotilde than to God, and failed, therefore, to satisfy her wishes. As time advanced, and their mutual affection strengthened, the steady wish of the queen found burning utterance, and Clovis began to fear and to weary of the subject. Especially was this the case on the recovery from illness of the child Clodomir, when the queen's heart, which was brimming over with maternal love and gratitude to God, made her entreat her husband with renewed earnestness to give up idolatry, and turn to the one true and living God. He waived the matter with a half promise, and even enforced silence upon such a subject.

But only for a time, for Clovis, unable to express in words one half of the love he bore his wife, was one day heaping upon her fresh proofs of

his devotion, adding several valuable estates to her dower. The thought of an eternal separation from one so devoted and so dearly loved, overcame every other consideration, and Clotilde's passionate desire burst forth once more. She pleaded for freedom to talk as of yore on godly matters, and reminded him of the holy promise he had once given to become a Christian. But Olovis 'feared the people,' and though shaken from his old belief, hesitated to avow a new faith. So he wavered once more, and with a divided heart left his praying wife to intercede on his behalf while he opened a fresh campaign with his German foes. The battle went hard against the 'invincible Olovis,' and a sudden panic seizing his troops, he found himself in such danger that defeat seemed imminent. The powerlessness of his own idols was only too apparent, and remembering the last pathetic entreaties of his wife, he threw his whole soul into the brief, emphatic prayer, 'Help, O God of Clotilde, and I will serve Thee!' The speedy answer to prayer, in the form of decisive victory, has become historical, and Olovis, in accordance with the honesty and impulsiveness of his nature, was immediately baptized, with some hundreds of his followers. How far this was compulsory we cannot tell, but the fruit of his decision was noticed in the King himself, in the struggles he made to overcome his natural barbarity of disposition. To the end of his life he retained his martial inclinations, and the effect of his early education was visible in the occasional acts of cruelty which stained his reign. But such acts were rare outbursts of anger, not deeds of wholesale oppression. He lived in a rough and cruel age, and it is difficult and dangerous for us to judge of his conduct. Olovis died in the prime of life, aged forty-four, and Clotilde survived him about thirty-four years.

The close of her life was darkened by the crimes of her sons, who robbed and slaughtered their own kinsmen, with something of Burgundian ferocity. Greatly troubled by their wickedness, their mother sent for them both when on her death-bed, and besought them to serve God and live in unity, urging with her latest breath the maintenance of that peace to which they were such strangers. She left to the poor the small remnant of her wealth which remained after a life of unceasing charities. She died peacefully in the year 545.

The beginning and end of Clotilde's eventful life were full of sorrow. Her earliest recollections were of the murders of her father, mother and uncles; she was trained in a savage and heterodox court, from which marriage to a Pagan was a glad relief. The years of her married life were brighter, for they were illumined by sincere affection, and the few years succeeding her husband's conversion were the brightest of all. Her later life was embittered by the quarrels of her sons, and the assassination

of her grandchildren. Still, the end of her life testifies to the power of her religion, and we find that 'the goodness and mercy of God' were the last themes of those lips which had been so eloquent in the truth.

TWO VISIONS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

A **T**IRED and wearied worker,
So tired he longed for rest,
Yet felt he could not find it
Till plenty he possess'd.

He had one day a vision
That his resting-time was near,
And that his means were ample
To save from anxious fear.

But with that dream so pleasing
A shudder o'er him ran—
'What if this be a vision—
I still a toiling man!

'And what, if distant ever,
The means I dreamt I had!'
And the vision lost its charm,
And the wearied man was sad.

But there came another vision,
It fill'd him first with fears—
A house all draped in mourning,
And sad ones shedding tears;

Till an angel enter'd gently,
Then bright the house as day,

He calm'd the weeping mourners,
And wiped their tears away.

Then on his heavenly mission
The angel gladly sped,
Beneath his loving touches
Sorrow and suffering fled.

He whisper'd to the sleeper—
'If you, too, would be blest,
Go, find in works of mercy
Your treasure and your rest.

'True riches these for ever;
Gold, all must leave behind—
Better than all earth's treasure
Are loving words and kind.'

The wearied man awaken'd,
But his weariness was past;
One vision nigh misled him,
But the lessons of the last

Brought him to pray thus earnest,
'To me, let strength be given,
Father, to do Thy will on earth,
And find my rest in heaven.'

EMILE F. COOK.

ON our side of the Channel the name of Emile Cook is mainly associated with his heroic conduct during the Commune of 1871, and with the closing scenes of his life. It recalls the memory of danger nobly confronted, of effectual prayer availing much, of 'labours more abundant' in the midst of 'perils of waters,' and finally, of a holy death, which was the natural and fitting close of a career which had been one long consecration to God. But to the details of that life of whole-hearted devotion and singular simplicity of aim, English readers are comparative strangers.

EMILE FRANÇOIS COOK was born in 1829, at Niort, where his father, Dr. Charles Cook, the well-known English Wesleyan Missionary, was then stationed. Owing to his father's frequent absence from home, Emile's training and education devolved almost entirely upon his mother. 'No

woman,' writes his able biographer, M. Farjat, 'could have been better qualified for such a task than Madame Cook. Equally distinguished by her qualities of mind and heart, regarding the vocation of a mother as a most sacred ministry, seeking to culture the soul rather than to develop the intellect, and setting about the accomplishment of her mission with all her heart and conscience and faith, she exerted over her children that kindly influence which creates round a young soul a healthy and animating atmosphere.'

The efforts of this godly and gifted mother soon bore fruit in the heart and life of her boy. When scarcely seven, he, with his brother and sister and a friend, began to meet every evening to pray for salvation. For two years the child sought after God, vainly as it seemed to him. Returning one evening from the little meeting, he was again seized with low fever, from which he suffered much at this time. He was obliged to go immediately to bed, but he could not rest. The feeling that he must seek God without delay took possession of him so powerfully, that he rose, and kneeling beside the bed, said to the Lord, like Jacob, 'I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.' As he thus wrestled in prayer, the light of God's peace broke on his soul, and from that hour Emile Cook never doubted his adoption into the family of God. In later life he was accustomed to meet all sceptics as to the possibility of child-conversion with the unanswerable argument: 'You do not believe in it? You are wrong, for I, who speak to you, was converted at nine.'

The school-life of this young disciple at Woodhouse Grove and at Lausanne, the attractive naturalness of his Christianity, his intense desire to be made useful to those around him, his large-hearted charity towards the faults of his school-fellows, his scrupulous severity towards his own, his hearty and loving acceptance of the will of God in the little trials and annoyances of daily life, are full of instruction and rebuke to children of a larger growth.

In May, 1842, Dr. Cook was appointed to Lausanne, where Emile could combine the advantages of College study with those of home life. The spirit in which he entered on his College course may be gathered from the following entry in his diary:

'O Lord,' he prays, 'grant that I may be a good pupil, an obliging comrade, and keep me from being an object of scandal to any one, but let me walk in the light, imitating and following my good Saviour in everything, and thus showing that I am a true child of God. To-day I have been much inclined to levity, especially during a lesson at College. O, let it be so no longer! lest I should be a stumbling-block to my companions. O, my God! let me not be a reproach to Thy name, but let



*Esprère. Crois, Aime,
Rejoins toi notre Dieu & Bénis le constamment.*

Emile F. Cook Jr

me always glorify Thee by my conduct. O, my good and tender Father, spare me not in making me what Thou wouldst have me, and may I respond to all Thy appeals, and profit by all the trials that Thou sendest me!' Not content with zealously striving to bring his school-fellows under the power of the truth, by establishing amongst them little Prayer-meetings, and seeking to excite their interest in the cause of Missions by his conversation and the circulation of Missionary periodicals, Emile laboured earnestly and successfully as a Sunday-school teacher. Though scarcely more than a child himself, he already possessed that rare and happy power of gaining and retaining the eager attention of little ones, which in after years made him so great a favourite amongst young people.

After two years' residence in Lausanne, a crushing sorrow fell upon the boy in the death of his mother, whom he loved with that peculiar intensity of affection which was so markedly characteristic of him. This terrible shock proved too much for the delicate boy, and a severe attack of brain-fever followed, after which he went to pass the winter with his maternal grandfather, M. Marzials, at Montauban.

Returning to resume his studies at Lausanne at the commencement of 1845, Emile found himself in the midst of the political and religious revolution which then convulsed the Canton of Vaud. All Dissenting meetings had been forbidden by a decree of the Government, and Dr. Cook's services were subject to constant interruption from the police or from an infuriated mob. Very highly did Emile esteem the reproach of Christ, and running through his journal is an evident tone of inward satisfaction at being called upon thus to suffer for Him.

In 1847, Dr. Cook received from the Government a notice of expulsion; and Emile, whose school-life was thus abruptly terminated, revisited his grandfather at Montauban. Here he made his first attempt at preaching in public. He thus describes his preparation for his first sermon: 'My uncle awoke me towards half-past six; I slept on for half-an-hour, then I chose my text, and thought over it for about an hour. After breakfast I wrote down an analysis of my sermon and a few reflections; finally, at twelve o'clock I was in the pulpit, speaking for the first time, in gown and bands, in a place of worship.'

This extract well illustrates his usual mode of pulpit-preparation, for Pastor Cook was by conviction, almost by a necessity of his ardent, impulsive nature, an extemporary preacher. His great power lay in the warmth of feeling and impassioned utterance of his discourses, to which the state of his health prevented him from giving close application and long-continued study.

In 1848 the young candidate was recommended by the British Conference to Richmond College, which he entered, fired with the eager desire and resolve to be made useful in winning souls for Christ; influenced also, as he tells us, by the ambition of worldly honour: 'The desire,' he writes, 'of making myself a name, of shining, ruled everything.' But he was soon led to see that God had provided some better thing for him whom He had chosen as 'a vessel unto honour.. meet for the Master's use.' 'Excessive study, combined with the difficulty of preaching constantly in a foreign language, soon told upon his health, and a serious illness followed, after which he writes: 'I have been making sad reflections on the impossibility of working much as I now am. God has shown me that there was much worldly ambition in my projects; and, on the other hand, that if I

redeem the time and do not lose precious moments, I shall be able to do a good deal notwithstanding my feebleness. May all this be useful to me, and further the growth of my spiritual life.' Again he writes, after having utterly lost the thread of his sermon for want of an English word: 'I am convinced of one thing, and that is, that I must not seek to win admiration. I must entirely renounce that, and expect, on the contrary, to make many blunders, to hesitate; in a word, to do the opposite of shining.'

Notwithstanding his characteristic self-depreciation, Emile Cook completed his College course with high credit, and passed his final examinations to the entire satisfaction of his examiners, tutors and friends. In 1851 he left England for his first appointment, at Vignan, a picturesque little town in the heart of the Cévennes. Here his intense earnestness, genial courtesy and genuine humility soon won the love of the simple people and of the Ministers of surrounding Churches, with whom his relations were most friendly; for the desire for union in spirit and in work amongst brethren of different denominations ever lay very near the heart of Pastor Cook.

In good earnest he now began the life of a travelling Preacher. Early or late, in rain, or snow, or sunshine, with utter self-forgetfulness, we find him making evangelistic tours up and down his wide Circuit; seizing the opportunity at the wayside inn, in the village shop, at the rustic funeral, or by the fireside, to speak a word for his Lord. One day's work will serve as an example of many, nor can we wonder at the physical exhaustion of which the experience which closes our extract affords curious proof:

'March 27th, 1852.—Last Tuesday I passed the night in writing, as I had intended; then I started at seven o'clock in the morning accompanied by M. Bianquise, who came with me as far as Pont de l'Hérault; we separated there, and I began to climb the mountain. At three o'clock I reached Col de l'Astier, and two hours later I was at Château de Perjurade, but so exhausted by the previous evening, the walk and fasting, (I had taken nothing but a little boiled water in the morning,) that I fell asleep whilst making some remarks on a chapter which I had just read, then while praying. I do not know how I could go on talking without being conscious of what I was doing. I recovered my senses, thanks to a very curious phrase, which might well serve as a problem for a psychologist: I was asking the Lord to *write* to us often. This completely aroused me, and I tried to correct the unfortunate expression by praying the Lord to write His laws in our heart.'

The incessant labours of the energetic Pastor were soon crowned with abundant success, for a glorious revival broke out in the Cévennes.

districts. Even the tending of silkworms, which at that season usually attracted universal and all-absorbing attention, could not deter the peasants from the services. 'If there is not a good yield of cocoons, there will be a good yield of souls,' said one of them.

In the very midst of 'the joy of harvest,' M. Cook, to the intense grief of himself and his people, was summoned to another field of labour. He was soon cheered, however, by unmistakable signs of the presence and influence of the Spirit of God at Nyons, his new appointment.

On December 11th, 1853, he writes: 'Last Sunday we were greatly encouraged. It was a day of prayer. We had four meetings, and the spirit of supplication was so poured out upon us, that in two of these meetings nine or ten persons prayed without intermission, so that it was impossible to find time to sing a hymn. Since then I have constantly seen, either at my house or elsewhere, persons anxious for salvation or distressed on account of their sins.'

During his residence here M. Cook was called to Nîmes to receive ordination; and a few months after, he married Mlle. Hélène de Jersey, the daughter of one of the fathers of French Methodism. After four years of the varied experiences of a Methodist Preacher, we find the Pastor at his last country appointment of Congénies. Here, as at Vignan, he took Missionary journeys to the neighbouring villages for many miles round. Having won the hearts of the villagers by his kindly interest in all their domestic joys and troubles, it was, as a general rule, no difficult matter to sow amongst them the seed of the kingdom. In the intervals of his journeys his house was a constant rendezvous for all who needed sympathy; for in the estimation of Emile Cook the Pastor's house was a piece of church property, from which he had no right to exclude any who loved or sought to love the Lord Jesus Christ. Come when they would, in season or out of season, disturbing his rest, breaking in upon his studies, calling him from family enjoyment, they were always welcome for his Master's sake. Pastor Cook was emphatically 'a servant of the Church' and 'succourer of many.'

After two years' residence at Congénies and three at Ganges, M. Cook was called, in 1866, to Paris, his seventh and last appointment, where his untiring labours, especially amongst the poorer classes, gained him great and increasing popularity. 'You Protestants are happy in having such priests,' said an intelligent Parisian workman; 'he knows how to talk to the poor.'

After four years of incessant ministerial activities, evangelistic services, open-air preaching, Sunday-school organization and faithful dealing with individual souls, the declaration of war with Germany, in July, 1870, called him to yet more anxious labour for the souls of his

fellow-citizens. Of his work during the siege of Paris we hope to give our readers some account in our concluding paper.

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT.

(Concluded from page 56.)

THE year 1859 will ever be memorable in the religious history of Scotland and Ireland, as emphatically the *revival* year. In Scotland especially, not only those set apart for the work of the ministry, but many earnest, influential laymen gave themselves heartily to the blessed work of proclaiming 'the glad tidings of the kingdom of God.' One of the foremost of these was Hay Macdowall Grant. In the Autumn of that year he started on a tour in the extreme north of Scotland, for the purpose of holding evangelistic meetings, or, as we should now call them, 'missions.' He was accompanied in this preaching campaign by his nephew, then a lad of seventeen, who at that time entered upon the work of an evangelist, in which form of labour he has been perhaps more singularly owned and blessed of God than any man now living. Mr. Aitken has preserved some notes of this most interesting work. After describing his own nervous, but natural, shrinking from undertaking such a responsible task, and his uncle's kindly encouragement, he says :

'On the 23rd of August we found ourselves at Thurso, the most northerly town in Scotland. Here we commenced holding services in the Free and Independent Churches; Mr. Grant addressed the grown-up people, and I took the children, among whom a considerable work soon began. Meanwhile my dear uncle was getting firm hold of the adults. The services were crowded, many failing to gain admittance; numbers of anxious enquirers remained to be spoken to, whom we admitted by twenties at a time into an inner room, while the meeting was continued in the larger one. In this way upwards of a hundred were spoken with, most of whom seemed to go home rejoicing.'

Similar success attended their labours in other places, and Mr. Grant was most anxious that his own beloved Arndilly and its neighbourhood should share in the general blessing; so, with earnest prayer and faith, he made arrangements for holding meetings there, and in the village of Rothes. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, who still lives to carry on the same work with the same results, came over to help him, and preached on the Sunday. 'The next day,' says Mr. Aitken, 'I spent in visiting the houses in the village, and wherever I went, I met with obvious signs of awakening. On returning I expressed my conviction that there was a great stirring in the village. In a moment, Mr. Radcliffe was on the *qui vive*, and my uncle, though somewhat careful for his friend's health, was equally eager to be at the fray. As no services had been announced,

they at once went over to the village, and sent round the town crier with his bell. Mr. Radcliffe, however, was not satisfied with the strength of the bellman's lungs, and supplemented his efforts by going through the two long streets of which Rothel is composed, shouting out an intimation of the meeting at the top of his voice. By these means a great crowd was soon gathered in the open air. A deep impression was made on the people that night, especially among young men, which was the beginning of a considerable movement in that place.'

But the soldier of the Cross who was so 'eager to be at the fray,' had to pass through the far more trying experience of being laid aside for Christ. The continual exposure, and the protracted speaking in heated rooms, brought on repeated attacks of bronchitis, which became more frequent as he advanced in life, and the tongue that had been so remarkably loosed, and that he so loved to use in his Master's service, was often forced to be silent. He did not fret under this chastening, nor unduly question why the will to speak for God had been given Him, and the power for a time denied; but he made the best use of the enforced pauses in his work, by using them as times for gathering precious seed that he would afterwards diffuse.

'I am in a critical state,' he writes, 'not so far as life is concerned, but as to power to work and be useful. What is the first prescription?—As much silence as possible, not only not to talk to people about their souls, but not to talk to Louisa more than I can help. I see clearly the Lord's hand in it, and I must wait patiently His will.' But when able to write, he made his pen as far as possible do the work of his tongue. He was the spiritual counsellor of very many who wrote for advice on almost every variety of religious experience. Here is a specimen of the wise manner in which he dealt with the question of the repentance of believers:

'One thing I often hear from believers, which, although it contains a measure of truth, sometimes leads to a great deal of danger. This is, "I know He has forgiven His erring child, but I cannot forgive myself." In this there is a certain amount of humility and contrition, but there is also a danger of giving Satan an advantage over you; for whilst brooding over your past fall, you may be forgetting to watch against a coming attack; and whilst not forgiving yourself, you may be weakening your complete sense of His forgiveness, and so weakening your power to fight. I do not think we have any right to remember what Jesus has put away, except in so far as the remembrance will magnify His pardoning love, and then it combines both sorrow and rejoicing. Any other kind of memory will weaken instead of giving strength; unless, indeed, it be a memory of the way by which Satan got the better of us, and thus we are taught more watchfully to guard against that way.'

One blessed fruit of righteousness produced, or at least matured, by his affliction, was a wonderful gift of sympathy with suffering, and power to comfort. He was as gentle and thoughtful in a sick room as a woman, and of course always a welcome visitor there. He would spare no pains to solve the problem how to make a sick room a bright and cheerful spot. He would lovingly lead the thoughts of the sufferer to the Great Physician. He thought it would be well if all invalids were able to read the Greek Testament, and could beguile and improve the weary hours of sickness by digging deep in the mine of truth. To aid any one in the study of the original text was always a pleasing task to him. The sick and convalescent were frequently invited to Arndilly, for rest and change of air. Mr. Grant made a point of speaking personally and privately to every one of his numerous visitors on the subject of religion; not only in the chamber of sickness, but to the young and strong and thoughtless.

Here is a specimen of his method of dealing with souls: J. B. was a man who had strong desires after God, and would 'be most happy' to feel his sins forgiven.

'Then why do you not accept Christ's free offer of pardon?' 'Because I see myself such a sinner, notwithstanding all my efforts.' 'That is just what makes you need a Saviour.' 'I am afraid to believe.' 'Then cast away that fear, and put yourself into Christ's hands.' 'I will do so.' 'Then let us ask help for your faith.' After prayer, he said, 'O, I never saw the matter in this way before! I do believe;' and to my surprise he suddenly flung his arms round my neck, and kissed me, saying, 'I do thank you so for your kindness.'

But with those who were not really in earnest, though professedly seeking forgiveness, he adopted a different method:

'Are you very sorry you have not got the pardon?' 'O yes, Sir, of course I am!' 'Did you eat your breakfast, dinner and supper yesterday?' 'Yes.' 'Well, your sorrow has not taken away your appetite. Did you shed a single tear during the last week in which you have been so terribly disappointed?' 'No.' 'Well, you had better examine before God whether you really care for the pardon you say you are anxious to get?' But except in cases where he had the strongest reason to fear there was self-deception, no one could be more gentle and hopeful. 'It is generally,' he says, 'our pride of heart that makes us suspicious, because we are ashamed of appearing to be deceived. But rather would I be deceived twenty times, than break one "bruised reed" or quench one "smoking flax."'

People who knew Mr. Grant in his later years, concluded that his gift of speech was natural to him, that he had no sensitive feelings to make

such a peculiar course of action difficult. They could not see the nervous, painful shrinking from the cross that never left him till it was crushed and swallowed up by the overruling power of the constraining love of Christ and souls. It was no easy thing for the courteous country gentleman to be voted a bore and 'a drivelling, whining Methodist, a disgrace to his position, etc.' 'I felt it *bitterly*,' he said, 'but it is a cross to bear for Jesus,' speaking of reproach for having transgressed the rules of society by talking to ladies and gentlemen about their souls.

Mr. Grant never lost his passion for awakening sinners and leading enquirers to decision for Christ; but towards the close of his life especially, he felt that there was a Gospel for Christians as well as for sinners; that to stir up half-hearted professors to whole-souled consecration to Christ and His service, was an effectual means of helping on the kingdom of his Lord. The amount of indirect good which he accomplished by stimulating others to zeal for God is incalculable.

With his constant single-eyed desire to know and do the will of God, it is no wonder that Mr. Grant saw that will to be his sanctification, and there was no obstacle in his own will. And when he looked round and saw so many of his Father's children living far below their privilege, he was grieved beyond measure. 'I know of nothing more painful,' he writes, 'than to see the way in which many of the Lord's loved ones are now trying how little they can give up for Him Who once gave up all for them; and to hear them justifying their conduct as absolutely necessary in order to get on in the world, or at any rate *with* the world.' To counteract this lukewarmness, he wrote and spoke, wisely and cautiously, but clearly and unhesitatingly, of a very different life, one of entire consecration to God, and entire sanctification by His Spirit.

✓ The beginning of 1870 found 'Arndilly' still about his 'Father's business;' but he was growing feeble, and he felt that his day of work was drawing to a close. He was urged to rest, but he said 'No; this frail machine will come to a stop some day soon; "I must work... while it is day."' And so this veteran of sixty-three thought not of spending the evening of his days in the quiet of his own home, but still went up and down the country toiling for his Master.

But at last he was beyond work, and the final resting-time came. To the end he was true to his colours, ever witnessing for Christ, not only by words, but by patient suffering for His sake, and tender, thoughtful consideration for the souls and bodies of those about him. He was very wishful to see his nephew once more, but would on no account allow him to be called away from his work. Mr. Aitken was with his father, holding missions in various places. But when he came of his own

accord, his uncle's delight was very great. 'Willie,' said he, 'I want you to give my message to those at Mildmay Park, that you preach to every Sunday, and to others: Tell them that I have proved it in my own experience, the world fails, and friends fail, and the body fails, and everything fails, but Jesus never fails. In the midst of my suffering one thing has supported me, *Jesus never fails.*' And so, relying not on any of his works for God or his holy life, but on the never-failing Jesus, this good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord, on a Sunday morning in March, 1870.

O! that all who read the record of this earnest life may resolve before God, not indeed to do the work that Macdowall Grant did, for few have his talents and opportunities, but to do what the Lord has for them to do in the same spirit of entire consecration to the same Lord.

G. E. S.

JOHN KNOX.

(Concluded from page 39.)

TO return to some important events passed over in our last:—Knox was not allowed to stay long in St. Andrew's, for a French fleet appeared before the castle, its defenders were compelled to capitulate, and were taken as prisoners to France. Knox and some others were detained in a galley on the Loire. Mass was frequently said in their presence, and they were threatened with torture if they did not give the usual signs of reverence; but they would not even uncover their heads while the priests were employed in what they regarded as an act of idolatry. One day a painted image of the Virgin was carried to the galley, and Knox was desired to salute it with the kiss of homage. He would not do so, and one of the officers tried to compel him by pushing it to his mouth. Not disposed to yield, he took it in his hands, called it a painted board, and then throwing it into the river, said, with grim mirthfulness, 'Let our Lady now save herself; she is light enough, let her learn to swim.'

In 1548, the galley on which Knox was confined was on the coast between Dundee and St. Andrew's. A fellow-prisoner pointing to the towers and spires rising above St. Andrew's Bay, asked Knox, who was at that time sickly and emaciated, if he knew the place. The question caused his heart to throb with the brave feeling of previous days, and he replied, 'Yes, I know it well; for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place.'

After a captivity of nineteen months, Knox was set at liberty, and immediately came to England. Cranmer, no longer under the restraining

hand of Henry VIII., was applying to the English Church his own plan of Reformation, and Knox, whose abilities and evangelical spirit had commended him to the Council, was sent from London to preach in Berwick. His ministrations in the old Border town above the sea were effectual in leading many to the truth, and a pleasing change was observed in the soldiers of the garrison, who had been notorious for their profligacy. From Berwick he was removed to Newcastle, as a more important sphere of labour, and was further honoured by being appointed one of six chaplains to the young king Edward, with a salary of forty pounds a year. While prosecuting his ministry in Newcastle, he was summoned to London to assist in the revival of the Book of Common Prayer.

In 1553 Knox was offered the living of All-Hallows, in London, but declined it, as not being free to accept the status of a clergyman in a church which yet retained some of the usages of popery. His refusal of All-Hallows was a disappointment to his English friends, but they hoped to bind him to their church, and King Edward, with the concurrence of his Council, wished to present him to a bishopric. Had he been less determined in his principles, his objections to office in the English Church would have been dashed aside by the episcopal crossier, and he would have allowed himself to have been blinded to relics and vestiges of popery by the splendour of a prelatical enthronement. Having sketched an ideal of a church widely different, in some respects, from that of Cranmer and his venerable associates, the promise of a mitre had no more influence on him than a solitary snowflake has on the ridges of Ben Ledi. Episcopacy was, in his view, a departure from the New Testament rule of ecclesiastical order, and even the great chair of Canterbury would not have allured him from his chosen path.

Edward died; and Mary, who stands in history with the ashes of famous martyrs on her brow, came to the throne. She did not at first manifest her persecuting spirit, and the Protestant Ministers, though with less freedom than before, continued their work. Knox itinerated in Buckinghamshire and Kent, and was listened to by multitudes of the people, who, as if apprehensive that the light would soon be eclipsed, were anxious to avail themselves of it to the last moment. He married a lady in the north of England soon after the accession of Mary, and when he had ended his labours in the south, lived quietly with her in Newcastle. But Mary and her advisers having determined to crush Protestantism, were eager to add him to their victims, and his brethren, seeing his danger, urged him to leave the country. He yielded to their solicitations, and going on board a vessel bound for France, was landed at Dieppe.

Knox went from Dieppe to Geneva, where he was affectionately received by Calvin. The two Reformers were nearly of the same age, and coincided in their theological and ecclesiastical predilections, but they differed widely in gifts and temperament. Calvin had the larger intellect; Knox the warmer heart. Calvin was greatest in the study; Knox in the stirring scenes of public life. Calvin, though polished in speech and saintly in demeanour, was so little under the influence of humane and generous feeling as to be able to connive at if not to abet the burning of Servetus; Knox, notwithstanding the savageness of his words when he assailed the enemies of the truth, never resorted to persecution, and had a nature so tender that the chastisement of his own children gave him excessive pain. Calvin resembled a glacier, reflecting a cold light and grinding away all the beauty of the valley down which it travels in its slow but terrible strength; Knox resembled a river, impetuous in its sweep, yet rippling gently against the lilies by its brink, giving luxuriance to the lands through which it rolls, and brightening at sunset into a long track of golden splendour.

Knox was prosecuting his studies in Geneva when a deputation from the congregation of English refugees in Frankfort requested him to become one of their Ministers. He at first declined, but the deputies having prevailed with Calvin to sustain their application, he waived his objections and went to Frankfort. Contentions arose as to whether the English or Genevan order of worship should be adopted. The issue was at first favourable to Knox, but being unjustly charged with treason, he returned to Geneva, and remained there until August, 1555, when he left for Dieppe, and embarking at that port, landed near the boundaries of England and Scotland.

Having visited his wife at Berwick, he set out on a secret visit to the few Protestants who were at that time in Edinburgh, intending only a short absence from Berwick. But Erskine of Dun, and Maitland of Lethington, brought so many of their acquaintances to hear him that he had a succession of congregations, and was employed in preaching almost day and night. Erskine took him to his house in Angus, in which the principal people of the neighbourhood assembled to listen to his invectives against Popery, and his stirring exhortations to forsake its polluted altars, and avow the doctrines of the Gospel as the only assurance of salvation. Coming back to the south of the Forth, he was lodged at Calder House, the seat of Sir James Sandilands, a venerable man, around whose white locks was a halo of righteousness. Three young noblemen, afterwards prominent in the religious and political movements of their country, attended the Reformer's ministry in Calder House, and were powerfully influenced by his sermons. The first of

these was Lord Lorne, whose memory is still one of the glories of the house of Argyle; the second was Lord Erskine, who died Earl of Mar and Regent of Scotland; and the third was James Stuart, honoured in history as The Good Regent Murray. They were confirmed in their attachment to Protestantism by Knox's masterly exposition of its principles, and his hopes of a Reformed Church in Scotland must have risen higher as those youths came forward to devote themselves, with generous and chivalrous feeling, to the cause of truth. While thus employed in Scotland, he was informed that the members of the English congregation in Geneva had chosen him as one of their Pastors. He accepted the call; and may have been moved to do so partly by the conviction that the time had not yet come for a general overthrow of Romanism in Scotland, and partly by the machinations of the priests against his life. They had already tried to get him into their power, and when they knew that he had left the country, passed sentence on him as a heretic, dooming his body to the flames and his soul to perdition. He laboured happily for two years in Geneva, but his heart was in Scotland, and his pen was frequently employed in exhortations to his countrymen.

The Protestant Lords having obtained what they thought a promise of toleration from the Queen-Regent, Mary of Guise, invited Knox to come to their help. He landed at Leith, in May, 1559, and a few days after his arrival was proclaimed an outlaw and a rebel, in virtue of the sentence passed on him when on his way to Geneva. But though liable to arrest and to the death of a heretic, he did not hesitate in the prosecution of his work. He went to Dundee, where he met the principal Protestants of Angus and Mearns, who had assembled to accompany their Preachers to Stirling, where they were cited to trial by the Regent, whose concessions had been speedily withdrawn, and followed by severe measures against the Reformers.

When the Protestants united in the association known as The Congregation, and resolved not only to defend themselves from the attacks of the Regent, but also to abolish the popish worship in those towns in which a majority of the inhabitants were favourable to the Reformation, St. Andrew's was selected as the town in which to begin the work. Knox having arranged with Argyle and Murray to meet them there, announced on his arrival that he should preach in the Cathedral. The Archbishop, having assembled an armed force, threatened him with immediate death if he appeared in the pulpit. As the noblemen had but a few followers, they thought it would be better for Knox to remain quiet, but he was intent on carrying out the original plan. 'As for the fear of danger that may come to me,' he said, 'let no man be solicitous; for my life is in the custody of Him Whose glory I seek.'

I desire the hand nor weapon of no man to defend me. I only crave audience; which, if it be denied here unto me at this time, I must seek where I may have it.' His friends on hearing this could offer no further objections, and he preached without molestation for four successive days. Such was the effectiveness of his sermons, that the provost, bailies and burgesses agreed to adopt the Reformed worship.

In 1564, Knox, having been a widower three years, married Margaret Stewart, the daughter of Lord Ochiltree, a nobleman who had long been distinguished by his amiable virtues and his fidelity to Protestantism. As the Reformer's second wife was young and beautiful, and could even have boasted, if she had cared to do so, of royal blood, the popish party alleged that he had gained her affections by sorcery, and that he was ambitious to seat his progeny on the throne of Scotland. But though there was disparity in the years and position of the parties, there was nothing but what was honourable in their relationship. Margaret Stewart gracefully adapted herself to the simplicities of a Minister's household, and tended her husband with affectionate assiduity to the day of his death. After the murder of Rizzio, Mary retired to Dunbar, and collecting an army, set out for Edinburgh, determined to revenge herself on all who had been in any way implicated in the death of the Italian musician. There is nothing to show that Knox had favoured the cruel stroke of Ruthven's dagger; but as for other reasons he was obnoxious to the Queen, he thought it prudent to retire from the capital. He visited England, but resumed his ministry in Edinburgh when Mary's power was broken by her supposed complicity in the Darnley tragedy and by her shameful alliance with Bothwell. Murray was appointed Regent, and under his administration the Churches had rest. Though so graced with princely accomplishments, so benign in disposition, and so regardful of the interests of religion as to be one of the most popular governors Scotland had ever known, he incurred the deadly resentment of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who shot him from a window as he rode 'through old Linlithgow's crowded town.' Knox preached his funeral sermon, and was so affected by his death, and the confusions it occasioned, that his health was impaired, and an apoplectic stroke deprived him for a time of his usual energy of speech. Happily he so far recovered as to be able to prosecute his ministry, but his enemies were eager for his death, and one night a musket-ball was fired into his house, which would have killed him had he not, through a Providential interposition, seated himself in a part of the room different from that he usually occupied. His friends insisted on his removing from Edinburgh. He went to St. Andrew's, where he gave a series of discourses on the Book of Daniel. The last service he rendered, at the

request of the General Assembly, was to examine and approve a sermon which had been preached by a Minister about to be settled in Dunfermline. His subscription to the sermon was, 'John Knox, with my dead hand, but glad heart, praising God that of His mercy He leaves such light to His Kirk in this desolation.' He was so enfeebled that he scarcely expected leaving St. Andrew's, but the Queen's faction having abandoned Edinburgh, and his people being wishful to have him again in their midst, he went back to his old dwelling. He had not been there long before he heard of the St. Bartholomew massacre in Paris. The slaughter of Admiral Coligny and thousands of Protestants filled him with horror; and being assisted to the pulpit, he roused his sinking energies into an awful denunciation of the French monarch under whom the frightful cruelty had been perpetrated, and desired the French Ambassador, who was present, to tell his master that if he did not repent, the vengeance of God would never depart from him or his house.

A few weeks after this great effort, he was laid aside by sickness, which proved fatal. Notwithstanding the storminess of his life, there was a beautiful placidity in his death, and such sayings as the following fell at intervals from his lips: "'Come, Lord Jesus.'" "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Be merciful, Lord, to Thy Church which Thou hast redeemed. Give peace to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up faithful Pastors who will take the charge of Thy Church. Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin, both by the evidences of Thy wrath and Thy mercy.' When he had become speechless, one of his attendants requested him if he had peace, to give a sign. He raised one of his hands, and then all was over. His death took place in November, 1572, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. All the noblemen in the city and a vast concourse of people attended his funeral, and the Regent Morton said, as he stood over his grave, 'There lies he who never feared the face of man.'

'NONE OTHER NAME.'

If all the friends God ever gave,
Nor time nor place could sever,
There'd be but One could truly save,
And He is ours for ever.
His works began 'mid scenes of mirth,
And on the cross they ended;
And so, through all our course on earth,
When woes and joys are blended,
He comes, the Minister Divine,
To show Himself our Brother;
To turn the water into wine;
In griefs our graces to refine;
And still there is none other.

No other Name, no other power,
But Jesus, under heaven,
But on to life's last, mortal hour,
That Name to us is given.

O use it well! for with the Name
Is given Him that gives it:
His life and ours must be the same;
And endless bliss instead of shame,
Shall be to him that lives it.

*Written in an Album on leaving a Chateau,
August, 1876.*

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER IV.—WILLIE'S FIRST VOYAGE.

IN a few weeks the 'Bonnie Sarah' left port, and Willie might be said to have fully embarked on the life he had chosen. At the Orkneys he had his first taste of real rough weather, which he bore well, and was pronounced by George Nicholson fit to be a sailor. At Lerwick, in Shetland, they took in their full complement of men. After leaving the island, when Willie one night went to bed, he could not get in, the sheets, or rather blankets, being knotted together. He undid them with a little groan of dissatisfaction, but made no remark, to the disappointment of one who was a hidden witness. The next night he had no sooner got to sleep than down went the head of his hammock, and he narrowly escaped striking against the edge of a chest.

'O! O!' he ejaculated, and then set himself to repair the damage, which with some trouble he effected, so as to be able once more to get into his cot. But this time he did not sleep. He had been perhaps an hour lying awake, when he became sure some one was creeping underneath. He raised himself, to see, if he could, who it was. He could not see the person, but he saw something that looked bright, so caught hold of the hooks of his hammock so as not to fall a second time. But the rope was not cut again; the knife, or whatever it was, was gently thrust through the canvas. He could feel it touch his leg, and drew himself up, as much as possible, so as not to be wounded. A second time it was pushed through, and then the evil-doer crawled away. Willie thought it was Jack, but he could not see distinctly, so would not be sure. But he told his friend Nicholson the next morning, who said:

'Willie, you were dreaming; no one on board would attempt to injure you in that way. No! no! it was all fancy.'

'Is that fancy, George,' asked Willie, baring his leg and showing a wound.

'You don't mean to tell me that you received that in your sleep?'

'Not in my sleep, George; I was awake, as I tell you, and took hold of the hooks and pulled myself up as far as I could; you know it was too dark to see, and the thing crawled under my hammock, and I suppose never thought of looking up: the steel came in twice; if you will come with me you will see the two cuts in the canvas.'

'That I will, but I expect to find it all a delusion of your imagination.'

But it was fact, as Nicholson declared, when he saw the hammock.

But who was the doer of such a cowardly trick? He had a shrewd suspicion, but merely gave a little grunt, a habit with him when he was 'put out.'

The other apprentices and some of the men were at breakfast when Nicholson and Willie entered the forecabin; so the harpooner said:

'I say, men, did you know we had a murderer on board?'

'Why, no, George; you don't mean that?' some of them replied.

'I believe I do. But there is one comfort for us,—that murderers are always hanged.'

'What has been done, George, that you talk in this way?' asked one of the men.

'Nay, I shall not say what has been done, or not done. Only I thought I would tell you, so that should anything happen to me you might not be too much surprised.'

'To *you*, George? Why, he would be a daring fellow who would attempt to do aught to you.'

'So I think; but there is no knowing. I am not always awake.'

'Now, George, you are up to some nonsense or other.'

'Never was more sober, men. But enough; I've got all I wanted.'

Nicholson said this in a significant tone understood by *one*. Then he left the forecabin, and the men laughed and said, 'I wonder what George is up to?'

There was one present, however, who fully understood the inference to be drawn from Nicholson's words; and who now knew that whoever attempted to harm Willie would have to account to him.

When alone with Willie, Nicholson said, 'I see, Willie, that you know when to hold your tongue. Keep silence as to what has passed. I don't think that game will be tried again. You won't care about your blankets being tied, and such things; young lads are always teased when they first go to sea.'

'Not I, Nicholson. They may knot them every night, if they like; they will take more trouble than they give me.'

'That is right; laugh at their folly, and they will soon leave it off.'

Both used the word 'they,' yet both knew that they meant one—Jack. Why he should have a spite against an unoffending lad, neither took the trouble to enquire. It was his 'evil disposition,' was the remark made, and there the matter dropped for the present.

But Willie thought, as he walked away, 'Mother often said that every place and position has its trials; so I suppose Jack is to be mine, for all the men are kind to me, and I like being here. Well, one surly temper is not much, to be sure. I must try to be true and just to him as well as to myself, and not let my temper get the better of me; yet



(View of Lerwick, Shetland.)

he must not imagine that I am a muff, to be pinched and sat upon at pleasure.'

About a week after this, Willie was busy with some rope. Jack came on deck wearing a pair of very strong boots, and, passing in front of Willie, gave him a kick that took the skin off his leg. To throw down the rope and catch the collar of Jack's jacket and box his ears soundly was the work of a second.

'Halloo! No fighting on the deck of this ship,' called out the mate as he came up to the youths; 'what is the matter, lads? can't you agree?'

'This Bible-reading chawbacon struck me,' sulkily replied Jack, while Willie stood on one side, his face flushed and his teeth set, as though he were determined not to speak. The mate looked at him, and in a severe tone said:

'How dare you strike your senior by three years? What excuse can you make for such conduct?'

'Only this,' responded Willie, pointing to several drops of blood on the deck.

'Ah! where have they come from? tell me;' and as Willie did not speak, the mate turned to Jack, repeating the question.

'How should I know?'

'Where did you strike him? for I take it you struck the first blow. I insist upon knowing. Fighting is not, and shall not be, allowed so long as I walk this deck.'

'I did not strike him.'

'What then?' said the mate, fixing his piercing grey eye upon Jack; who fidgeted about on one foot, and looked anywhere but at the mate. 'What then, Sir?' repeated the officer, in a stern tone.

'I gave him a push with my foot as I passed.'

'A push, eh; a pretty severe one, to draw blood. Don't you think yourself a bully and a coward to give a kick like that, and with such boots as I see you wearing? You go aloft for three hours.'

'Please, Sir, will you let Jack off this time? I dare say he will not do the like again, and my leg will soon be well,' exclaimed Willie, in a very humble tone, as though he felt himself to be the culprit. The officer eyed first one and then the other in silence for a few moments, and then said, in his most severe tone of voice, 'For this time you may go free. But mind you, Sir, if I have again to find fault for the same cause, there will be no second reprieve, but the addition of a rope's-ending.'

Jack slunk away; and the mate, telling Willie to go down and put some rag on the wound, went back to the quarter-deck. From this time Jack did not dare to do an injury to Willie; but he was sullen, ill-tempered, and in every possible way tried to annoy him. Willie was sorry. He would rather have been good friends; it was so disagreeable to be constantly with one so unsociable. Jack, however, resisted all his overtures towards a kinder feeling; so Willie let him alone, and went about his own duties with such cheerful energy, that before they had reached Greenland he had gained a fund of useful knowledge, and was so apt at learning navigation, that George Nicholson privately told the captain that he never had such a lad for catching things readily; he would make a capital sailor, and no mistake. Which praise pleased the master, who had a sincere respect for Willie's father, whom he had known in more prosperous days. And he hoped that the son would be a comfort to his poor distressed parents.

The Arctic regions have been often and graphically described, but all descriptions, however well written, must fail to prepare the mind for the grandeur of those immense piles of snow and ice, glittering like precious stones in the brilliancy of the short summer's sun, or bathed in the soft radiancy of the silver moonlight, not to speak of the marvellous effect of the Aurora Borealis upon the vast wintry waste.

Willie was simply lost in delighted admiration. The strange silence struck him with awe, and the first iceberg he saw moving, going on its way like a giant ready to deal destruction to whatever should impede its progress, filled him with reverent wonder; then came the excitement of catching the first whale, which Willie had the pleasure of seeing struck by his friend Nicholson; for he was in the rigging, and could distinctly perceive the harpoon fly from George's hand. Then for the first time he saw the cutting off and packing of the blubber. How he wished he could harpoon a whale! but as that was impossible at the present, he contented himself with determining, that he would be a good harpooner like George. Indeed, his friend was his standard of a thorough seaman, and to be like him was Willie's highest ambition; 'I'll try,' was his mental resolve, and try he did.

One day a number of men went on the ice for the purpose of shooting wild-fowl, and Willie was permitted to go with them. The first bird George Nicholson shot he gave to the boy, promising to stuff it, that he might take it as a present to his mother. But Willie was still further gratified by his friend finding a nest with an egg in it; this he also gave Willie to take home. But to Willie's disappointment, on this occasion they saw no bears, neither had they as yet seen any Esquimaux. However, one day a number of these peculiar people made their appearance, and two or three canoes came to the ship's side, and the men swarmed on board, picking up whatever they could lay their hands on, and then putting it to their mouth. One of the men gave a woman a large piece of soap, telling her to wash her dirty face. She did not understand his words, but she saw his smile, and laughed in return, and put the soap into her capacious mouth, but not finding it very palatable, hastily took it out, making a frightful grimace, to the great amusement of the sailor, who to make amends to the deceived victim, gave her a huge piece of salt pork and a couple of biscuits. Willie bartered his knife for some Esquimaux slippers of curious workmanship, but he was afraid they would be too small for his mother to wear; yet she would be pleased to see them, for even she had no idea that these poor, uneducated creatures could devise and execute such pretty patterns in different-coloured thread, as those which ornamented the slippers. The season was propitious, the 'Bonnie Sarah' was soon filled with whale and seal oil, and on her homeward way ere the severe weather again set in. Thus Willie's first experience of the Arctic Regions was extremely favourable.

REVIVAL.

(Concluded from page 83.)

2. LET every one of the Lord's people strive to exert an influence for good 'in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call' him.

Much of the Church's strength lies here, and in proportion to its use will be the fruit. Let this power lie dormant, and we shall sustain loss in our own souls, whilst hindering the prosperity of Zion. 'They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. *Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.*' (Ps. cxxii. 6—9.) How much 'good' has been done by adopting and resolutely carrying out this principle in certain English workshops, and in many other places, by godly men who have been earnest workers in the service of Christ. Mischiefs have sometimes resulted, no doubt, from the conduct of injudicious persons, not having knowledge according to their zeal. Their ostentatious manner and their unguarded language have been repulsive rather than alluring, so that the very object sought to be accomplished has been, unhappily, defeated. Still, while deploring, as deeply as any of our fellow-labourers can do, this abuse, let us be careful to guard against the opposite extreme. Let us be determined that those by whom we are surrounded, and with whom we mix from day to day, shall see the difference between a converted and an unconverted person. 'They took knowledge of them,' 'unlearned and ignorant' as they were, 'that they had been with Jesus.' (Acts iv. 13.) A *consistent* piety is that for which we plead, seeking '*first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness;' and so regulating our every-day duties as to show that earthly things are only secondary to spiritual and heavenly ones. Let us not excuse ourselves—let us not *try* to do so—by pleading the fact that we are so much engaged, and even pressed with business duties, as to have scarcely any time for religious ones. This, surely, is not the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. Moreover, the correct notion is, that the more extensively we are engaged in commercial pursuits, the greater are our opportunities for exerting a religious influence. You cannot have read the lives of *The Successful Merchant*, and *The Thorough Business Man*, without being fully convinced of this.

Then, besides the *example* you thus set, you may safely go on to add *precept* thereto; and if need be '*precept upon precept.*' Do not forget, we implore you, that the opportunity of *to-day* will never come again. And if we are duly impressed with the *value* of the soul, being at the same time conscious of our *individual* duty and responsibility, we shall earnestly and anxiously exclaim,—

'O let Thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;

That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.'

This, we think, is the normal condition of the Church in her individual membership. Fitful and spasmodic efforts may serve for a time, but if her accessions are to be *daily*, there must be this 'continuance in well-doing.' At all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, we must each obey the Master's precept: 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Which is in heaven.' (Matthew v. 16.)

3. The signs of the times are full of hope and encouragement, and ought, therefore, to be an additional incentive to the performance of this service.

'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not;' 'an earnest ministry, and an earnest Church,' are subjects which occupied the earnest mind of the late venerable and venerated John Angell James, and were expounded with a pathos and power the effects of which we hope are yet abiding. So holy a combination as this, thoroughly adopted and practically carried out, cannot fail of an abundant and glorious success. The records of the consequences of holy agreement in this work of faith, are being supplied in our monthly publications as well as in the daily press. We venture to ask humbly whether the fruits of Methodist labour have not been more abundant than many, perhaps than most, of the labourers expected to see. So truly does the Lord honour us when we honour Him, and so ready is He when we *prove Him* as to *His* willingness, that we may well be abased and sit in sackcloth at the consideration of our want of *constancy* in this matter. When our faith is *not alone*, but when it works,—*works by love* both to God and to man; and when our prayers are continuously offered, then He can use us effectually as instruments *fitted* for His hand. Our Connexion is at this day a standing monument of this kind of instrumentality. What feature shines more clearly and with greater lustre in the character of its veteran Founder, than his earnest, working faith in God? Salvation by faith alone; salvation now; salvation from all sin; and salvation for all, were the broad, outspoken, and *earnest* doctrines which he preached, and which are still preached by his successors in the same ministry.

And O! who can reflect for a moment on the holy wrestlings in prayer of those who had become members of the 'Society,' formed through such preaching, without being prompted to pray:

'Us, who climb Thy holy hill,
A general blessing make;
Let the world our influence feel,
Our Gospel grace partake;

Grace, to help in time of need,
 Pour out on sinners from above;
 All Thy Spirit's fulness shed,
 In showers of heavenly love?'

The residue of the Spirit, 'all His fulness,' is what we need to arouse the stolid indifference by which we are surrounded. A state of heathenism frightful to contemplate exists around us. True hearts and brave have been already stirred up, and nerved to enter upon the work of reclaiming the masses to Christ, and we want to engage the whole army of the living God in this glorious service. Men of Israel, men of Methodism, help! Help by your prayers; help by your efforts; help by your contributions! Help for the sake of your patriotism; help for the sake of blood-bought but perishing souls; help for the sake of Christ, Who hath saved you and called you with so high and holy a calling! Help! and your reward shall be great,—great on earth, and greater still in heaven.

ALTON.

A 'RIDING CIRCUIT' SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. I. E. PAGE.

II.—THE 'LONG ROUND.'

IT is not difficult to recall our entrance on the duties of the new sphere: the parting with friends, the long railway journey with many 'changes,' the walk from the station to our lodgings, the cheery fire in the grate, and the first curious inspection of our 'rooms'—these things are as familiar as the events of yesterday. Next day the Superintendent and his colleague—strangers each to the Circuit and to each other—met, looked over the 'Plan,' and compared notes; and grim was the consolation on both sides at the discovery that neither had been on horseback before. The good Superintendent was no longer a young man, and the prospect of so much riding was no joy to him. Can we ever forget that first Sunday, with its two services in the town-chapel, and one, in the afternoon, at a village five miles away? An immense horse was brought to meet us, on which, with huge difficulty, we mounted. It was the first attempt at riding; we knew nothing as yet of 'rising' in the saddle: the time was short, and the way rough; the beast *would* trot, and—our readers must imagine the immediate and future sufferings which ensued! It was no small comfort to find, when meeting a Class for tickets a week or two after, that in that afternoon service a young man had been led to decide for Christ. How we thanked God for the encouragement! The news came like the elders' Epistle to the Church at Antioch, 'which when they had read, they rejoiced for the consolation.'

We had not been in the Circuit a week before it fell to our lot to start on what was called the 'long journey.' Nine days from home was the prospect before us, and we must travel over ways which we had 'not passed heretofore.' In the old coaching days men made their wills before beginning the journey from London to Edinburgh, and this first starting on the 'long round' was an event of no light moment. The morning was spent in the Superintendent's house—packing parcels of Magazines and Reports for the eight or nine country places we had to visit. Then we knelt and prayed together, and the Circuit-horse and his rider set off. Imagine our appearance, gentle reader!—Strong leather leggings reaching above the knees (a costly, but necessary, purchase), thick Inverness cape and felt hat, a valise strapped to a pad behind the saddle; and above this a pile of, say, six distinct packages of periodicals, to be deposited here and there on the round. A strong riding whip completes the equipment.

Topsy, the Circuit-horse, was old, and had carried the Preachers for years; knew every stable on the round, and travelled at a serious pace, which she was too conservative to alter for any one! It was a peculiarity of hers that she would allow her rider neither mackintosh nor umbrella, the slightest rustle causing her to set off at full gallop. We heard that the horse in a neighbouring Circuit was so thin as to be known as 'the preachers' frame:' *Topsy* was not so far reduced; but her best days were past when we entered the Circuit, and soon the stewards sold her and procured another. 'If the old horse were gifted with memory,'—says Leigh Hunt, in one of his pleasant Essays,—'and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?—it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest feeling he has.' What were *Topsy's* memories, we wonder, and what did she think of her return to secular work? Mounted on the faithful beast, we travelled towards P—, the first place on the round. The scenery was strange and, at some points, beautiful. We reached the town rather late, put up the horse, and preached, in a comfortable little chapel, to a good congregation. At the Class-meeting afterwards we had evidence that we were across the Welsh border, in hearing a good man *sing* his experience. Remaining for the night in a most comfortable 'home,' we journeyed next day over a mountain called Reeves Hill, the gradual ascent of which was nearly two miles, and across the top of which runs an ancient boundary named OFFA'S DYKE. Where the road crosses the dyke stands a small stone, with this inscription:

OFFA'S DYKE,
MADE IN THE YEAR

725.

A good brother from the town beyond the hill had called to bear us company, and we exchanged places—the Preacher driving his trap, and he riding the Preacher's horse. That Friday evening we preached again, and led a Class afterwards. Can we ever forget the hospitality of the good Christian who was our hostess at K——? She was a mother, indeed; and in after days of weakness through over-work, showed us kindness which the Master has not forgotten. The stay at her house was always looked forward to as a bright spot in the journey. Many a young Preacher has found, that having 'left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother. . . for Christ's sake and the Gospel's,' he has received 'now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers,' who have cared for him almost as tenderly as his own.

On Saturday morning a few visits were made to the 'leading' friends, and in the early afternoon we started for a ten miles ride to C——. The road was by no means easy to find, and what wonder that we took the wrong turning and went astray? The darkness was setting in as we reached the straggling village at which we were to spend the night. We were once more at a loss! We had totally forgotten the name of the good man at whose house we were to stay. What was to be done? A moment's thought suggested the wisdom of letting Topsy take her own course. She proceeded leisurely onward, to the extreme end of the village, and put her head over a farm-yard gate. As we dismounted, a hearty-looking man came out. 'Do you expect a Methodist Preacher here?' we asked. 'O yes! you are right,' was the reply; and in five minutes we were by a blazing fire, with tea ready on the table. Next morning we stood by 'the cross,' with our feet on 'the stocks,' and preached a short sermon, conducted service in the chapel at half-past nine, and rode forward before dinner to a small town about four miles distant, where, after preaching in the afternoon, we met Classes for tickets, and held a Prayer-meeting after the evening service. A hard day's work! But the Master's presence made it light.

We spent Monday in the same place, reading and visiting till time for evening service. Richard Cecil counsels Ministers that there are sensible persons whom he may ask, 'What serious judgment do you form of my preaching? Do tell me what sort of a man I am.' In the course of our visits in this place we received, unasked, an opinion as to our fitness for the work. We called on a female Leader, a person of some character, who had taught herself shoemaking, and honourably supported herself by it. She was somewhat rough in exterior, but truly devoted to Christ. As we called she gave us a searching look, and said, 'I think you will do for *us*!' This was assuring. Tuesday morning we mounted again, and rode along a deep valley, the hills on either side

so near that there seemed only just room in the 'bottom' for the road, and the stream which ran by it.

Having dined at a farm-house in a lovely situation, our route lay along a wooded hill-side, below which a stream murmured. The lane was rough, the night dark, and we were glad to reach R—, where lived the Circuit-steward, in whose house the evening service was held. How the people listened to the Word! And what hearty testimonies were given in the Class-meeting which followed! Next morning we had prayers soon after six, before the men began the day's work. A peaceful hour we spent after breakfast that morning, on a little bridge over a brook shut in with trees, below which the speckled trout were darting and leaping. How such hours live in the memory! Everything seemed full of rest; and within was the confidence which said,

'And Thou wilt deign to call me Thine,
And I will dare to call Thee mine.'

In the afternoon we pursued our way to another village. Our account of this Wednesday shall close with a line or two from our note-book: 'After tea I rode *Topsy* to V—, preached there, and met the Classes for tickets. It was hard work—preaching. Since then, I have ridden in the dark several miles up and down a mountain road, and am now, in a farm-house, somewhere out of the world, writing in my bed-room, while a mountain stream is splashing just below the window.'

Now Thursday morning dawns, the last day out. We have an early, solitary walk by the little stream, pondering much God's work, and how to win men to Him; dinner on genuine farm-house fare, and away, along an outrageously bad road to L1—. We have to find our way over commons and across streams; ascend places so steep that it is difficult to avoid slipping from the horse's back, and ride along narrow lanes so shut in with trees, that they were like railway tunnels, while below were large boulders. We again went astray, but *Topsy* took us to a farm-house she knew of, where the host was kind, and oats plentiful. So it was four o'clock, instead of half-past two, when we began the week-day service in the chapel, and preached our best to about a dozen hearers. Now for the last place on the round. We reached D— just as the congregation were assembling in the farm kitchen; and enjoyed a service which, throughout, was hearty, and full of unction. How strange the scene pictured in the memory of that first service in D—! The preacher stood on a rough block of wood in one corner; to his right a fireplace of immense size, in the sides of which were seats; to his left a long white table; men and women all round, and several sheep-dogs lying in the middle of the room;—one candle

only, and that by the desk. When the hymn is given out, a handful of peeled rushes, soaked in tallow, is carried round, and about every other person supplied with one. This primitive candle soon displays a lengthy wick, which is promptly disposed of by a quick action of the thumb and forefinger. The hymn ended, the lights are extinguished, and the sermon preached by the light which comes from the blazing wood-fire and the solitary candle by the desk. But what singing! And how the Word is listened to! It is worth coming the whole way to have been present in such a service as this.

The Class was 'met,' of course; and of, perhaps, seventeen persons on the book, quite a dozen answered to a common Welsh surname. The morning light revealed a mistake the Preacher had made the night before. Speaking on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he had, in his warmth, said something about the *whole village* being converted. But there was no village! Standing at the house door, and looking east, west or north, not more than one other building was visible. The congregation had gathered from single farm-houses among the hills.

And now for home! We set out for a long ride of twenty-five miles. The road leads over mountains and along deep valleys, and the rain pours on us as we travel. We pass a house with the inscription over the door,—

'TEMPERANCE HOUSE. TEETOTAL DRINKS. GOOD STABLING.'

But our midway rest must be at the Forest Inn, miles further on, where Topsy will have a feed. There is a poor woman dying upstairs, whom we ask to see, but who seems very dark as to spiritual things. Another ten miles, and then home again.

We survey our room with a delicious sense of happiness. There, on the sideboard, is an accumulation of letters and papers. The cloth is laid, and the fire glowing. This is rest. But there is an address to be prepared for the Bible Society's meeting this very evening; and next Sunday's sermons have to be thought of; so we are soon at work again.

MEMORIALS OF NEGLECTED GENIUS AND WORTH:

FROM MARGINAL NOTES ON THE CALENDAR.

(JAMES TREGOSS, continued from page 45.)

THERE is no memorial of Tregoss within the walls which used to echo to his voice, nor is there one to be found outside. The churchyard looks out upon the beach of the harbour, where ships are lying in shelter, and scores of fishing-boats are at times drawn up for safety above high-water mark. Tregoss used to see the fishing-boats ranked in like style in his day, and one can scarcely look at the scene without thinking of

him. One year, while he was pastor, the fishing season was nearly over, but no pilchards had come. 'Let us have a day of humiliation and prayer,' said he. Ah! those Puritans walked 'as seeing Him Who is invisible.' The fishermen caught their Minister's spirit, and acted on his advice. The very next day the bay was alive with large shoals of fish. Who sent them? Was it He Who once directed His loved fishermen to 'the right side of the ship'? When the next season came there was a large catch on a Saturday, and on the Sunday the men were out on Pendinas spreading their nets to dry. Tregoss reproved them, as Puritan prophets were wont to do,—'You have provoked the Lord to withdraw His blessing,' said he. They never again, for that season, found 'the right side of the ship.' Pilchards are under command, as well as winds and waves.

Tregoss's ministry was lost to St. Ives in 1659, when he took charge of the united parishes of Mylor and Mabe in the same county. His vicarage was on the water's edge still, but in sweet retirement from fishing fleets and crowded fishers' homes. After a pleasant walk from the little village of Flushing, on the shore of Falmouth harbour, over the wooded heights of Trefusis, the rambler may catch sight of an antique little tower rising from amidst the foliage beneath. It is the tower of Mylor Church, which is on the margin of the tide which sweeps around the place of the dead as it juts out, courting the waters as they flow past it to fill the creek running up to the gardens of Mylor bridge. There is an old yew-tree by the church, spreading over a circle of sixty feet, and covering the resting-places of forty or fifty families. Some of these must have been committed to the tomb by Tregoss; and many of those who followed them into rest must have heard the solemn voice of that earnest and sensitive young Pastor as he, in the style of his times, multiplied his spontaneous intercessions for the living amidst the memorials of the dead.

The town of Falmouth had not sprung up when Tregoss used to pass from his house in Mylor to his outstanding parish among the granite heights above Penryn. He must have often paced from one to the other; and it may be it braced him, and was a blessing to his body and mind, to get up from the lone, still river-side vicarage to breathe the air of the wild, open hills on one of which his Mabe church stood. It would be a grateful alternation to one of his genius, taste, and devotion to godly work. It would have been pleasant to live and bless his two flocks, and to leave them, after a useful and tranquil course, for a better pastorate on the other side of life's border stream; but alas! for long rest in this restless world. The plague, one of the worst of plagues, had come from over the water in the form of a corrupt and corrupting court, and after three years of happy pastoral work in his quiet Mylor and his rocky

Mabe, Tregoss was found among the two thousand Pastors and Preachers who were driven from their homes and charges by the Act of Uniformity. Where he found a home then, who can tell? But wheresoever it was, that home was the sanctuary for those of his parishioners who were willing to come and hear him pray and preach. This praying and preaching soon cost him three months' imprisonment. Those who would like to trace his wandering steps, now he had entered on the life of a confessor, and follow him as he is driven from haunt to haunt, must pass up through 'the moon,' as it is called, at Falmouth, and master the successive undulations which rise westward, looking kindly on the old tower of Budock Church on its hill-top to the left, and think of the Killigrews of Arwenack, whose monuments are there, because one of them afforded refuge to Tregoss on his release from prison. Now we are on the spot on the swell of a height a few miles from Falmouth. It is the ancient Kegillick. It used to be known as the French prison in the times of Bonaparte,—a long, low, gloomy dwelling, with its back to the road, and deep within high walls. How few thought in passing that the walls within which so many dejected Frenchmen once pined, had aforetime echoed to the voice of Tregoss as he ministered the Gospel of freedom to the people who flocked from far and near to listen. There he and his wife were in 1664, when an earthquake made the vast boss of granite, on the swell of which their dwelling rested, tremble and quiver like an aspen leaf. His mind had enough of the western cast to be moved by this as a symbol of some deep shaking of his own inner man; and strange at times are the answering tokens of the inner and the outer world, the realm of mind and the region of matter.

On the first Sunday in 1665, close upon the time of the earthquake, he preached at Kegillick from Luke xii. 47. The sermon was over. The people were gone. He was alone, and then came the deep trembling. His former sins seemed to rise and shake the whole foundation of his being. 'Surely,' thought he, 'my heart has never been renewed.' Then there was a voice heard only in the depths of his own soul,—'For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' It may be, Tregoss' theological views aided the feelings which upheaved his sensitive nature. For five weeks there was terror and prayerful agony; till a passage in some good book as to the love of God in Christ hushed the tumult. It was the 'still small voice ..after the earthquake;' and the soul by whom the voice was heard became as calm, as steadfast and as glorious in its heavenward bearing, as the solid granite masses of his old Cornish parish after their period of tremulous upheaval. There was a new creation at Kegillick. Tregoss

entered on a higher life. Whatever might be his definition of the change, there was in him a spiritual freedom, power and joy which, with all his former propriety and zeal, he had never known or exemplified before.

(To be concluded.)

HAVERHILL, AND ITS HEROES.

BY T. J. WESLEY BENNETT, F.R.S.L.

TO those who are familiar with the works of Constable, Gainsborough and Wilson, it will not be difficult to call up before the mind's eye a picture of English scenery such as that amongst which Haverhill nestles. When I visited the locality, it was rich in the leafy glories of summer. The wooded meadows, the embowered lanes and the luxuriant foliage witnessed to a floral wealth I did not expect to find in an eastern county. Approached from the Iron Highway, but little is seen of the town, which rests in a hollow of the swelling lands. Quiet even to monotony and rustic to a fault, it is one of those places of which the interest is sustained chiefly by its historic memories. And yet I was told of its once extensive factories for the manufacture of silks and velvets.

Haverhill was called into celebrity soon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when a number of the refugees settled here, and introduced the manufacture of checks, cottons and fustians. Their descendants are to be found there to this day, following the like occupation. The time-worn stones in the 'God's acre' tell of ages gone since 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet' had Christian sepulture; and the discovery of urns with bones speaks of cremation in the days of Roman occupation in the centuries earlier still. And supplementing these are the lachrymatory, and the spear heads, and the coins of Boadicea, found in the neighbourhood, indicating a stronghold of the Iceni around which wheeled the Roman cohorts in the days of Cæsar.

In 1450, Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, held the manor, and from it rode out to the Battle of Northampton, where he fell. Eighty-eight years later the manor was in the possession of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the confidant of Cardinal Wolsey. In this distinguished man we have the first connecting link between Haverhill and Protestantism, to which in his century Haverhill contributed three heroic martyrs, men of pure and amiable conduct, of unimpeachable piety, of spotless integrity, who were ready at the Master's call to lay down their lives, and 'of whom' truly 'the world was not worthy.' Fuller and Foxe have in their own way enshrined in faithful memorial many of such less-known worthies, but the number is almost without limit of those who fought and fell for 'Christ's crown and covenant,' whose

praises no bard has sung, and over whose dust no friendly hand has raised a recording stone. Is it not well that, whenever some vagrant breeze brings to us the names of any of these whose story is well-nigh forgotten, we should pause awhile, and ponder the record of their lives and the times in which they were passed? The mind must be ill constituted that remains unbenefited by the momentary meditation.

In some of these little old tumble-down houses, belonging to no order of architecture, within fifty years, three sturdy confessors first saw the light—Thomas Cobb, Samuel Ward and Samuel Farrelough. The first, Thomas Cobb, was born here in 1555. A brief account of his life, not the less thrilling because of its brevity, informs us that he closed his career at the stake at Thetford, where he was burnt for ‘contumacy.’

The second, Samuel Ward, was born in 1577, and became celebrated as one of the Puritan Divines. Dr. Ward has found a deserved place among ‘Fuller’s Worthies.’ His father appears to have been Vicar of Haverhill, and this may account for the theological bias and training he received. He was at one time appointed the ‘Town Preacher’ at Ipswich, but so bold and outspoken was he that he soon became obnoxious to the iniquitous judges of the Star Chamber and was ‘silenced.’ Subsequently, during the Parliamentary wars, he suffered so much persecution and for so long a period, that nature at last succumbed. Without hesitation, he may be ranked amongst those who were ‘persecuted to the death.’

The last of this noble trio was Samuel Farrelough, born in 1594. The materials for his biography are almost as scanty as those relating to Thomas Cobb. He became, like Dr. Ward, distinguished as a Puritan Preacher, and was successful in obtaining preferment under the Commonwealth, being appointed Rector of Barnardiston and Kidlington. From this living he was, as a stout *protector*, ejected, under the Act of Uniformity, and so intense was his grief at the separation from his flock, among whom he had so faithfully ministered, that he died of ‘a broken heart’ in the year 1667.

The character of the place appears to have always been the same. Its inhabitants bore a continuous protesting against the forms and ceremonies of a Church they deemed idolatrous. Possibly their Puritanism borrowed much of its vitality from those high-souled men and women who had fled to Haverhill upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who, for the asylum they found, freely imparted their faith, and their knowledge of the mysteries of the manufacture of foreign fabrics.

In 1643, shocked by the proceedings at the parish church, the people invoked the authorities at Westminster, and under an order of the Earl of Manchester ‘pictures and ornaments,’ regarded as grossly super-

stitutions, were destroyed. It would be well if Protestants in our day showed more desire to get rid of the mummeries that desecrate city churches, as well as those in the far away village and hamlets, where a feeble imitation of the Romish ritual is made to supply the deficiencies of those who should be shepherds to the flock.

With a thankful heart I quitted Haverhill, meditating on its associations with stirring periods of our history, and on the 'men of faith' by whose noble lives were sown the seed of which the harvest waveth now.

'I SHALL NOT WANT:'

A MEDITATION.

So many crosses to bear, so many struggles to go through, so many heights of spiritual attainment to climb; so many errors to unlearn and follies to repent, and fancies to give up; so much hard work to do, and so many little pleasures to set aside and great emergencies to meet,—and shall I get through? shall I not only be *kept*, but by these very means, and beyond all my present thought, be endowed and sanctified?

To sit down in this narrow corner of existence, compassed about with infirmity, knowing nothing but 'in part,' with sin beneath my feet, but like fire in smouldering ashes, subdued, yet not extinct, and to look out and round and forward, through all the possibilities and exigencies of time, the glooms of death, the terrors of judgment, and on to the unknown boundless requirements of eternity, and to say intelligently and without misgiving, "I shall not want," nothing need hurt me, no enemy can slay me, no flood can drown me, no death can destroy me,—this is faith indeed; but it is the simplest and most obvious dictate of *reason* to him who can say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

G. G. F.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR MARCH, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.
1877.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
March 2	6 43	5 43	6 4m	6 21m	3 30m	3 25m	6 54m
12	6 21	6 0	5 59	6 6	3 19	2 51	6 17
22	5 58	6 17	5 50	5 49	3 6	2 16	5 39
April 1	5 35	6 34	5 38	5 30	2 50	1 40	5 2

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Mar. 6th, Last Quarter 10h. 1m. after. | 22nd, First Quarter .. 1h. 9m. after.
 15th, New Moon 2h. 54m. morn. | 29th, Full Moon 5h. 49m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 10th	6h. after., Apogee; 252,046 miles.
" 26th	5h. after., Perigee; 226,331 "
Mean distance for the month	239,188 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st	90,893,100 miles.
April 1st	91,679,640 "
Increase of distance for the month	786,540 "

The most remarkable astronomical event of 1876, occurred toward the close of the year. On the evening of Friday, Nov. 24th, about 5h. 45m., mean time at Athens, the Director of the Observatory there, M. Schmidt, noticed something unusual in the configuration of the stars in the northern constellation, Cygnus. An intruder, in the shape of a third magnitude star, had appeared to the south-eastward of a well known star, between fourth and fifth magnitude, distinguished by the Greek letter ρ in that constellation. Its mean place for the beginning of the year, or rather its place referred to the mean equinox at the beginning of the year, is right ascension, 21h. 36m. 50s., N. declination 42 deg. 19m. 26s. The star has not been found in any of the existing catalogues; and it is therefore almost certain that it must have been below the ninth magnitude before the late catastrophe, if we may call it such, occurred. It continued to shine out as a third magnitude star, or slightly less, for the three evenings following that on which it was discovered, when it began suddenly and sensibly to diminish. On the 1st of December it was below the fifth magnitude, on the 8th it was below the sixth, and required a very sharp eye to see it. It will, of course, be narrowly watched when the sky is clear; but this has been, with us, a rare event for some time past.

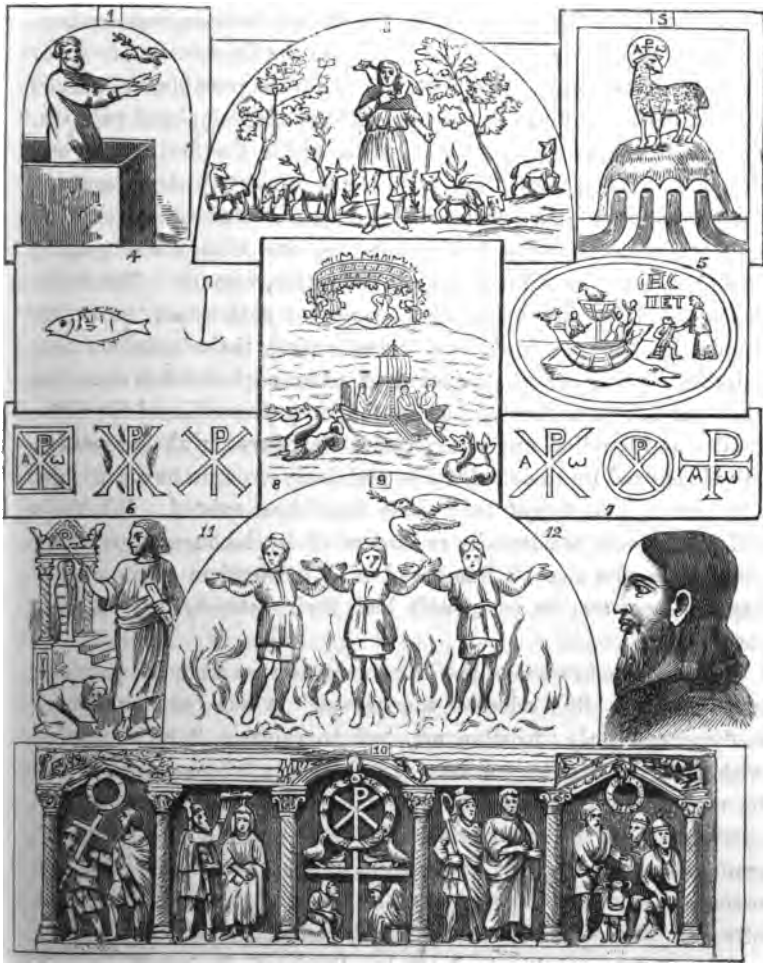
This object may prove to be one of those outbursts of flaming hydrogen, with which spectroscopists are

now familiar, on the surface of our own Sun; but on a scale which we have never witnessed, and which an inhabitant of the Earth, or of any of her sister planets, could never witness, unless for a moment, and that moment would be his dissolution; for 'the elements' would 'melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein' would be 'burned up.' Those who disbelieve in the occurrence of catastrophes in connection with our Earth, and who say so confidently that all things continue, and must continue as they were from the beginning of the creation, would do well to remember that they do happen under our own eyes, in other regions of the universe, and with a startling suddenness.

In Northern Asia a partial eclipse of the Sun may be witnessed on the morning of the 16th, between 1h. 15m. and 4h. 1m. Greenwich mean time.

The Sun crosses the Equator on the 20th, at noon, and the Spring quarter commences.

All the larger planets, except Uranus and Neptune, are morning stars throughout this month; and there are some remarkable conjunctions: on the 1st, at 3h. in the afternoon, Mars and Jupiter will be distant only half a degree; on the 16th, at 10h. in the morning, Venus will be within twenty minutes of Saturn; at the same hour on the 19th, Mercury will be within half a degree of Saturn; and on the 26th, at 3h. in the morning, it will be within forty minutes of Venus.



THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

(Continued from page 192.)

SUCCESSING generations of Roman Catholics decorated the sepulchres of the saints after a costly sort. They rudely disturbed the ashes of hundreds of less known worthies, to obtain graves for themselves as nearly as possible in contact with those of the martyrs. Wholesale destruction was also done in the erection of basilicas over the tombs counted most sacred. Damasus,

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Bishop of Rome from A.D. 366 to 384, sternly forbade such desecration, though he permitted interment in the Catacombs, if vacant space could be found. He restored, so far as possible, the ruined portions of the vaults, cleared the galleries of accumulated rubbish, and composed inscriptions for slabs on which the first legend was illegible. When the Goths sacked Rome (A.D. 410), they respected the sacredness of death, and pillaged none of the shrines. Subsequent conquerors were less scrupulous, and church and gallery and chamber were alike despoiled by ruthless hands. The faithful assisted by and by in the process of destruction, removing bodies by the cart-load, and transforming their members into miracle-working relics. A period of utter neglect followed, when shepherds littered their flocks in the more accessible of the Catacombs, and banditti and conspirators harboured in their recesses. Weeds choked up their entrances, and decay wrought havoc within. Practically, men forgot that these sepulchres existed. When, in 1578, they were accidentally re-discovered by labourers quarrying pozzuolana, the city of Rome and all Christendom were amazed beyond measure; so completely had their memory passed from men's minds.

Much of the interest of the Catacombs accrues from the painting and sculpture that adorned the graves. It has been customary to disparage early Christian art, and to contrast it unfavourably with contemporary Pagan art. But before a fair comparison can be made, the respective circumstances in which the two were produced must be considered. The Pagan artist was a trained professional, he wrought in daylight and at leisure, his tools and materials were the best procurable. The Christian sculptor was often the *fossor*—or mason—who had excavated the tomb, with no tools but those of his trade and only the flickering light of a swinging lamp, and he wrought secretly and in haste. Besides, in his and his employer's view, execution was but of secondary importance. A *symbol* lost none of its value because it was rudely traced. And whatever else they might be, the pictures in the Catacombs were, first and foremost, expressions of love and hope and faith. Yet, spite of every disadvantage, this subterranean art is by no means despicable; unquestionable traces remain of rich colours that time and damp have despoiled of their brightness;

the drawing is often free and correct, and the conception not seldom noble and striking. But in one respect early Christian art towers far above the Pagan, namely, in the spirit that actuated it. The paintings discovered in the houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii defile the walls; in them every abomination finds its counterpart, shameless licentiousness runs riot. But the pictures that decorate the rocky couches of the Christian dead are as pure as the religion in which the sleepers believed, and suggest only holy and healthful thoughts.

The symbolism of the early Church was partly its own, and partly an adaptation of heathen emblems. The crown and the palm had denoted triumph long previous to the Christian era; St. Paul's simile for hope as the sure and steadfast anchor had also been anticipated; a ship in full sail had betokened the close of life before it was employed to represent the Church. Some Pagan symbols were boldly seized and put to other uses; thus Juno's peacock became, by a curious confusion with the fabled phoenix, the sign of immortality; the dove represented the Holy Spirit; and the stag, the Christian slaking his thirst at the fountain of living waters. Two emblems, however, were exclusively Christian, the fish and the cross.* The initial letters of the Greek words for 'Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour,' formed the Greek word for fish. A fish thus concisely expressed one main article of the Christian creed; engraved upon a tomb, it told the faith of both the living and the dead. Consequently it is found very frequently, either alone or in company with other symbols, in every conceivable style of art, from the roughest scratching to the most elaborate sculpture. In figure 4 (see page 145) it occurs side by side with an anchor, probably indicating that the sleeper rests in the hope of Christ. This slab is remarkable as being the earliest *dated* example of the fish symbol (A.D. 234). Often it is conjoined with a dove and an olive-branch. A seal found in one of the Catacombs (fig. 5) presents a noteworthy combination of metaphor: A fish—Jesus Christ—bears upon its back a ship—the Church. Upon the mast and stern sit doves, in this case probably denoting believers. Two Apostles row the vessel, while a third

* We are aware of the existence of pre-Christian crosses, but these bore no relation whatever to those of the Catacombs.

is praying with uplifted hands. The other figures are our Lord and Peter, their identity being determined by the names over their heads; the reference appears to be to Christ's rescue of Peter from drowning when he essayed to walk upon the sea of Gennesareth.

The cross is of rather infrequent occurrence, except in a disguised form. The hatred and scorn with which the Pagan regarded that symbol, and the ease with which he could interpret it, account for what at first sight seems a startling omission. Such crosses as have been discovered with earlier dates than the fifth century, were modifications of the famous 'Constantinian monogram.' Constantine ascribed his conversion to a vision of this image he professed to have seen before his victory at the Milvian bridge. He adopted it as his standard, and caused it to be engraved upon the helmets and shields of his soldiers; 'and so for the first time the meek and peaceful Jesus became a God of battle; and the cross, the holy sign of Christian redemption, a banner of bloody strife.'* Of its origin Mr. Withrow gives the following account: 'This monogram is formed, as will be perceived, by the combination of the Greek characters X and P, the first two letters of the word ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ; or Christ. It may, indeed, be regarded rather as a contracted form of writing that word than as a proper symbol, just as we sometimes write Xt and Xmas for Christ and Christmas. Indeed, it most probably originated in the prevalent practice of contracted and monogrammatic writing, of which we have so many examples in these inscriptions. That the monogram stands for the name of our Lord will be apparent from an examination of a few of the inscriptions in which it occurs . . . IN PACE ET IN  DEO — "In peace and in Christ God"; BIBAS† IN  — "May you live in Christ"; IN  VICTRIX, which probably meant "Victrix (a woman's name), victorious in Christ." Figures 6 and 7 give different shapes of this monogram, from the last of which to the Latin cross the transformation was easy. The reader will note the Alpha and Omega in three of the examples, in allusion to Revelation i. 8. No trace of the idolatrous veneration for the cross, subsequently so prevalent,

* Dean Milman.

† For Vivas, *δ* is generally employed in the inscriptions for *α*.

can be found in the Catacombs; nor has a solitary pictorial representation of the crucifixion been discovered there.

Symbolic paintings relative to our Lord abound. Two of these (figures 2 and 3) are engraved at the head of this article. To the eye of the uninitiated, Christ, as the Good Shepherd, surrounded by His flock, would seem only an ordinary pastoral scene. With what different feelings would the Christian gaze upon it! To him it would be brimful of most precious teaching. We cannot wonder, then, at the frequency of its occurrence in the Catacombs. Generally, the Shepherd is a beardless but beautiful youth, dressed after the Roman fashion, and carrying a sheep upon his shoulders, a manifest reference to the touching parable of the Lost Sheep. Occasionally a goat or a kid takes the place of the sheep, not by accident, or in imitation of the pagan god Pan, but in token of Christ's desire to call 'sinners to repentance.' Often the shepherd carries a staff or a crook, on which, though less often, he leans wearily, and more than once he is portrayed as sitting from sheer fatigue.* Now and then a fold may be seen in the background, or the disciples figure as under shepherds. Mark, in our picture, the postures of the sheep: two are listening intently to the Good Shepherd's words, three feed with backs toward Him, as believers who are too greatly occupied with the concerns of this world; on either hand, a truant is departing, though the one on the Good Shepherd's right is more than half inclined to return.

The symbolic Lamb rivals in numbers the symbolic Shepherd. The Old Testament, the Gospels, the Epistles, the Apocalypse, all testify to the appropriateness of the emblem. The specimen on page 145 is one of the most remarkable. The nimbus around the head contains both the 'sacred monogram' and the mystic letters. The mound perhaps represents Mount Zion (Rev. xiv. 1), and the four streams the four Evangelists, or the four rivers of Eden, or the 'river of water of life, . . . proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,' and flowing to the four points of the compass. This double and apparently contradictory symbolism is easily justified: 'This Lamb restores the lost world with His blood. Dead and living, I am but one; I am at once the Shepherd and the Lamb.'

* Mr. Withrow aptly quotes the most pathetic line in the *Dies Ira*,

'Quærens me sedisti lassus.'

('Faint and weary Thou hast sought me.')

Literally, 'Seeking me Thou satest down outwearied.'

'The same Lamb and Shepherd rules us in the world Who from wolves has made us lambs. He is now the Shepherd of those sheep for Whom He was once the victim Lamb.'

A large proportion, however, of the pictures in the Catacombs are not emblematic. The artist has endeavoured to reproduce Biblical scenes. We give three examples (figures 1, 9, 8) of the treatment of Old Testament subjects. The representations of Noah in the ark invariably excite a smile. An open box does duty for the ark, in which Noah stands in solitary state, nearly always receiving the dove. The three Hebrew children usually fare rather better. They are dressed in Hebrew costume, 'the lambent flames around' them 'play' harmlessly; their attitude is triumphant, and sometimes a dove with an olive branch hovers over them, the sign of assured conquest and peace. 'The Form of the fourth' is always absent, the early artist's reverence would not permit him to attempt to portray the Divine. To a persecuted church, what more animating than the remembrance of the deliverance God had wrought out for His faithful servants, who had defied the fire for His sake! The history of Jonah was a favourite subject with these Christian artists; how could it be otherwise, when the Master had employed it as the type of His resurrection, the pledge of their own? In the instance we have selected, the narrative is recorded in one scene; in several cases the ship is a mere cockle-shell, the crew a single individual, and the monster receives Jonah on one side of the vessel and vomits him on the other. In one case Noah is grotesquely painted beckoning his dove from the prow of Jonah's ship! Other subjects from the Old Testament were Moses and the burning bush, Moses striking the rock, Moses receiving the Law from God (the Deity being symbolized only by a hand), the sufferings of Job, the translation of Elijah, and the fall of the first pair.

The New Testament series deals chiefly with the history of Jesus, most of the more prominent events of His life being depicted. The raising of Lazarus is naturally of frequent occurrence. As in figure 11, the tomb is an ordinary Roman construction; Lazarus is an erect mummy, which Jesus touches with His rod. Plainly the representation of our Lord is in no sense a portrait, but only a conventional image. The woman kneeling at His feet is Mary, thanking Him for the restoration of her brother to her. The oldest picture of Jesus that attempts to portray His appearance is

copied in figure 12; from this head Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Caracci drew their conceptions of the physiognomy of our Lord. It is certainly of no earlier date than the latter half of the fourth century, and can have no pretensions to be considered a likeness.

The slab from a sarcophagus in the Lateran Museum (figure 10) possesses for two reasons a peculiar interest. In the first place its centre compartment contains a remarkable example of the Constantinian monogram. It is 'supported on a cross, and surrounded by a wreath, at which doves are pecking; probably a symbol of the souls of the blessed feeding on the hope of an immortal crown and the sweetness of eternal bliss. Beneath are crouched two soldiers, types, it is thought, of the Christian warriors not yet entered into rest, whose only place of safety is at the foot of the Cross; or they may refer to the Draconii, or imperial guard of the Labarum, who, according to Eusebius, passed unhurt amid showers of javelins.' But the slab is still more valuable, because it is, according to the admission of Papist authorities, 'the nearest resemblance to the later representations of our Saviour's Passion to be found in early Christian art.'* On the extreme right is Pilate, hesitating as to the condemnation of Jesus; a servant stands by with the jug and basin he has called for to wash his hands in testimony of Christ's innocence, while his wife in the background protests against the contemplated injustice. In the next compartment Jesus is guarded by a Roman soldier, evidently awaiting His sentence from Pilate; the crown above Pilate's head may indicate the reward of those who witness a good confession before governors and kings. On the left of the monogram Christ is being crowned, but not with thorns; a wreath of flowers, emblematic of His victory, is about to descend upon His brow. The last panel represents either Jesus or Simon the Cyrenian bearing the cross, in custody of a Roman soldier. 'But,' acknowledges Dr. Northcote again, 'there are none of the traces of suffering with which later artists have familiarized our imagination, and the crown above points to the reward for bearing the cross after our suffering Master.' All this is in perfect keeping with the character of the subterranean pictures;—they tell of joy and triumph, of faith and hope.

(To be concluded.)

* Dr. Northcote.

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CONFERENCE AT HICKORY RIDGE.

MORE than two years have passed since Morton made his great sacrifice. You may see him now riding up to the Hickory-Ridge Church—a ‘hewed-log’ country meeting-house. He is dressed in homespun clothes; his coat is straight-breasted, and his best hat a white one with a broad brim. The face is still fresh, despite the conflicts and hardships of one year’s travel in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and the sickness and exposure of another year in the malarious cane-brakes of Western Tennessee. Perils of Indians, perils of floods, perils of alligators, perils of bad food, perils of damp beds, perils of robbers, perils of rowdies, perils of fevers, and the weariness of five thousand miles of horseback riding in a year, with five or six hundred preachings in the same time, and the care of numberless scattered churches in the wilderness, have conspired to give sedateness to his countenance. And yet there is a youthfulness about the sun-browned cheeks, and a lingering expression of that sort of humour about the eyes which Western people call ‘mischief,’ that match but grotesquely with white hat and straight-breasted coat.

He has been a preacher almost ever since he became a Methodist. How did he get his theological education? It used to be said that Methodist Preachers were educated by the old ones telling the young ones all they knew; but besides this oral instruction Morton carried in his saddle-bags John Wesley’s simple, solid sermons, Charles Wesley’s hymns, and a Bible. Having little of the theory and system of theology, he nevertheless took lessons in the larger school of life and practical observation. For the rest, the free criticism to which he was subject from other Preachers, and the contact with a few families of refinement, had obliterated his dialect. Naturally a gentleman at heart, he had, from the few stately gentlemen that he met, quickly learned to be a gentleman in manners. He is regarded as a young man of great promise by the older brethren; his clear voice is very charming; his strong and manly speech and his tender feeling are very inspiring; and on his two Circuits he has reported extraordinary revivals. Some of the old men sagely predict that ‘he’s got bishop-timber in him;’ but no such ambitious dreams disturb his sleep. He has not ‘gone into a decline’ on

account of Patty. A healthy nature will bear heavy blows. But there is a pain, somewhere—everywhere—in his being, when he thinks of the girl who stood just above him in the spelling-class. He does not like this regretful feeling; he prays to be forgiven for it; he acknowledges in Class-meeting and in Love-feast that he is too much like Lot's wife—he finds his heart prone to look back toward the objects he once loved. Often in riding through the stillness of a deep forest—and the primeval forest is to him the peculiar abode of the Almighty—his noble voice rings out fervently and even pathetically the stanza :

‘The dearest idol I have known,
Whate’er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!’

No man can enjoy a joke with more zest than he, and none can tell a story more effectively in a generation of Preachers who are all good story-tellers. He loves his work; its dangers and difficulties satisfy the ambition of his boyhood; and he has had no misgivings, except when once or twice he has revisited his parents in the Hissawachee Bottom. Then the longing to see Patty has seized him, and he has been fain to hurry away, praying to be delivered from every snare of the enemy.

He is not the only man in a straight-breasted coat who is approaching the country meeting-house. It is Conference-time, and the greetings are hearty and familiar. Everybody is glad to see everybody; and, after a year of separation, nobody can afford to stand on ceremony with anybody else. Morton has hardly alighted before half a dozen Preachers have rushed up to him and taken him by the hand. A tall brother, with a grotesque twitch in his face, cries out :

‘How do you do, Brother Goodwin? Glad to see the alligators haven’t finished you!’

To which Morton returns a laughing reply; but suddenly he sees, standing back of the rest and waiting his turn, a young man with a solemn, sallow face, pinched by sickness and exposure, and bordered by the straight black hair that falls on each side of it; he wears over his clothes a blanket with arm-holes cut through, and seems to be perpetually awaiting an ague-chill. Seeing him,

Morton pushes the rest aside, and catches the wan hand in both of his own with a cry, 'Kike, God bless you! How are you, dear old fellow? You look sick.'

Kike smiled faintly, and Morton threw his arm over his shoulder and looked in his face. 'I am sick, Mort. "Cast down, but not destroyed," you know. I hope "I am ready to be offered" up.'

'Not a bit of it. You've got to get better. "Offered up"? Why you aren't fit to offer to an alligator. Where are you staying?'

'Out there.' Kike pointed to the tents of a camp-meeting barely visible through the trees. The people in the neighbourhood of the Hickory Ridge Church, being unable to entertain the Conference in their homes, had resorted to the device of getting up a camp-meeting. It was easier to take care of the Preachers out of doors than in. Morton shook his head as he walked with Kike to the thin canvas tent under which he had been assigned to sleep. The white spot on the end of Kike's nose and the blue lines under his finger-nails told plainly of the on-coming chill, and Morton hurried away to find some better shelter for him than under this thin sheet. But this was hard to do. The few brethren in the neighbourhood had already filled their cabins full of guests, mostly in infirm health; and Kike being one of the younger men, renowned only for his piety and his revivals, had not been thought of for a place elsewhere than on the camp-ground. Finding it impossible to get a more comfortable resting-place for his friend, Morton turned to seek for a physician. The only doctor in the neighbourhood was a Presbyterian Minister, retired from the ministry on account of his impaired health. To him Morton went to ask for medicine for Kike.

'Doctor Morgan, there is a Preacher sick down at the camp-ground,' said Morton, 'and——'

'And you want me to see him,' said the doctor, in an alert, anticipative fashion, seizing his 'pill-bags' and donning his hat.

When the two rode up to the tent in which Kike was lodged, they found a Prayer-meeting of a very exciting kind going on in the tent adjoining.

'A bad place for a sick man, Sir,' he said to Morton, with great positiveness.

'I know it is, doctor,' said Morton; 'and I've done my best to get him out of it, but I cannot. See how thin this tent-cover is.'

'And the malaria of these woods is awful.'

They had now reached the corner of the tent where Kike lay on a straw pallet, holding his hands to his head. The noise from the Prayer-meeting was more than his weary brain would bear.

'Can you sit on my horse?' said the doctor, promptly proceeding to lift Kike without even explaining to him who he was, or where he proposed to take him.

Morton helped to place Kike in the saddle, but the poor fellow was shaking so that he could not sit there. Morton then brought out Dolly, and took the slight form of Kike in his arms, he riding on the croup, and the sick man in the saddle.

'Where shall I ride to, doctor?'

'To my house,' said the doctor, mounting his own horse, and spurring off to have a bed made ready for Kike.

Such a bed as Kike found in Dr. Morgan's house! After the rude bear-skins upon which he had languished in the backwoods-cabins, after the musty feather-beds in freezing lofts, and the pallets of leaves upon which he had shivered and scorched and fought fleas and mosquitoes, this clean, white bed was like a foretaste of the final rest. But Kike was almost too sick to be grateful. The poor frame had been kept up by will so long, that now that he was on a good bed and had Morton with him he felt that he could afford to be sick. What had been ague settled into that wearisome disease called bilious fever. Morton stayed by him nearly all the time, looking into the Conference now and then to see the venerable Asbury in the Chair, listening to a grand speech from M'Kendree, attending on the third day of the session, when, with the others who had been preaching two years on probation, he was called forward to answer the 'Questions' always propounded to 'Candidates for admission to the Conference.' Kike only was missing from the list of those who were to have heard the bishop's exhortations, full of martial fire, and to have answered his questions in regard to their spiritual state.

The strange mystery in which appointments were involved could not but pique curiosity. Morton having had one year of mountains, and one year of cane-brakes, had come to wish for one year of a little more comfort and a little better support. There is a romance about going threadbare and tattered in a good cause, but even the romance gets threadbare and tattered if it last too long,

and one wishes for a little sober reality of warm clothes to relieve a romance, charming enough in itself, but dull when it grows monotonous.

The awful hour of appointments came on at last. The brave-hearted men sat down before the bishop and before God, not knowing what was to be their fate. Morton could not guess where he was going. A miasmatic cane-brake, or a deadly cypress swamp, might be his doom, or he might—but no, he would not hope that his lot might fall in Ohio. He was a young man, and a young man must take his chances. Morton found himself more anxious about Kike than about himself. Where would the bishop send the invalid? With Kike it might be a matter of life and death, and Kike would not hear of being left without work. He meant, he said, to ‘cease at once to work and live.’

The brethren, still in sublime ignorance of their destiny, sang fervently :

‘Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky,
Angels and men before Him fall,
And devils fear and fly.

‘O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.’

And when they reached the last stanzas there was the ring of soldiers ready for battle in their martial voices. That some of them would die from exposure, malaria or accident during the next year was probable. Tears came to their eyes, and they involuntarily began to grasp the hands of those who stood next them as they approached the climax of the hymn, which the bishop read impressively, two lines at a time, for them to sing :

‘His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim,
’Tis all my business here below
To cry, “Behold the Lamb!”

‘Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
“Behold, behold the Lamb!”

Then they resumed their seats, and the venerable Asbury, with calmness and with a voice faltering with age, gave them a brief address; tender and sympathetic at first, earnest as he proceeded, and full of ardour and courage at the close.

‘When the British Admiralty,’ he said, ‘wanted some man to take Quebec, they began with the oldest General first, asking him, “General, will you go and take Quebec?” To which he made reply, “It is a very difficult enterprise.” “You may stand aside,”

they said. One after another the Generals answered that they would, in some more or less indefinite manner, until the youngest man on the list was reached. "General Wolfe," they said, "will you go and take Quebec?" "I'll do it or die," he replied.' Here the bishop paused, looked round about upon them, and added, with a voice full of emotion, 'He went, and did both. We send you first to take the country allotted to you. We want only men who are determined to "do it or die!" Some of you, dear brethren, will do both. If you fall, let us hear that you fell like Methodist Preachers at your post, face to the foe, and the shout of victory on your lips.'

The effect of this speech was beyond description. There were sobs, and cries of 'Amen!' 'God grant it!' 'Halleluiah!' from every part of the old log church. Every man was ready for the hardest place, if he must. Gravely, as one who trembles at his responsibility, the bishop brought out his list. No man looked any more upon his fellow. Every one kept his eyes fixed upon the paper from which the bishop read the appointments, until his own name was reached. Some showed pleasure when their names were called, others could not conceal a look of pain. When the reading had proceeded half-way down the list, Morton heard, with a little start, the words slowly announced as the bishop's eyes fall on him:

'Jenkinsville Circuit—Morton Goodwin.'

Well, at least Jenkinsville was in Ohio. But it was in the wickedest part of Ohio. Morton half suspected that he was indebted to his muscle, his courage and his quick wit for the appointment. The rowdies of Jenkinsville Circuit were worse than the alligators of Mississippi. But he was young, hopeful and brave, and rather relished a difficult field than otherwise. He listened now for Kike's name. It came at the bottom of the list:

'Pottawottomie Creek—W. T. Smith, Hezekiah Lumsden.'

The bishop had not dared to entrust a Circuit to a man so sick as Kike was. He had, therefore, sent him as 'second man' or 'junior preacher' on a Circuit in the wilderness of Michigan.

The last appointment having been announced, a simple benediction closed the services, and the brethren who had foregone houses and homes and fathers and mothers and wives and children for the kingdom of heaven's sake, saddled their horses,

called, one by one, at Dr. Morgan's to say a brotherly 'God bless you!' to the sick Kike, and rode away, each in his own direction, and all with a self-immolation to the Cause rarely seen since the Middle Age. They rode away, all but Kike, languishing yet with fever, and Morton, watching by his side.

'I DO PRAY WHEN I CAN.'

So said a young woman in the prime of life, as she lay on her dying bed, only a few hours before her departure. The writer was sent for to visit her, and found her sinking fast. Her past life had been spent in wickedness; though she had a praying mother and brother she heeded them not, she chose to follow the path of sin rather than the path of the righteous.

Disease seized the mortal frame, and laid it low. Surrounded by strangers, no one seemed to know much of the state of her mind. All I said she admitted to be right; but to me, no sorrow for sin was manifested, though in extreme weakness she might feel more than she could express. I asked her if she felt God for Christ's sake had pardoned her sins, she answered feebly, 'I feel better than I did; I do pray when I can.' I talked to her of the plan of salvation through Jesus, and asked if I should pray, at which she nodded assent. I went again the second day, and found her sinking fast, quite unconscious; in fact, she gasped for breath. I stayed nearly an hour, prayed by her bedside, but all was over here; the spirit fled about half an hour after I left the house. I will not dare to limit the mercy of God, but whilst merciful, He is also just. Prayer was offered for the sinner, but whether she was penitent I cannot say, the Judge of all only knows.

Reader, art thou saying, 'I pray when I can'?

Perhaps sickness has not yet overtaken you, you are still engrossed with worldly cares, and you have no time to pray because you think you have no time. Alas! poor mortal, you are dying daily; soon these absorbing cares will have to be laid aside, and you must find time to die; there will be no choice in the matter when the Master calls for you. You cannot then say, 'Wait a little longer, I am not ready:' no, no! the summons comes, and you must obey. You are laid low, extreme weakness or excruciating pain prostrates the body, you no longer have any control over it, and you begin to think you are not ready for dying. Ah! poor sinner, you have allowed time to pass, expecting, as it were, to live here always, but you find out your mistake; or perhaps you think as you are well there is no need for prayer; you

will wait until you are ill, and laid on a bed of affliction. Can you assure yourself of such an opportunity? What if you fall a victim to sudden accident, or are deprived of reason, what then? O, seek the Lord now, give Him your heart, lay aside all sin, come to Jesus! Let Him have the best of your days, not the last hours, when strength is gone and life fast ebbing out, and you want religion to sustain you. I have seen many a sufferer on a sick bed, racked with pain; I know what affliction is, and these have led me to wonder how I could leave salvation to be sought at such times. Time has been when I could not pray, but I calmly rested on the Atoning Blood of the Lamb. Jesus would not leave me because affliction deprived me of the power of uttering words; no, for I sought and found Him in my early days, and now He makes me glad. Dear reader, seek and obtain that peace of mind 'which passeth all understanding;' not in your last moments of suffering, but now, whilst in health. Let the Giver of all mercies have your best days, then when pain racks the body, He will not leave you, but ever be by your side.

J. LAMBERT.

SABBATH WORSHIP.

To-day the Church in earth and
 heaven is one,
 In mingled sanctity and worship
 blending,
 As though the world's millennium had
 begun,
 Ineffable, unending.
 They sing the song of Moses and the
 Lamb
 In concert sweet, the ravish'd spirit
 filling;
 The melting harmonies of Jesu's name
 Both the rapt choirs are thrilling.
 To-day a mystic link of holy union
 Draws the Church militant with soft
 constraint
 Nearer the triumphs of the high com-
 munion
 Of martyr, seer, and saint.
 The Sabbath worship of the heavenly
 host
 Comes down in echoes all sublimely
 glorious,
 Wafted on Sabbath gales, from coast
 to coast,
 The songs of the victorious!

In hill-side chapel, on the lonely moor,
 Up in the woodlands, at the cottage-
 meeting,
 Where peasants kneel upon the humble
 floor,
 Comes the celestial greeting!
 Heaven's songs are heard—the grey
 Cathedral sings
 Responsive hymns, and twice ten
 thousand voices
 Catch the grand strain which Sabbath
 worship brings,
 Earth shouts, and heaven rejoices!
 Roll on, roll on, magnificate divine!
 Commingle still in anthems all re-
 fining;
 Sing, earth and heaven, in melodies
 benign,
 In sacred concord joining!
 To-day we hail and join our conquering
 friends,
 And every tongue is vocal with their
 chorus;
 Soon shall we join them, when earth's
 journey ends,
 They are but gone before us.

O glorious Sabbath! when around the
throne
The Church of the First-born shall
stand complete,
Pilgrims from every nation, every zone,
In triumph there shall meet.

Body and soul for ever reunited,
Christ's victors now with Christ His
victory share
In the grand temple by God's
presence lighted,
To bow and worship *there*.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

EMILE F. COOK.

(Concluded from page 117.)

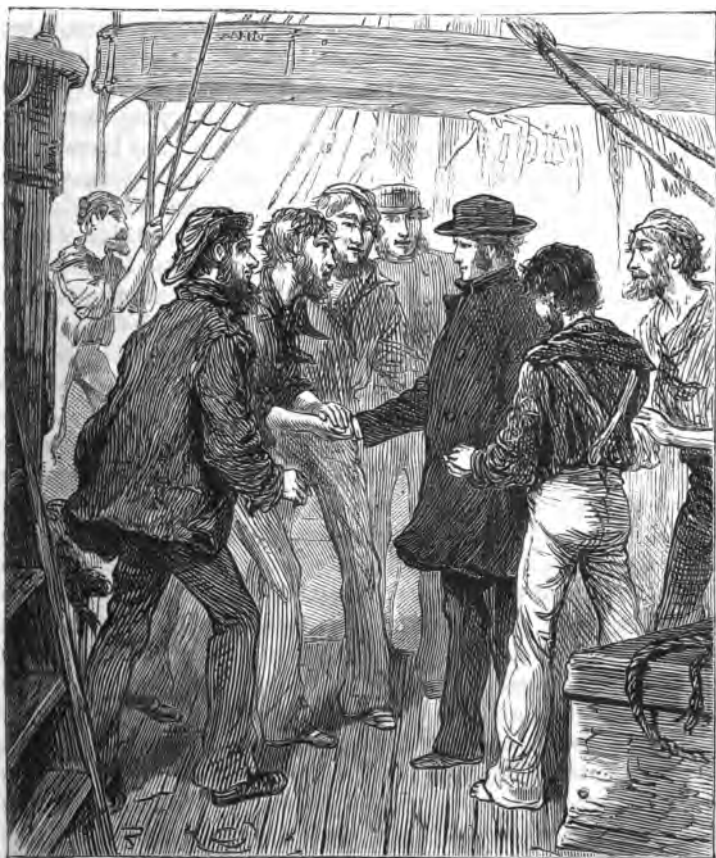
THOUGH in the eyes of the law a foreigner by virtue of his father's nationality, Emile Cook was full of patriotism for the land of his birth and adoption, and on the commencement of the war with Germany, resolved to enrol himself as a French citizen. Having taken his family to Jersey, he returned to Paris to share the perils and minister to the wants of his fellow citizens during the expected siege. As a member of the Auxiliary Committee of Help for the Wounded, he assisted in the preparation of ambulances for the provinces, and subsequently in making similar arrangements for Paris and its environs.

Under his direction the Wesleyan chapel and school-room were converted into a hospital, which was soon filled by wounded soldiers whom he had found on the ramparts. The great majority of the patients were Catholics, one of whom expressed great satisfaction at being nursed and tended 'in the house of the good God.' Eager to show their gratitude for the care bestowed on them, the men listened respectfully and even anxiously to conversation about their souls; and there was reason to hope that in some hearts the seed of the kingdom had been effectually sown.

Further particulars of M. Cook's unremitting labours and strange experiences during the terrible weeks of the siege, are given in a journal which M. Farjat has compiled from his letters.

'October 2nd.—I did not wish to leave to any one the honour of tending our first wounded. There are four of them sleeping soundly; only one of them, wounded in the breast by a ball, tosses from time to time, and utters a sort of groan. They seem delighted to find themselves here, and have already understood that they will be well cared for. This evening two of them were reading the New Testament with great attention.

'December 3rd.—At the Committee on Monday, we were warned to prepare for a sortie on the morrow. At four o'clock we were up; at half-past four one of the carriages was before the door; we put in the litters, my valise filled with bread, chocolate, brandy, wine, coffee, tea, water,



(See page 165.)

etc., for it might happen that we should be two or three days absent. There were other twelve "evangelical ambulance" carriages; but having been informed that the attack had been deferred, we were obliged to postpone our departure until the morrow. At seven o'clock on Friday morning we were at the Champs de Mars, where hundreds of ambulance carriages were assembled, and at half-past seven we were *en route* for Créteil, where we found work in abundance. My carriage was full of the wounded. I was going to get in, when they cried, "The enemy is coming!" A poor wounded man is there on the stretcher; they do not know where to put him; I help to carry him to another carriage; I even believe that I carried him in my arms; and, meanwhile, my carriage moves

on at full speed towards Paris, and leaves me in the icy cold, in a perspiration, without great-coat, without comforter, without provisions, a good hour's walk from the Barriere de Charenton.

'Dec. 21st.—To-day's battle is the first of a series of engagements which must lead to a decisive result. I do not think that we have done much to-day, and I scarcely know what we may hope for. The Prussians are strongly entrenched round Paris, and are patiently waiting until we capitulate. The great question is this: Can we make an opening and re-visit Paris? Provisions are becoming exhausted; we have plenty of bread, and until now meat has not failed us, but three-fourths of the population can only procure it with difficulty, and the mortality increases; delicate women, children, old people, are suffering the privations entailed by the state of siege. Nevertheless there is no excitement; Paris is wonderfully calm and steady. O that God would deliver us! He can do it, and I continue to look to and rely on Him.

'January 9th, 1871.—They are now talking of the effect of the bombardment last night; they say that five little boys in a boarding-school have been killed. M. Hollam, who has just come in, says that he was obliged to evacuate his ambulance in Rue de Chevreuse because of the shells which showered down in that direction. It is impossible but that a great increase of suffering should result from this bombardment, but God will spare us, we hope, and shorten these days of affliction.'

In the midst of the excitement and peril of those terrible months, services were regularly held in the two Wesleyan chapels, twice on the Sunday and once during the week. When the danger was at its height, M. Cook made arrangements for a special week of prayer, respecting which he writes: 'There have been in our meetings solemn addresses and fervent and earnest prayers. But I could have wished for more life; and I should have liked them to speak less to men and more to God. I have had in these meetings the firm, inward conviction that God would soon answer our prayers, and those offered for us all over the world at the same time, and that our deliverance was near.'

For a time, however, the answer tarried, and the aspect of affairs grew darker. The Pastor's journal is one long record of calamities;—terrible bombardment by day and night, midnight watching and tending of the sick and wounded, slaughter, famine, disease and death on every hand. At length, on the 28th of January, the conclusion of an armistice afforded temporary relief, and Emile Cook, having in true Methodist fashion secured an accredited substitute to carry on his work in Paris, worn out by long privation and suffering from a return of his inveterate throat complaint, rejoined his family in Jersey.

After three months' rest the critical state of affairs again summoned

the Pastor to the capital, for in his judgment the call of danger was the call of duty. Little did he anticipate, however, the horrors of a second siege, bitterly intensified by internal insurrection and civil war.

Arrived in Paris, he writes, on April 17th: 'It seems like a dream to find myself again alone in my deserted house, at my accustomed post of duty. What a succession of startling, strange events have followed one another amongst us in the last seven or eight months! Yet it is a great relief to me to be here, and I am very happy to have come to occupy my post. I have done right, I am quite persuaded of it; and the incessant noise of the cannonade, the hissing of the shells, what they tell me of the requisitions made in the name of the Commune,—all this affects and excites me less than what I was reading and hearing at Jersey, and the uncertainty of what was really going on in poor Paris. . . . The ambulance flag again floats on our gate. One of our school-rooms has been taken to make a temporary ambulance. I have nothing to do with it—a doctor and his son are there. If I can be useful to them I will do all that belongs to me. I was very pleased to hear the doctor say to me just now, referring to the lamentable excesses of the Commune: "When one no longer believes in God there is nothing to restrain one, and it is the misfortune of our people that they have no religion."'

Unhappily true as was this estimate of the majority of the French nation, there were still a chosen few who as yet had not been 'moved away from the hope of the Gospel,' to whom special power and grace were given in this time of sorest need. 'Our evening meetings,' writes M. Cook, 'are remarkably blessed. That of to-day was the best I have had for a long time; the presence of God was felt there. I spoke on entire sanctification, and that met a necessity deeply felt. "Ah!" they said, "what could you do in Paris? What is the good of going there?" And it seems to me that my ministry is more blessed and useful there than it has ever been.'

After witnessing for two months the cruelty and bloodshed consequent upon the rule of the Commune, fresh indignation was aroused by the report of the proposed execution of the hostages taken from the Government party. A noble remonstrance, drawn up and signed by seventy-four French and foreign Pastors, among whom was Emile Cook, was presented to the Commune. The appeal proved ineffectual; for in Metz the death of the Archbishop and fifty other hostages was resolved upon. This was the last exertion of the power so terribly abused. In a few days the struggle was ended, and the Pastor returned to Jersey. Eight days after he and his family were again at home in Paris. Life in Paris, during the siege and Commune, had profoundly impressed M. Cook with the moral degradation of the French people. He longed that all should be

reached by the Gospel. With a view to raising the necessary funds, relying upon the sympathy shown during the war, he resolved upon making a personal appeal among the English Methodists. He visited England in July, 1871, as the Representative of the French Conference. Here he met with an enthusiastic welcome and a fair amount of success in the main object of his visit. In the following year, having been elected President of the French Conference, he was again chosen as their Representative in England. On his return home the state of his health compelled him to take a few months' rest in the warm climate of the South.

The meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, in September, 1873, again summoned M. Cook, who was appointed Delegate of the French Alliance, to leave his family. Accompanied by other Continental Representatives, he embarked on board the *Ville du Havre*, and after a pleasant voyage, arrived in New York, on September 24th.

Having taken a prominent part in the crowded meetings of the Alliance, M. Cook turned his thoughts to another dearly-cherished purpose of his tour, the collecting of money amongst the American Churches for the maintenance of his mission-work in France. In this respect, however, his visit was in the main a failure. After much eloquent advocacy of his cause in the principal cities of the Union, pecuniary returns were very small, owing doubtless to the great depression of trade in the States.

On the 15th of November, wearied and disappointed, the Pastor, eager to rejoin his friends in France, again took ship on board the ill-fated *Ville du Havre*. The first Sunday of the voyage is memorable for a Children's Service conducted by M. Cook, the last Sunday-school lesson ever given by him. Before another Sunday, all the children but one little girl of nine, had been suddenly called into eternity. At two o'clock on the following Saturday morning, occurred the memorable collision with the *Loch Earn*. The cry of 'Escape who can! we are sinking!' resounded through the vessel. A noble but ineffectual effort to save a mother who would not leave her child, a last momentary interview with his friend M. Pronier, the Swiss Delegate, and Emile Cook and all the living freight of the *Ville du Havre* were battling with the waves. Seizing a floating piece of wood, the Pastor swam towards the *Loch Earn*, whose black outline was dimly discernible. Soon his spar was snatched from him, and after a brief struggle his strength failed, and he had resigned himself to death, when he was rescued by a life-boat which placed him on board the *Loch Earn*, in company with eighty-six others, the only survivors out of the three hundred and thirteen who had left America in the *Ville du Havre*. In a few days the passengers and crew of the *Ville du*

Hâvre were received on board an American vessel. Though the injuries sustained by the *Loch Earn* placed all on board in imminent peril, Emile Cook refused to leave the vessel, in order that he might nurse his fellow Delegate, M. Weiss, too ill to be moved. The situation became daily more critical. On the 25th a violent storm arose, which raged so furiously for three days, that hope was abandoned by all but Emile Cook. 'Continuing instant in prayer,' he exhorted, cheered and stimulated the downcast sailors, declaring his confidence that God would send deliverance. On the 28th his faith was verified and rewarded by the appearance of a sail. An hour later, the passengers and crew of the *Loch Earn* were on the deck of the *British Queen*. Then the grateful sailors surrounded M. Cook: 'It is thanks to your prayers that we are saved,' said they, warmly grasping his hand; 'we owe our deliverance to you, you have been our Providence.' 'It is God, my friends, God only,' he replied; 'and above all, do not forget *Him* now; no more blasphemy, no more oaths, begin a new life.'

Arrived in sight of land, the patience of the doubly shipwrecked was again severely tried. For two days the ship lay becalmed off the Scilly Islands. Then a pilot-boat received the sufferers of the *Loch Earn* and *Ville du Hâvre*. Before separating from his companions in misfortune, Emile Cook delivered his last public address, founded on the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck in Acts xxvii.

After landing in Plymouth, he lost no time in repairing to Paris, from whence he removed to the more genial climate of Hyères. But it soon became evident that long exposure and incessant anxiety and toil had sown the seeds of an incurable disease, under which he rapidly sank. On the 29th of January, 1874, he died as he had lived, calm, self-forgotten, trustful. His body was laid in the cemetery of Nîmes, the town of his childhood, ordination and marriage. A simple headstone marks his resting-place, bearing the words so strikingly illustrative of the manner of his death and life: 'Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing.' 'None of us liveth to himself.'

THE RULE OF FAITH.

[T is a matter of surprise to some, that so many intelligent men and women can be led astray by the unscriptural heresies of the Church of Rome, but the thing is not so wonderful to those who have examined the Rule of Faith followed by that Church. The fact is, Catholics do not accept the teaching of Holy Scripture, except when it is in harmony with that of the Pope. Consequently the people are in the condition

spoken of by the prophet: 'They have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.'

It is my business to show that the Bible is a sufficient Rule of Faith, and that to add to Holy Writ is but to paint the lily and gild refined gold. Let us ask the question, What is required from a Rule of Faith? What is it I want my Rule of Faith to tell me? Is it to know what learned and holy men in the distant past have to say respecting doctrine and practice? I answer, No! for it would be the work of a life-time to read all they have said. What is wanted is, A plain rule by which I, a sinful man, may find my way to heaven. If I am at sea, and wish to know my way, I use a chart. I do not need to read all the books containing the history of voyagers who have sailed the same seas, interesting and useful as they are. I want a map which can be seen at a glance, so as to know which way to steer without loss of time. And does not the Bible contain all I need to know? Whether I be an impenitent sinner, a weeping penitent, or a rejoicing believer, the Word of God speaks to me without ambiguity, and I have only to listen to it, to learn how 'to flee from the wrath to come,' lead a holy life, and die a death of hope and even triumph.

This is not the doctrine of the Church of Rome. The Bible is only a very small part of their Rule of Faith, and *that* is not to be read without the comments of the Church, as we are told by the creed of Pope Pius IV.: 'I also admit the sacred Scriptures according to the sense which the Holy Mother Church has held, and does hold, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; nor will I ever take, or interpret, them, otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.'

Papists are not allowed, we see, to read the Book of God without the interpretation of the Church. It is alleged as a reason, that it would be dangerous to permit the people to do so—dangerous, indeed, to the Church of Rome, but not to the humble seeker after the truth. In support of their doctrine, Romanists quote 2 Peter iii. 16: 'As also in all his' (that is, Paul's) 'epistles, speaking in them of these things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction.'

But what are the 'things hard to be understood'? Chiefly those of which Peter had been speaking,—the end of the world, the second coming of Christ, also the doctrine of election. I do not deny that these things *are* 'hard to be understood;' but even these things a man must 'wrest,' that is, distort, before they can prove his destruction. But are we to be debarred the use of the Word of God because some

people misuse it? Are we to cease to eat, because certain unfortunate people do not digest their food? Is the miner no longer to take his safety-lamp into the bowels of the earth, because some, breaking the rule, have unlocked their lamp, and have so set fire to the gas and hurried themselves to death? It is true there are 'things hard to be understood,' but these are not the things the knowledge of which is necessary to our salvation. When Richard Knill was in India, a man who had been aroused to think of his sin and danger, and still lived a life of licentiousness, took refuge, when pressed to repent, in the mysteries of revelation: 'There are many things in the Bible, Sir, impossible to be understood.' 'There are, Sir,' said Knill; 'but the seventh commandment is very plain.' Let a man be willing to forsake sin and lead a holy life, and the Bible will be a sufficient rule for him. Or to use Paul's words: 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be *perfect*, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' (2 Timothy iii. 15—17.)

With regard to the use of Tradition, the Church of Rome teaches, by the decree of the Council of Trent, that, in addition to the Bible, these traditions 'have come down to us, either received by the Apostles from the lips of Christ Himself, or transmitted by the hands of the same Apostles, under the dictation of the Holy Spirit: that *these traditions* relate both to faith and morals, have been preserved in the Catholic Church by continual succession, are to be received with equal piety and veneration with Scripture, and whosoever shall knowingly and deliberately despise these traditions is accursed.'

We find in the Epistles reference made to tradition. The Churches are told to 'keep the traditions;' and to withdraw from those who walk 'disorderly, and not after the tradition received of us.' The Roman Church lays great stress upon similar passages; and yet what do these extracts from the Apostles' letters mean? The Apostles simply bid their disciples bear in mind what they had heard from their lips, and to regard what had been said to them; or, as Paul puts it,—'Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle.' (2 Thess. ii. 15.)

No one would have been more surprised than the Apostles, if they had been told that they taught the doctrines which the Romish Church teaches concerning what it calls tradition. Let me dismiss this part of the subject in a sentence: Does tradition tell us only what the Bible tells us? then it is not needed. Does tradition tell us that which is

contrary to the Bible? then it is a lie and a cheat. In the last chapter of the Book it is written, 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this Book.'

Perhaps we shall be better able to judge of the respective merits of the Catholic and the Protestant Rule of Faith, if we compare the two. There are certain qualifications which should be possessed by that which claims to be a Rule of Faith. Let us name them, and then we shall see why Protestants delight in the fact, that Holy Scripture is their rule of faith and practice:

I. Should not a Rule of Faith be *consistent with itself*?—The Bible never contradicts itself. Roman Catholics sometimes point us to Paul speaking with fervour of justification by faith, and James speaking with equal fervour of justification by works. But it is as Dr. Arnot says, 'They stand, not face to face, but back to back, fighting opposite foes: Paul striking at self-righteousness, and James at Antinomianism.'

We are continually finding contradictions in the Catholic rule. 'The Council of Nice, A.D. 325, and the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, decree that no new article for ever shall be added to the Council of Nice.' But the Council of Trent, twelve hundred years after that of Nice, added twelve new articles to the Creed, pronouncing an anathema on all who will not embrace them. The Council of Laodicea, about A.D. 360, decreed that the Apocrypha was not to be received, but the Council of Trent, A.D. 1545, pronounced the Apocrypha to be canonical.

Many have been the opinions held with regard to infallibility. Some Papists have believed a Council with a Pope at its head to be infallible; others have taught that infallibility resided in Councils independent of the Pope, while others have placed it in the Pope himself. Fierce have been the controversies in the Church of Rome on this point; however, it was settled at the last Council, and now the Pope is infallible. Till very recently, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin has been both affirmed and denied by Doctors of the Papal Church.

Lest it should be thought that I am not fairly stating the case, I will quote an extract from one of the great divines of the Romish Church. Salmeron, in his Comment on the Romans, says as follows:

'In reference to the opinions of the Fathers which are adduced against the privilege of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, for some adduce two hundred Fathers, others almost three hundred, I answer that we oppose one multitude to another multitude of Doctors, just as one nail may resist another. But the more recent Doctors, being more clear on this point, are to be preferred to the ancients.'

These are but a few out of many contradictions that might be adduced in proof of the inconsistency of the Romish Rule of Faith.

II. A Rule of Faith should be *portable*.—Is it so with the Catholic rule? Let us see. There are eight folio volumes of Bulls, ten of decretals, thirty-one Acts of Councils, fifty-one Acta Sanctorum, and at least thirty-five volumes folio of the Greek and Latin Fathers!

Compare this formidable list with the Word of God, and ask which is most like a lamp, or a sword,—things which can be carried in the hand. We want a Rule of Faith that the sailor may have in his box, and the soldier in his knapsack, and the lonely emigrant may carry with him into the far West. To possess the Catholic Rule of Faith, we need a library to contain it, a wagon to carry it, and a life-time to read it.

III. A Rule of Faith should be *within the reach of all*.—To purchase the Catholic Rule of Faith, we need a rich man's purse, while less than a shilling will procure a beautiful copy of the Bible. Then we put the Bible in the language of the common people, while the greater part of the Catholic Rule of Faith is in Greek or Latin. Is not this monstrous? What would be thought of Bradshaw if he were to publish his Railway Guide in Greek? And shall it be said that it would be folly to make the way to London difficult to be understood, and wisdom to make the way to heaven anything but easy to find out? Of the Bible we may say, in the words of a distinguished poet:

‘This did that Book declare, in obvious phrase;
In most sincere and honest words, by God
Himself selected and arranged, so clear,
So plain, so perfectly distinct, that none
Who read with humble wish to understand,
And asked the Spirit, given to all who asked,
Could miss their meaning, blazed in heavenly light.’

THOMAS CHAMPNESS.

EASTER EGGS.

THROUGH the tender green and gently quivering leaves of silver-beech trees, morning sunbeams filtered in glorious showers upon the heads of five girls who were seated upon rustic benches in the primrose path. Eastertide had stayed for a time the earnest studies of S— Academy, and but five of its pupils remained within its precincts. These had wandered out to breathe the fresh dewy fragrance of the spring, and were ensconced beneath the whispering beeches, when a servant appeared bearing a waiter on which lay several small packets and letters.

‘O! how kind of Mrs. G— to allow you to bring them to us; and we thank you very much for taking the trouble, Bartlom,’ cried a tall, spirited girl, as she rose and distributed the various letters.

‘No trouble at all, Miss W—; I am only sorry you are not with your

friends to-day; but I think they have not forgotten you,' she said, glancing at the missives which fell to each girl's share.

'No, no, we are not forgotten, these are our Easter Eggs; and here, Bartlom, is one for you, for your bedroom; we five have painted it amongst us,' and Annie W— laid upon the waiter an illuminated text: 'Because I live, ye shall live also,' embedded in a profusion of April blossoms. 'Janne B— chose the words. Sadie L— thought a cross and "Christ crucified" would be more appropriate for the season, but Janne said, "Nay, nay; ours is a living Saviour, don't you remember what the angels said who sat within His tomb, "He is not here: for He is risen"? and Janne, you know, is generally our authority in matters of this kind.'

Bartlom returned to her duties with thoughtful mien, and for some time the five girls sat silently engrossed in the perusal of home news. Presently, however, Janne broke the spell; she was much younger than her companions, but by the active use of a vigorous intellect had gained the advance in several branches of study. Her thirst for knowledge was no mere sentiment, she loved learning as all true natures love the sunshine; to her it was as the perfume of the woodland's incense-cups, as the anthems of its God-taught choristers, as warps of light crossing and recrossing the woof of her life. From the lips of a happy mother Janne had early learned that 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;' and whilst the dews of childhood lay in glistening freshness upon her heart, she had laid it at the feet of her Saviour, saying, 'Thou art the Guide of my youth.' And so before each day's pursuits went forth a herald of prayer, and many wondered at their companion's steady success, but divined not that the faith of a child had passed through the ever-open doors of heaven, and obtained the blessing sought. 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths,' were Janne's watchwords, and she had often proved the truth of the promise.

Lowly as the crocus by her side, she knelt before her more favoured companions, saying, 'May I watch you break your eggs, for there is not one for me?'

'Poor Janne!' cried Annie W— in unfeigned sympathy; 'you expected one, did you not?'

'Scarcely, as it is but lately that I received a handsome birthday present.'

'But previously your father has observed the orthodox custom, I believe?'

'Yes, but you know it was Uncle Isaac who placed me here and

discharged all expenses, but since he died intestate in the autumn, father has had a difficulty in meeting Mrs. G—'s terms; but he is determined to let me remain until I am sixteen, that I may be fitted to undertake the education of my four little sisters. So I must cheerfully bear a little disappointment, when so much is borne for me.'

'It scarcely seems fair that Janne should be giftless and not we, when she has worked so very hard to give a little Easter pleasure to so many of her friends. I believe she would have executed Bartlom's text entirely herself, had we not been anxious to take equal shares,' said Sadie L—, laying her long fingers upon Janne's sun-brightened hair.

'Neither is Bartlom's text an exception, Sadie,' said Annie W—, breaking the seals of her packet; 'the shares we took were far from equal, Janne excelled us immeasurably, more than I can say.'

All eyes, Janne's included, widened with astonishment, and the latter retorted: 'You must be mistaken, Annie, for I painted the letters only, and Maggie made the frame entirely herself.'

'Yes, Janne, but you put something upon it which will augment its value fourfold to Bartlom. I heard you ask God to let His light be its chief illuminator, that she might be led to live that life in Christ the beauty and fragrance of which the flowers of Easter but so faintly portray.'

At this juncture Mrs. G— appeared, and to her the four girls were soon displaying their gifts. 'Now, Janne,' she said presently, 'as Martha S— is rather a favourite of yours, will you just run across the Lower Meadows and enquire after her baby, the poor little thing was quite ill yesterday?'

Janne willingly acquiesced, and tripped joyously over the springing glades, rich with the aroma of early clover and clustering bank-side violets. 'Well, Martha,' she said on entering the neatly-kept cottage, 'let me hear good news of baby Josy?'

'Thank you, I have "good news;" he has got a turn and is now sleeping soundly. I'm so glad you've looked in, Miss Janne; for you always come bright as a sunbeam, and I was feeling rather out of sorts this morning, but you who have rich parents scarcely know what disappointments mean. I remember when I lived at the Academy, the young ladies had what they called their "Easter Eggs," and I guess, Miss Janne, that you have had one this morning, for your face is extra sunny.'

'You would have made a far different guess from that, Martha, had you heard the "*Poor Jannes*" which have been lavished upon me. But though I received neither jewels nor flowers, my father sent me a letter containing these words: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." That is one of father's jewels, Martha, and one of mine too,

but I have not shown it to the girls yet, for I knew it would be lost upon them this morning. I do feel very joyful, for that text has brought such beautiful thoughts to my mind.'

'I can't think how it is, Miss Janne, that such little things make you happy.'

'That is where you make the mistake, Martha; they are not "little," but great things; is it not a great thing to feel that there is a Power ever working with and for me, a Power which makes the desert "blossom as the rose," and turns the parched lands into "springs of water"?'

'Ah! Miss Janne, that is just the power I need, and yet I've been looking and longing to find it in some fellow-creature. In my misery this morning, I asked God to send some one who could relieve me of the load I have to bear, some one to come and pay down the sum which is such a burden to me. He has answered my prayer, but not as I thought; He has sent you, hardly more than a child, to teach me to put my trust in Him, not to look to earthly means, but to make Him my God; then, as the Bible says, but what I have been so loth to believe, "All things" shall "work together for good."'

'And God has answered my prayer also, Martha; for I asked Him that I might be made the means of bringing Easter joy into some heart to which as yet Christ has been as a dead and not as a living Saviour. Father says we are truly wise when we feel that without Him we "can do nothing."'

'Now, Miss Janne, that brings to my mind what you once said when I repeated to you Mrs. G—'s remark respecting your position in the school. You said, "I owe it all to Jesus; for I do not undertake anything without first seeking His blessing and assistance, that blessing which 'maketh rich,' and 'addeth no sorrow.'" When next I see you I hope to tell of that blessing being mine, and I shall ever praise God for sending you here this morning.'

Janne recrossed the daisied meadows rejoicing in a giver's reward; to her it seemed as if the sun had never shone so brightly, nor insects burred so melodiously, nor flowers looked up with so much of beauty and fragrance. And Martha from her cottage door gazed upon the retreating figure, exclaiming from her heart, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!'

But Janne never knew that her request for Bartlom likewise received its answer, that ere the sun went down she heard the voice of the Divine Comforter say, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'

Thus from that Eastertide went forth two whose toil and perplexities were hourly brightened and lightened by looking unto and trusting in Jesus.

M. A. H.

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER V.—WILLIE'S RETURN.

ON the return voyage the vessel again called at Shetland to unship the men she had taken thence, and Willie was allowed to go on shore to see the curious old houses or cottages, many of which had the fire-place in the centre of the common room, with no proper outlet for the smoke. In some he saw fowls, and even sheep, in the same room as the family. He wondered at the primitive habits of the people, but still more at their clever productions in Shetland wool, and bought several pairs of beautifully fine white knitted gloves for his good mother.

Having arrived in port, for a few weeks every one was busy. Then some of the hands were paid off in time to make a short winter trip. Willie had a few weeks' leave at Christmas. It was the custom of the owners of the ship to give to each of their apprentices a Christmas present before they went to their homes. When Mr. Dalton sent for Willie to receive his, he said, in a pleased tone:

'I am glad to hear from Captain Winter that you have been a good lad all through the voyage, obedient and attentive to your duties, also that you have made some progress in navigation; go on steadily as you have begun and you are sure to succeed, and as a mark of my approbation, I shall double the amount I usually give to my youngest apprentice.'

Willie's face flushed with joyful surprise, and he could find no words in which to thank his kind owner; but Mr. Dalton was satisfied, shook him cordially by the hand, and wished him a happy Christmas with his parents.

This last act won Willie's heart; thenceforth he would have done any possible thing for Mr. Dalton, nor did after years alter in one iota the boy's enthusiastic respect for the gentleman who had so kindly noticed him, a poor boy.

Willie did not send word to his parents when to expect him; he wished to surprise them. He would very much have liked to take George with him, but did not know how his parents might be situated, for Willie did not forget that he should not find them at the dear old farm. George went with him to engage his place on the coach, also to see his friends the Altons, who exclaimed at his growth, declaring that but for his sunny smile they should not have known him again. They would have him and Nicholson take supper with them; then they charged Willie with many kind messages for his father, and told him that he must come to see them more frequently. Willie thought them very kind, but remarked to his friend that he should not care to go often, because he could see that Mr. Alton did not quite like his refusal of the glass of spirits

prepared for him; and that he did not wish to offend him, nor could he break the promise he had made to himself never to touch spirits unless in a case of necessity.

On reaching their lodgings, Willie found a letter from his father. His cheek paled and his hand trembled: surely his mother was not ill, she managed the correspondence of the family, never before had he known his father write a letter. He turned it over and over, not daring to break the seal.

'Now, Willie, don't be a baby; open your letter and see what it contains before you make yourself miserable.'

'You see, George, father never writes letters, so mother must be ill.'

'Nonsense, boy, he is glad you have come back with your nose on your face, and writes to tell you so.'

'Well, here goes,' cried Willie, breaking the seal and unfolding the large sheet. A pleased smile dimpled his face as he continued to read, which augured well for the contents.

'There, George, read that, and then say yes.'

He handed the letter to his friend, who read aloud:

'MY DEAR BOY,—When are you coming home? your mother and I are very anxious to see you as soon as your good captain can spare you. But this is not the only reason for my writing, which you know is a trouble to me, but your mother said I must. Now to come to the point. We shall be glad to see the "George" you talk about in your letters, and who you say has been such a good friend to you. Our cottage is small, but we have a spare bed, and a loft for you, which you will not mind; for if you are as fond of George as I fancy, you would rather have his company than the best bed. Tell him he will be heartily welcome to the little we have, and he need not fear being a trouble to your mother, for we have a very good girl this year, Bessie Luke; you will not have forgotten her, she is active and likes work. So you see there is really nothing to make him afraid of coming, if he will; but maybe he has friends in the town with whom he would rather spend Christmas. If he will come, he shall be welcome.

'From your loving father,

'W. JACQUES.

'*The Pond Farm. December, 18—*'

'Now, George, say you will go, there's a good fellow.'

'You see, Willie, I am quite a stranger.'

'Nonsense, George; why my father and mother seem to know you already, and you will be at home with them directly; my mother is the dearest little woman in the world, you cannot help liking her; and my father always says what he means; so when he tells you that you will be

"heartily welcome," you may be sure of it; then Bessie Luke is very pretty, with black hair like yours, and dark eyes; she would do for that "Black Eyed Susan" you sing about. George, you must go. Let us go back to the coach-office and get the box-seat.'

'Too late, Willie, it is nine o'clock.'

'No, the office does not close until ten; come, old fellow, or would you like me to put off going until Monday? I will if you wish it.'

'No, Willie, lad, that would take away one of your Sundays; no! I must not do that, or my welcome might be doubtful. If I do go, it may as well be to-morrow as any day. I can soon pack my kit.'

'Come then, let us away.'

The box-seat was secured, and Willie found that Jipstone would drive. The following morning was fine but intensely cold, so that even the two Arctic voyagers found it necessary to button their over-coats close, and pull their travelling caps well over their ears to protect them from the piercing north-east wind. Willie was climbing up to his seat when Jipstone's voice arrested him:

'I say, Sir, will you please take your place on the next seat, this here is taken by a young man who ought to be here now.'

'Halloo, Jipstone, have you forgotten me?'

'That's not likely, Sir, when I never saw you before; never forgets a face that's once travelled with me.'

'Then look at mine,' laughed Willie, who had now seated himself and pushed up his cap so that his healthy, smiling face was fully exposed.

'Bless me! that I should not know you, my boy. Well, how do you do? glad to see you looking so hearty, and is this a friend of yours?'

'Yes, Mr. Jipstone; and he is going with me, so you will let him sit next me.'

'To be sure! to be sure! happy to accommodate any friend of yours; get up, Sir, time we started; luggage all right?'

Soon they left the town and its thousand lamps far behind. Willie looked back for a view of the town, but he was not so impressed with the effect of light and shade as he had been on his first entrance. How long it seemed, yet it was in reality only a few months. Now they were crossing the little bridge he so well remembered, because there it was he first caught sight of the long row of lights which extended for about half a mile in a straight line before the road curved a little.

Having crossed the stream and passed through the turnpike-gate, there would be nothing to distract attention for at least five miles, so Jipstone gave his horses a gentle reminder to quicken their pace, then claimed Willie's long-promised yarns. Willie modestly tried to excuse himself, saying that his friend George could tell so much more about

Greenland and Davis' Straits than he could, as he had only seen the former, and that during one of the finest summers that had been known for many years. But the coachman would not be put off; he wanted to hear a youthful account, saying he had heard the yarns of old sailors times without count, but not one from a young country lad. So Willie was obliged to comply, and soon become so enthusiastic in his description of Arctic scenery that Jipstone called out:

'Stop! stop! or I shall want to go and see for myself the wonders of that fairy land.'

'Perhaps you would not like it so well as driving, Mr. Jipstone.'

'Why, no! I hardly think I should, so I will be content with hearing; now you, friend, will perhaps give me the dark side to reconcile me to my hard fate in being compelled to forego such a grand spectacle.'

Nicholson, thus drawn into conversation, told many a strange and exciting story of sea-life. He had a fund of humour as well as of anecdote, which elicited many a hearty laugh, and a 'Now, really now! is not that a sailor's stretch of imagination?'

The journey was nearly ended, the coach had drawn up at the little way-side house where stood the farmer's cart ready to take them home, and better still the farmer himself to welcome them. Willie jumped down regardless of wheels, and in his delight shook his father's hand until the farmer cried,

'Why, Willie, you are forgetting Mr. George.'

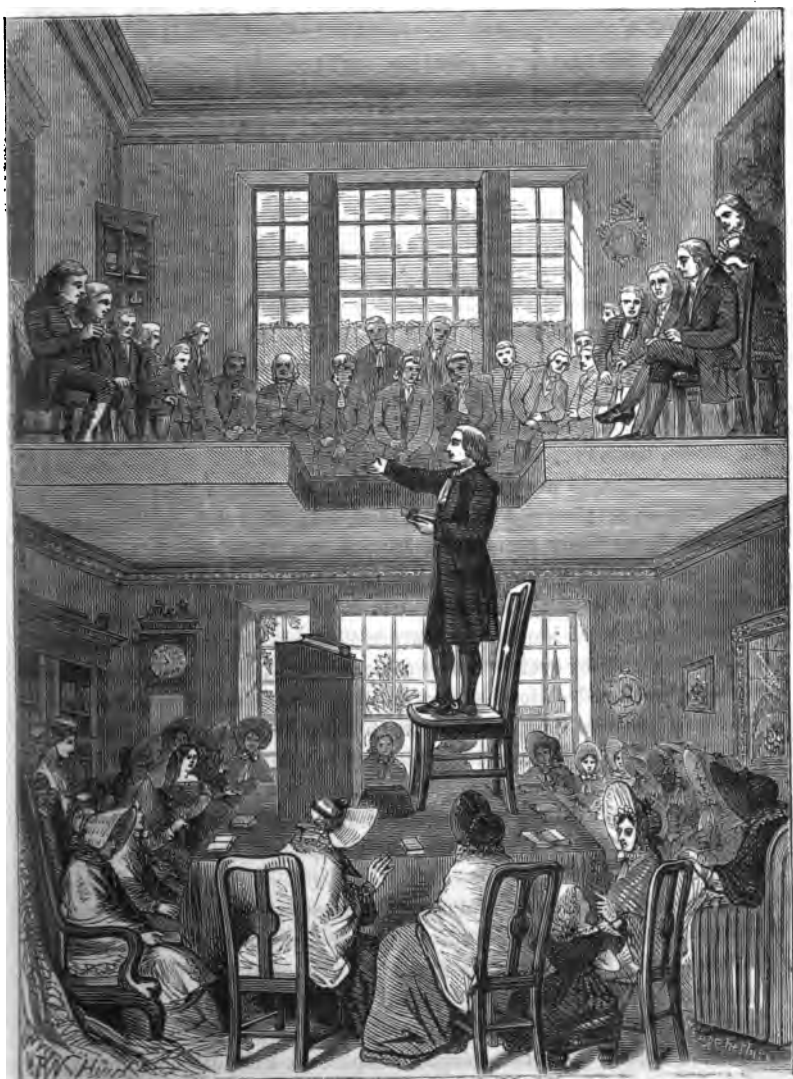
Thus admonished, Willie duly presented his friend, then ran back to bid the coachman good-bye.

'Mr. Jipstone, I have not got a bear-skin for you yet, but I will not forget; meanwhile wear these, you can tell me how you like them when I go back to L—.'

And thrusting a brown paper parcel into Jipstone's outstretched hand, he rushed back to his father without waiting for thanks. George Nicholson was already seated, and the farmer had the reins in his hand ready to start, so Willie jumped up, and they drove off, Jipstone vociferating at the top of his loud voice, 'A merry Christmas to you, and a good New Year when it comes.'

WESLEY IN NOTTINGHAM.

MR. WESLEY'S printed 'Journal' mentions twenty-seven visits to the town of Nottingham. The first record occurs under date, Thursday, June 11, 1741, and is decidedly unfavourable: 'In the afternoon we went on to Nottingham, where Mr. Howe received us gladly. At eight the Society met as usual. I could not but observe, 1. That the room was not half full, which used, till very lately, to be crowded within and



without. 2. That not one person who came in used any prayer at all ; but every one immediately sat down, and began either talking to his neighbour, or looking about to see who was there. 3. That when I began to pray, there appeared a general surprise, none once offering to

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kneel down, and those who stood, choosing the most easy, indolent posture which they conveniently could. I afterward looked for one of our Hymn-Books upon the desk; (which I knew Mr. Howe had brought from London;) but both that and the Bible were vanished away; and in the room lay the Moravian hymns, and the Count's [Zinzendorf] sermons.

'I expounded, (but with a heavy heart,) "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved;" and the next morning described (if haply some of the secure ones might awake from the sleep of death) the fruits of true faith, "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."'

On the following Sunday, Mr. Wesley preached again at Nottingham at eight o'clock in the morning, but this time in the Market-place. The forces that issued in the final separation of the Methodists from the Moravians were in full work, and after his experience of Wednesday, Mr. Wesley did not care to appear again in what Mr. Tyerman calls a 'Moravian meeting.' The next four entries in the Journal relative to the town are simply, 'I preached at Nottingham,' or the bare mention of the fact of a visit; but in November, 1743, we read, 'Sat. 26.—I went on to Nottingham. In the morning, Sunday 27, I preached in the House at five; and about eight at the High Cross, on "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" I went thither again from St. Mary's in the afternoon, and proclaimed to an immense multitude "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!" I saw not one scoffer, or one trifler; but all, to a man, appeared serious and attentive.' Methodism, however, does not appear to have flourished in the town; the Society is but a 'little flock;' and in 1746 is further reduced by the exclusion of so many 'disorderly walkers' that but a 'little handful' remained. In the same year John Nelson was assailed by a furious mob and taken before a Nottingham magistrate, who, spite of his prejudices, felt compelled to discharge him.

The next record worthy of notice occurs seven years later, and is of a more cheering character: 'At Nottingham also God, in greatly reviving His work, and pouring water upon the dry ground.' On Thursday, March 20th, 1750, Mr. Wesley writes: 'In the evening I preached at Nottingham in the new House, thoroughly filled with serious hearers.' The 'new House' was the octagon chapel; it had just been finished, and had cost £128 2s. 7d. Hitherto the Nottingham Society had possessed no chapel of their own; their meeting-place had been Matthew Bagshaw's house, which was ingeniously adapted to serve the double purpose of preaching-room and dwelling-place. The sitting-room proved too small for the congregation. Immediately above it was the bed-chamber; a large trap-door was fixed in the ceiling of the lower-room, and the preacher,

perched upon a chair, itself standing on a table, could address the men in the extemporized gallery, and the women on the ground-floor, more effectually separated from each other than when only an aisle ran between them. Upon this, the humble chapel was a vast improvement, though many a hallowed association would be connected with Matthew Bagshaw's parlour and dormitory.

Again four years afterwards John Wesley preached in the Market-place, 'thousands upon thousands flocked together;' and 'four mourners found peace with God' during a Love-feast held at night. An extract from the Journal for June 18th, 1777, will show how the writer's opinion of Nottingham had changed for the better: 'I preached at Nottingham to a serious, loving congregation. There is something in the people of this town, which I cannot but much approve of; although most of our Society are of the lower class, chiefly employed in the stocking-manufacture, yet there is generally an uncommon gentleness and sweetness in their temper, and something of elegance in their behaviour, which, when added to solid, vital religion, make them an ornament to their profession.' And nine years later he repeats his commendation: 'I love this people: there is something wonderfully pleasing both in their spirit and their behaviour.'

John Wesley took a deep interest in all philanthropic institutions, and especially in hospitals, infirmaries and dispensaries. The General Hospital at Nottingham won an unusual meed of praise from him. He says: 'Everything about it is so neat, so convenient, and so well ordered, that I have seen none like it in the three kingdoms.' Thrice he preached 'charity sermons' in its behalf. The following extract from his Journal illustrates not only our Founder's philanthropy, but also his love of the marvellous, and his readiness to call in the aid of spiritual causes to explain strange phenomena: 'I walked through the General Hospital. . . . I do not wonder that many of the patients recover. I prayed with two of them. One of them, a notorious sinner, seemed to be cut to the heart. The case of the other was quite peculiar: both her breasts have been cut off, and many pins taken out of them, as well as out of her flesh in various parts. "Twelve," the apothecary said, "were taken out of her yesterday, and five more to-day." And the physicians potently believe she swallowed them all; though nobody can tell when or how! Which is the greater credulity? To believe this is purely natural? or to ascribe it to preternatural agency?'

The last entry about Nottingham reminds us of the writer's age, and the consequent decrease of his strength: '*Sunday*, 13 [July, 1788].—I began the service at ten; but I knew not how I should get to the end, being almost exhausted when I had finished my sermon; when Mr.

Dodwell came, who, though very weak through the ague, assisted me in administering the Lord's Supper to a very large number of communicants. After preaching in the evening, I made a collection for Kingswood School. To-day I had just as much work as I could do.'

A 'RIDING CIRCUIT' SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. I. E. PAGE.

III.

A CHRISTIAN Minister in a large town has great advantages and opportunities, but he sometimes finds that in the multitude of duties the spirit loses its calm, and his work has to be done under pressure, a train of other things behind waiting their turn. But one has a pleasant sense of rest travelling along country lanes and among a people whose lives have no hurry in them. There were trials in connection with this kind of work, but the joys far outnumbered them. It was hard sometimes, when bodily strength was low, to walk eight or ten miles to your appointment, and to reach the place almost fainting with fatigue; to spend the night in a room where the kind hostess advised you to place your clothes on the bed because of the rats, and where you lay awake listening to their pattering on the oaken floor; to walk in winter over commons covered with snow, until, chilled with cold, and tired of the same drear prospect, you felt the dangerous desire to lie down and rest; to trudge homewards in the dark, over fields and through woods, where a rabbit hurrying away among the dry leaves startled you, and the gruesome feeling was yours that if a footpad stopped you there was no house near, nor any person within sound of your voice to come to your help. And there were long rides through the rain, or in winter times over icy roads dangerous to traverse; and at times food set before you which a delicate, dyspeptic man dared not touch. But what of all these things? The joys were great and constant. It was a splendid thing to be doing the Master's work, with the Master Himself for a Companion; to speak to Him often in the day and to see His blessing on your labours. And no words can describe the hearty way in which the Minister was received. The best chair was placed for him in the warmest corner by the fire; parents and children were alike glad to see him, and there was small need for any exhortation to 'esteem' him 'very highly in love' for his 'work's sake.' Beyond this, the eye was fed with beautiful natural scenery—mountains and still valleys through which streams glided. There were British and Roman camps on the hills, and old castles to be visited, calling imagination into play, and sending thought far back into the dim past. Memory has among her treasures to-day, recollections of times

of solitary communion with God in lonely places, where one could sing or kneel and pray with no fear of being seen or heard; of happy homeward rides on crisp, frosty mornings, when the soul was at peace within, and health and spirits good, and all nature around crying, 'O magnify the Lord with me!' And what joy-giving services were those in small chapels and farmhouse kitchens!

There were not wanting here and there sound conversions, such as would put gladness into the heart of any worker for God. We remember one young man, son of a pious father, whose full decision for Christ we long waited and prayed for. Opportunities for close conversation seldom occurred, but one Sunday afternoon he came to ask counsel about a personal matter, and when that was given we said, as we shook hands at parting:

'Now, will you not decide for God, and give Him your heart?'

He shook his head; and we urged Christ's claims and invitations. At last he frankly said, 'I have made up my mind to leave the matter till——,' and mentioned a not very distant date.

'As you have made up your mind, I have nothing further to say;' and with these words we separated.

It was perhaps about a week after that, going to preach in the chapel where his father worshipped, we met him in a lane, and asked, 'Well, are you willing to give your heart to God?' He replied that he was willing now, but that the Holy Spirit had left him. He had no good feelings whatever. We walked together to the chapel, and after the preaching a Prayer-meeting was held. The young man stood hat in hand near the door, and we went and entreated him to stay. He consented, but declared it was no use; he had quenched the Spirit, and God would not save him. All except the members left the chapel, and his father joined in asking him to kneel and seek God's mercy. He replied aloud, 'What is the use of my kneeling there? Cannot Christ save me here as well?' At length he knelt down while we bowed ourselves before God around him. He said repeatedly, in answer to exhortations to believe in the love of God, that it was useless praying for him: he had no more feeling than the floor he knelt upon. His sister knelt by his side, and besought him to yield to Christ. But we seemed to make no progress. The candles went out one by one, and we had prayed till strength almost failed us. He was asked if he was willing to be saved, and he replied, 'Yes; if God will save me.' We prayed on in silence, and at length audibly, and then God seemed to draw near. Some one began to sob: it was the young man himself. The hardness of his heart had melted quite away, and he wept till the bench was literally wet with his tears. We let him weep for a minute or two, and then said,

'Has Christ saved you?' He said, 'Yes;' he felt his hardness and guilt were removed. He began to pray and praise God aloud, while we who had sought his salvation wept for very joy. 'O wondrous power of faithful prayer!' It was eleven o'clock as we went through the silent lanes with glad and grateful hearts.

MEMORIALS OF NEGLECTED GENIUS AND WORTH:

FROM MARGINAL NOTES ON THE CALENDAR.

(JAMES TREGOSS, *concluded from page 141.*)

SUCH mental struggles or agonizings of the human spirit as Tregoss had just passed through cannot be realized without some reactionary physical sufferings. Amidst some of these, the poor sojourner at Kegillick thought his course was nearly finished; but, in the enlargement of his charity, he longed to make known to others the truth which had so transforming an effect on himself. His prayer was answered, and from extreme weakness he arose and entered with unusual vigour into the services of the Sabbath. On reading the passage, 'When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion,' he caught something of his Redeemer's feeling: what could he do? where could he go? He thought of his dear parish of Mabe. It was within sight. There he would go maugre Acts of Uniformity and Conventicle laws; and there he did go, to the bare lonely church, with its beacon-like tower amidst the rudely-cultured farms gathered in from the stony common, and overlooking a marshy valley whose stream expands and narrows by turns until it passes into the creek which opens to the tide flowing up to Penryn. He was a true man. That Sunday service at Mabe was a costly one to him. It did not cost him anything for flowers and candles, such as some Parsons of these times have to pay for; it was a higher cost. There was one Robinson who was zealous in what he called 'Fanatic hunting:' another costly thing, as was afterwards proved. Robinson was a Justice of the Peace, a great landowner in the west. Tregoss' visit to Mabe was reported to him; and on the following Sunday, in the course of the usual sermon at Kegillick, in walked the 'Fanatic hunter,' and called upon the Preacher to give security for future silence or surrender himself when called for. 'Silence! no! rather, "woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!"' He preached again; and when Sunday returned, again at Mabe, whether inside the church or out, there the people were. But the tax was levied. He was sent off to Launceston jail by the 'Fanatic hunter.' The consolations of the confessor were his; and whenever he could find hearers, 'bond or free,' he would preach. Brave man! At liberty once more, he kept

a day of thanksgiving. A few days more, and the 'Fanatic hunter' was again on his track. Robinson made an appointment with a fellow magistrate for the next market-day. They would commit their victim that day. In the meantime they had other game. This was Joseph Sherwood, who had been ejected from the living of St. Hilary, a sweet-tempered, gentle-spirited man, whose patience was perfected through much suffering. For lack of other charge, he was called before the bench for not attending church, though there was no service there, except prayers read by the clerk. Sorely pressed, however, he promised to go. He went; took his seat in the desk till the prayers had been read, then walked up into the pulpit, and preached from Leviticus xxvi. 25. He was again hailed before the court of which Robinson was chairman.

'You are a rebel'! said the 'fanatic hunter' to the Preacher.

'I am a Minister of the Gospel,' was the quiet reply; 'and at the church where there was so great an assembly, I could not but have "compassion on the multitude," and give them a word of exhortation.'

'But did ever a man preach from such a rebellious text!'

'Sir,' said Sherwood, 'I know man is a rebel against his Creator, but I never knew that the Creator could be a rebel against His creature.'

'Write out his mittimus for Launceston jail'! bawled Robinson; and then turning to the good man, shouted, 'I say, Sir, it was a rebellious text'!

'Sir,' returned Sherwood, looking him full in the face, 'if you die the common death of all men, God never spake by me!'

Sherwood was taken to jail. Robinson went home to prepare for a hunting visit to Kegillick, from which he determined to drag poor Tregoss. But before he dealt with the 'fanatic,' he must needs play with a favourite bull which, with a temper never before manifested, turned on his master, tore open his bowels, and licked his blood. The wretched man lived just long enough to hear his sister cry, 'Alas! brother, what a heavy judgment is this!' and to say, 'A heavy judgment indeed!'

Sherwood was freed from prison, but immediately sent for to meet the Justices at Penzance. He went, expecting renewed suffering; but Godolphin of Godolphin took him aside, and said,

'Sir, I sent for you to know how you came to express yourself in such a manner when you were committed? You know, Sir, what has since befallen Mr. Robinson.'

'Sir,' was the reply, 'I was far from bearing any malice against Mr. Robinson, and can give no other answer than that when we are

called before rulers for His Name's sake Whom we serve, it shall be given to us in that very hour what we shall speak.'

Sherwood, like Tregoss, really believed his Master's words.

'Well, Sir,' said Godolphin, 'for your sake, I will never more have a hand in prosecuting Dissenters!'

Sherwood was free, and so was Tregoss for a little while; but he was not to be silenced. On Sunday, August 20th, he was at old Mabe church, crying aloud. Then in jail again. His brave family in the meantime fed day by day, how none will know until 'that day'! Free again, he preached twice at Mabe on January 8th, while the officers of the law were looking for him at Kegillick. Then he was found preaching everywhere in Devon. On February 4th, 1666, his voice was again heard at Mabe. Then he found a prison in Bodmin, where he was kept until September, 1667. He was released by royal order, as he believed he should be from intimations to his soul while at prayer. Now he set up a Monday Lecture at Penryn; was taken with fever; but would rise and preach on the following Sunday. His preaching, from Isaiah xl. 31, was with extraordinary power. At the opening of 1669, his house at Kegillick could not contain the people who were eager for the Word. He took possession of the barn. But having notice to quit Kegillick, he removed to Penryn. Ah, who thinks now, as he walks through the quaint old street of that ancient borough, of the saintly life and stirring utterances of the man whom neither king nor bishop could silence! The bishop tried, but somehow neither he nor the constables could catch the mysterious Preacher. He is once more in Devon. For a time he is in Exeter jail; but is no sooner out again than he is preaching. At Torrington a woman ran out crying, 'Hang the rogue! hang him on the sign-post! or on the next tree!' But her husband was hung, not Tregoss. The persecutor hung himself in his own house, and the widow lost the forfeited property. The Master says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged;' but 'verily' there 'is a God that judgeth in the earth.'

Tregoss was now nearing the border of his better inheritance. He knew it. He felt it. Yet he would fill his life with work. Dear old Mabe must not be forsaken. A place for service was hired, to which he continued to go from Penryn until May, 1670, when, by the aid of two vile informers, heavy fines were levied on those who attended his ministry. So he was constrained to come within the provision of the Conventicle Act, and preach to no more at a time than the statute number. But his zeal was ingenious. He so increased the number of daily services that all could hear by turn; what was preached to the first comers of the day was repeated to those who followed in succession. Well done! Nor were his hallowed ingenuity and zeal exercised in vain. Many of the old

homesteads on those granite hills of Mabe kept a flavour of sound Puritanism from generation to generation even until now. Where in Penryn, Tregoss' last words were uttered, or in what dwelling, nobody knows; but the words are still alive that were spoken on the 18th of January, 1671; spoken, not in dying whispers, but in tones such as for fourteen years had been heard from the pulpits of St. Ives, Mylor, Mabe, and Penryn. Neither physician nor friend could check the utterances: 'Give me leave to speak, for I am upon the borders of eternity—I am going to my dear Father! my best Friend. His face I hope to see this day. Shall not Thy servant see Thee, and love Thee, and embrace Thee, and be embraced by Thee? Hast Thou not given him tokens of Thy true grace and eternal love in Christ? And now, Lord God, Thy servant must away to holy angels, and to the spirits of the just made perfect. I commit myself, my wife and children to the Lord! I commit my spirit to Thee, O Father of spirits! I commit my soul to Thee, O dearest Lord! Keep them that do believe in Thee!'

He passed, with intercession on his lips.

S. W. C.

**'I SHALL NEVER BE SAVED, I AM SUCH A GREAT
SINNER.'**

SUCH was the language of P. R—— to her friend J. L——, and may be it is the language of many a heart to-day. What are you? A sinner. Yes, but—'O I am such a great sinner, the worst of sinners, I can never be saved!'

'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think.' Who says so, and where is it to be found? We are to take the Bible, God's Word, for our guide. Let us search it.

Turn to Isaiah i. 18: God speaks, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Here is an invitation: 'Come.' Who gives it? The Lord 'mighty to save!'

For whom? All who are sunk in sins of deepest dye. To you, poor sinner, who say, 'I shall never be saved.' It is not man with man who reason together, but the Lord and the sinner, about those scarlet sins. Look again, when is it?—Come another day? No! Come when you are better? No: it is, Come to-day, this moment; 'now is the accepted time.'

Isaiah xliii. 26: 'Let us plead together.' Who? The Lord and the sinner. Micah vi. 2: 'The Lord hath a controversy with His people.'—The Lord and sinners talking together about this sinful heart of stone. Hosea xiii. 9: 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thine

help.' Mark viii. 34: 'Whosoever will come after Me, etc.' Again, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, etc.'

Searching these and many other passages, where can you find that you will not be saved because you are such a sinner?

My friend, it is only Satan, who, 'as a roaring lion,' goeth about to seek you only to devour you. Supposing you could not be saved, what should we do with the 'whosoever's' of the Bible? Christ has died to save all; you included. The moment you give up sin, and no more love that which God hates, your sorrow for the past will increase, but Jesus' blood cleanseth the moment you believe.

All past sins are blotted out, never more to be brought up, cancelled by the Blood of the Lamb, your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and, as long as you are faithful, you are 'safe in the arms of Jesus.'

Now, poor sinner, say no more 'I shall never be saved.' God does not say so, it is not the language of our Blessed Saviour; it is Satan. Listen not to him.

Let Christ take your heart, He will soften it. Cling to Jesus, the Rock, the sure Foundation, the only Refuge. The Lord bless these few words to many poor sinners, and may I meet you, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, in heaven, where there shall be no more sin.

J. LAMBERT.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

ONLY a grave, a tiny grave, far o'er
the billowy seas,
Where tropic glories flush the air, and
perfume scents the breeze,
And sunlight rests on gorgeous blooms,
earth's starry galaxies.

A little grave, a tiny one, in shadow
of the palms;
A soft green hillock flower-begemm'd,
alike mid storms and calms;
All sheltered as a holy shrine, all
fragrant with sweet balms.

Yet sunlight falls—how cheerily! upon
that grassy mound,
And sunset with its ruby glow flings
golden hues around,
And twilight shadows come and go,
and echoes of sweet sound.

Sweet chant of rippling waters, the
foam-bells' silvery chime,

Sweet whispers from the woodlands,
sweet songs of vespertime,—
Sweet notes like anthem-echoes from
some far starry clime.

So, so!—'tis best! no jarring chords
profane the hallow'd mound;
No discords mar the harmony; 'tis
consecrated ground!
And angel-pixions hover there, and
keep fond watch around.

Our gem and pearl, our lily fair! we
laid her down to sleep,
All vainly yearning for a grave where
we might watch and weep,—
A quiet grave, an *English* grave,
away, beyond the deep:

Where roses of our fatherland might
scent the summer air,
And spring-time blossoms bloom and
die,—meet types of beauty fair!

And sweet home memories float around,
and psalm, and song, and prayer.

'O yearning hearts, be still, be still !'
so breathed a spirit nigh ;

'The gem is set, the pearl enshrined,
the jewel clasp'd on high,

The hly blooms all peerlessly, no more,
no more to die !

'Enlink'd as by a golden chain of
hope, and love, and faith,

Still is the treasure yours, your own,—
untouch'd by blighting breath !

His love the glorious truth hath
will'd ; Be faithful unto death !'

ADELINE.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. WILLIAM FLUX.

WILLIAM FLUX was born in the parish of Arreton, Isle of Wight, on the 29th of September, 1794. As there were no Sunday-schools in those days, nor other public means of instructing the rising generation in the knowledge and service of God, his youth, like that of many others, was spent in ignorance and sin. He often regretted his untaught and misspent youth when he saw the privileges which children now enjoy. At length the part of the island where he lived was favoured with the visits of Wesleyan-Methodist Preachers, and several of the rustic inhabitants, who had heretofore passed their Sabbaths and other leisure hours in the pleasures of sin, were brought to a saving 'knowledge of the truth.' One of these early converts was the subject of this brief sketch. When convinced of his sinful state through the application of the Word to his heart by the Holy Spirit, he went home in deep distress, and in the privacy of his own room he wrestled with God in prayer for His pardoning mercy, refusing to be comforted till the Lord spoke peace to his troubled soul. Before morning the blessing came: the load of guilt was removed from his mind, and his soul was filled with heavenly light and love. He was so happy in a sense of the Divine favour, that he literally shouted for joy, so that his wife was obliged to restrain him, lest he should disturb the neighbours.

The conversion of William Flux was not only clear and satisfactory to himself, but its genuineness was evinced by his entire future course, which, for more than forty years, was marked by unwavering fidelity and Christian consistency. He immediately joined the Wesleyan Society, of which he was ever afterwards a steady and devoted member. He was a fine specimen of genuine piety in humble life. There were several traits in his character highly commendable and worthy of imitation :

He highly prized the means of grace, and was remarkable for his regular attendance at the house of God, not only on the Sabbath, but on week-days, often hurrying home from his work to get ready for

chapel. He dearly loved the Class-meeting, Prayer-meeting, and other social means of grace. Nor did he neglect *private* and *family* religion. When sorely tempted, he has been known to leave his work and repair to some lonely place to pour out his soul in supplication, and he often spoke of distinct blessings received on such occasions. He trained up his children in the fear of God, and had his reward in seeing them walking in the narrow path; and died in the confident hope of meeting them all in heaven.

He suffered much towards the close of life from attacks of asthma and from other ailments, but bore his afflictions with meekness and resignation, constantly desiring to be made fully meet for heaven. During his last illness he was assured of the presence of the Lord, and often expressed to his son and daughter his entire reliance on the atonement of Christ, and his confident hope of future bliss. Surrounded by his family, he peacefully passed away, to be 'for ever with the Lord,' at Noke Common, Isle of Wight, on the 24th of December, 1875, in the eighty-second year of his age.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Sermons. By the REV. SAMUEL D. WADDY, D.D. First Series. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—This volume contains twelve Sermons, and two Charges delivered at the London Conference of 1860. Religious literature is rich in printed discourses, and fresh sermons are continually pouring from the press. We are inclined rather to check the flow than to accelerate it, and to examine somewhat severely the claims of every new candidate for public attention. Unless discourses are of a very high order of merit, they had better, in most instances, remain in manuscript. Printed sermons, however, may sometimes serve as a memorial of a valued ministry, and need not aspire to travel beyond the circle of the writer's friends. Many of the late Dr. Waddy's hearers will be glad to possess such a collection of his discourses as the present. But these homilies deserve, and will doubtless achieve, a far more extensive popularity. 'Anybody can print sermons,' was a favourite dictum of Dr. Whewell's; but it is given to few men to publish such Sermons as these. Dr. Waddy was eminently a thinker, and his best thoughts were proclaimed from the pulpit. He clothed his thoughts in plain and unadorned, but choice and idiomatic language. The reader can never hesitate as to his meaning. But Dr. Waddy was more than a thinker, he was a Preacher, educing truth from his text and declaring it, not *before* or *at*, but *to* the people. He understood the heart, speaking directly and forcibly to the conscience, arousing the sinner, and stimulating and instructing the Church-members. Nor are the excellencies of these Sermons purely intellectual. The spirituality of their tone is as marked

as the vigour of their thought or the clearness of their style. Ministers might study them with advantage as models; while no Christian can peruse them without benefit to his soul. We rejoice that this is only the *First Series*, and thankfully accept the promise of a *Second*.

The Priesthood of Christ. Being the Sixth Lecture on the Foundation of the late John Farnley, Esq. By the Rev. H. W. WILLIAMS, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—In these days of aggressive and seductive heresy, it is highly important that the truth should be declared clearly and convincingly. Persevering efforts are being made to deprive our Blessed Lord of His position as the one sole Priest. The Sixth Farnley Lecture expounds the orthodox doctrine plainly, and exposes the opposite error. There is scarcely a sentence in Dr. Williams' Discourse which the most captious critic could object to, while there is so much whereon a Christian might profitably meditate.

Modern Infidelity Disarmed, in a Reply to M. Rénan's Life of Jesus. By E. STEPHENS. London: Bemrose and Sons. 1876.—We regret that Mr. Stephens has cast his thoughts on modern infidelity into the form of a reply to M. Rénan. He succeeds in showing the inconsistencies, self-contradictions and glaring assumptions of which the celebrated Frenchman is guilty; but this has been done so frequently and so ably as to be now almost a work of supererogation. Written in Australia, when the English translation of the *Vie de Jésus* was a novelty, the book is in

this country not, as its title-page declares, 'for the times,' but rather behind the times.

As a controversialist, Mr. Stephens is forcible, but too personal and too triumphant. Apostrophes to 'Rénan' (very often without the Monsieur, and as often with some uncomplimentary epithet) disfigure nearly every page of the volume that deals with that scholar, divert the attention from the argument, and create a prejudice against an adversary who cannot refrain from dancing over the body of a prostrate foe.

But we take objection, in the main, only to the style of the work. Its substance is a tolerably complete presentation of the evidences of Christianity as they bear upon more or less recent speculations. 'Modern Infidelity Disarmed' does not so much aim to convince an antagonist, as to confirm wavering faith, and to instruct and guard honest simplicity. For these purposes it is not ill-calculated. Its author can both think clearly and express his thoughts plainly and effectively. There is room for a book dealing with current doubt and heresy, more popular than Professor Birks' 'The Bible and Modern Thought,' and addressed to less cultured readers. To judge from the present publication, Mr. Stephens might compose just the work that is wanted, if he would prune himself vigorously, and adopt a more gentlemanly tone towards his opponents, forbearing to shout victory before he has won the battle.

The Revision of the English Bible. With Appendices. By the Rev. C. O. ELDRIDGE, B.A. With an Introduction, by the Rev. W. F. MOULTON, D.D.

London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—A concise statement of the reasons that make Revision desirable, supported by apt illustrations. The information, closely condensed, may be thoroughly relied on.

The Child Jesus: Readings and Texts of Holy Scripture, with Songs and Music. London: Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union. 1876.—A prettily 'got-up' little book, with admirably designed and executed pictures. The illuminated texts are exceedingly tasteful. All the songs and music may be praised, the fifth most highly.

Our Visit to Rome; with Notes by the Way. By the REV. JOHN RHODES. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—A pleasant little volume of travels, showing how much may be seen intelligently in a calendar month. It is well illustrated.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Old Testament. Vol. I., containing Genesis and Exodus. London: Elliot Stock. 1876.—The success of Mr. Gray's Notes on the New Testament has induced him to treat the Old Testament upon a similar plan. The actual exegesis is confined to a few words, indicating the meaning of a passage or of isolated terms, but it is generally trustworthy so far as it goes. The value of the homiletic notes varies considerably; they are often suggestive, and as often trite. The illustrative quotations usually do illustrate the passage to which they are attached, but many of the anecdotes have been reprinted and repeated *ad nauseam*. 'The Biblical Museum' makes no pretence to originality, but

Sunday-school teachers and Local Preachers might find it a useful compilation.

Hymns of Consecration and Faith. Compiled and Arranged, by REV. J. MOUNTAIN. London: Haughton and Co.—This selection contains many well-known hymns and tunes, and several that will be new to most people. Miss Frances R. Havergal has contributed some extremely beautiful songs, in general wedded to appropriate tunes, though the music to her words can hardly be said to rise quite to the level of her poetry. About half of the new harmonies to tunes by American composers will be deemed improvements. Mr. Mountain's own music has frequently a marked and far from attractive peculiarity, and occasionally it is very sweet and expressive. 'Hymns of Consecration and Faith' is well arranged, clearly printed, and remarkably cheap.

The Opium Traffic Cruel, Unjust and Impolitic. London: London Quarterly Review Office. 1876.—The writer fully proves his first two points,—the opium traffic is cruel and unjust, specially as it is carried on against the repeated remonstrances of the Chinese authorities, who would speedily put an end to it but for British gunboats. And as cruelty and injustice are always in the long run impolitic, he has virtually proved his third point also. But he makes no attempt whatever to touch the *crux* of this part of the question—how is our Indian revenue to be raised without it? We fear there is but one answer: England must pay to India a yearly subsidy of several millions. But no one who

realizes the misery, the vice, and the hindrances to Christianity resulting from the trade in opium, could well hesitate to pay a penny in the pound of income-tax to wipe off the reproach, not to say the crime, resting upon us as a nation from our connection with the pernicious and ungodly business.

The King's Highway. A Journal of Scriptural Holiness. Volume V. London: Elliot Stock.—The numbers of this serial for 1876 bound into a volume. It contains, among other papers, a remarkable exposition of Romans vi., by the Rev. James Mor-

rison, and a large number of stimulating and helpful 'experiences' by living Christians.

The Life of the Rev. Alfred Cookman. By the Rev. HENRY B. RIDGAWAY, D.D. With a Preface by the Rev. W. M. PUNSHON, D.D. Fourth Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.—We are not surprised that a fourth edition of this well-told story of a noble life has been called for. The reduction in price places it within reach of a larger class of readers. It is certainly one of the best pieces of biography we have ever read, and Mr. Cookman fully deserved the record.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR APRIL, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.
April	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	5 35	6 34	5 38m	5 30m	2 50m	1 40m	5 2m
11	5 13	6 50	5 22a	5 11	2 32	1 2	4 25
21	4 52	7 7	8 45	4 53	2 13	0 21	3 47
May							
1	4 32	7 23	9 35	4 36	1 52	11 39a	3 10

PHASES OF THE MOON.

April 5th, Last Quarter 4h. 30m. after. | 20th, First Quarter ... 7h. 37m. after.
 18th, New Moon 5h. 50m. after. | 27th, Full Moon 4h. 36m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 7th noon Apogee; 251,406 miles.
 " 22nd 6h. after., Perigee; 229,370 "
 Mean distance for the month 240,388 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st 91,679,640 miles.
 May 1st 92,435,380 "
 Increase of distance for the month 755,740 "

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 6th, at 1h. in the afternoon, after which time it becomes an evening star. Toward

the end of the month it will set two hours later than the Sun, and may be easily seen with the naked eye low in the west. On the evening of the 11th,

it will be in ascending node. It will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the 14th: in perihelion, or at the point of its orbit nearest to the Sun, on the morning of the 16th; and at its greatest distance from the ecliptic on the afternoon of the 26th.

Venus rises with the Sun throughout the month, and will therefore not be visible to the naked eye. It is approaching superior conjunction, and, seen with a telescope, is nearly round. On the morning of the 25th, it will be in ascending node.

Mars will be near the Moon on the morning of the 6th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the evening of the 24th.

Jupiter will be near the Moon on the 4th. On the morning of the 20th it will be stationary, after which the apparent motion becomes retrograde. The planet continues very low throughout the year, the meridian altitude being only a few minutes greater than that of the Sun on the 21st of December. The only eclipses of the satellites visible at Greenwich are a disappearance of the first on the morning of the 19th, at 3h. 8m. 5s., and a disappearance of the second on the morning of the 20th, at 2h. 3m. 3s. The first satellite and its shadow may be seen on the disc of the primary on the morning of the 4th, between 3h. 20m., and 4h. 19m., on the 20th from the rising of the planet till 2h. 34m., and on the 27th after 3h. 16m. On the 7th at 3h. in the morning, all the satellites will be on the eastern side of the planet in the order of their actual distances. On the 13th, at the same hour, only two satellites will be visible,

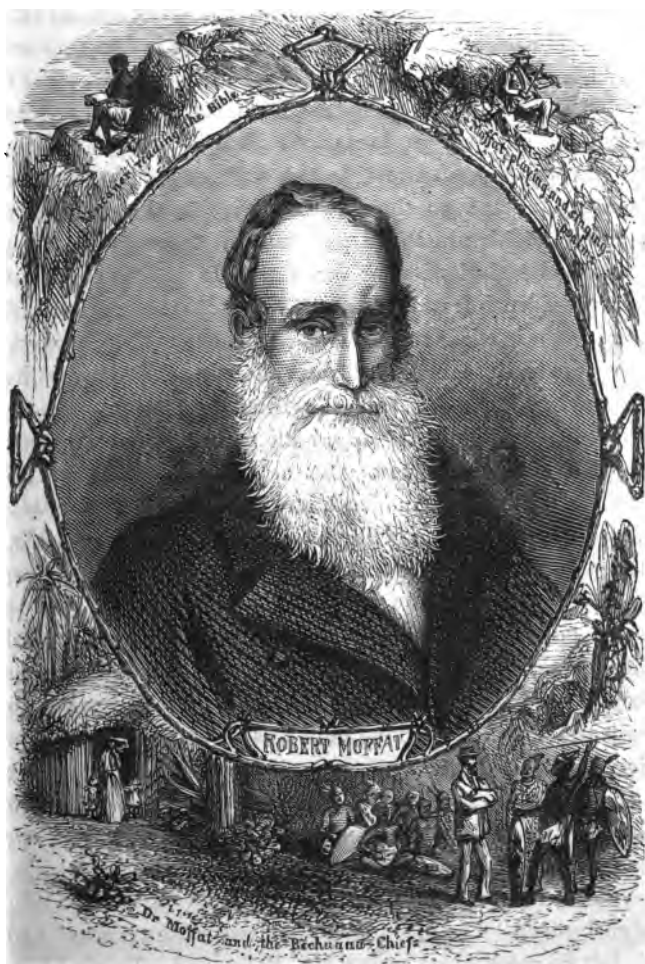
both west of the primary, the first close to it, the fourth at a considerable distance from it; on the 26th, the fourth will be close to the primary on the east side, the other three in the order of their distances on the west; the following morning the first will be close to the primary on the east, and the other three in the order of their distances on the west side. On the 26th, the planet rises at midnight.

Saturn is a morning star, but too near the Sun to attract notice. The rings are now seen nearly edge-wise, and through a good telescope present the appearance of a bright line crossing the ball, and extending a considerable distance beyond on each side; the line is gradually becoming narrower, and attains its minimum breadth, 0.44s., on June 24th, when the length will be nearly a hundred times this quantity.

Uranus crosses the meridian on the 14th, at 8h. in the evening, at an altitude of 54 degrees. It will be stationary on the morning of the 28th, after which its motion will be direct. It will be occulted by the Moon, below our horizon on the morning of the 22nd.

Neptune will be in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 25th.

Antares, the brightest star in Scorpio, will be twice occulted to dwellers in the southern hemisphere on the afternoon of the 2nd, and on the evening of the 29th. *Beta Tauri* will be occulted on the evening of the 17th, and *Regulus* on the afternoon of the 22nd; but neither of these phenomena will be witnessed by us.



DR. MOFFAT.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

ROBERT MOFFAT, 'the Patriarch of Kuruman,' was born at Ormiston, near Haddington, in 1795, but spent the greater part of his boyhood at Carron Shore, where his father had an appointment in the Customs. When about twelve years old, he was ambitious to be a sailor, and tried a voyage in a coasting vessel.

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Not finding much that was pleasant in seafaring life, he returned to school, and began to study botany and horticulture, in order to qualify himself for the position of a skilled gardener. His father removing to Inverkeithing, in Fifeshire, he obtained employment near that town, in the gardens of the Earl of Moray. While nailing the twigs of the apricot to the wall, or planting the ferns on the rockery, he had no thought of Africa as the scene of various and incessant labours to be perpetuated through many years. But God had a glorious work for him to do on that continent, and by His providence drew him along the path to the kraal of Africaner and the fountain of Kuruman. Scotch gardeners then, as now, had a good repute in England, and he was offered a situation in Cheshire.

On leaving home his mother wished him to promise that he would read his Bible every day, both morning and evening. He tried to evade her request; but as she was about to bid him farewell, she took his hand and, looking into his face with tearful eyes, said, 'Robert, you will promise me to read the Bible, more particularly the New Testament, and most especially the Gospels—these are the words of Christ Himself; and there you cannot possibly go astray.' He could not resist such an appeal, and replied, 'Yes, mother, I make you the promise.' Having made it, he kept it, and always thought himself happy in having done so. He was converted in England, and was a member of the Wesleyan Society in the Warrington Circuit when the Rev. J. Beaumont was one of its Ministers. A slight circumstance directed his attention to the Mission-field. Being in Warrington one summer's evening, he caught sight of a placard, two lines of which arrested his attention—'The London Missionary Society' and 'The Rev. W. Roby, of Manchester.' The meeting announced on the placard had been held, but he resolved on seeing Mr. Roby and offering himself for Mission-work. Mr. Roby received him with great kindness, told him to be of good courage, and promised to use what influence he had with the Directors of the Society on his behalf.

He was accepted by the Society, and ordained with some other young men as a Minister of the Gospel to the heathen, in Surrey Chapel. One of the young men who knelt by his side to receive the imposition of hands was John Williams; who, though slain by the savages of Erromanga, has a name in the annals of Missionary

toil and heroism bright as the stars which pour their lustre on the palms of the Polynesian Archipelagoes. Mr. Moffat sailed for the Cape of Good Hope in October, 1816. He was only about twenty-one years old, but had sufficient Scotch prudence and determination to avoid blunders and to front difficulties in a manful spirit. When he reached the Cape he had to solicit the permission of the British Governor to visit the heathen beyond the boundaries of the colony. This was refused for some time; but the young Missionary while waiting was not idle. Lodging with a godly Hollander, he acquired the Dutch language, so as to be able to preach to the Dutch Boers and their native servants. Repeated applications to the Governor were at length successful, and in going up the country he asked one of the Boers to allow him to spend the night at his house. The Boer blustered as much as if the traveller had petitioned him for the gift of a hundred oxen, and Mr. Moffat thought to himself, 'I'll e'en try the guid wife.' She not only provided food for him, but also asked him to preach. The service was held in a long barn, and though the Boer had a hundred Hottentots in his service, not one of them was present. 'May none of your servants come in?' asked the Missionary. 'Hottentots!' shouted the Boer, in reply; 'are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them.' Those contemptuous words were followed by the appropriate text, 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.' The truth smote the heart of the Boer, and he cried out, 'No more of that; I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place.' He at once summoned them to the barn, and at the close of the service said to Mr. Moffat, 'I'll never object to the preaching of the Gospel to Hottentots again.'

Mr. Moffat was on his way to Namaqualand, beyond the Orange River, where he was to do Mission-work among the people of the terrible Africaner. The conversion of this fiery chieftain to the meekness of Christian discipleship is justly regarded as a signal proof of the power of the Gospel. His father, being enfeebled by age, resigned to him the government of a tribe of Hottentots, whose lands at one time reached within a hundred miles of Cape Town, and whose kraals and pastures and hunting-grounds were scenes of rude abundance and barbaric freedom. But the Dutch settlers

gradually encroached on their possessions, and Africaner, deprived of the old inheritance of his family, was induced to accept service as shepherd to a Dutch farmer. Generous treatment would have tended to reconcile him to the unfortunate change in his position, but his master aggravated his sense of humiliation by an overbearing, insolent manner, and even ordered him to take up arms against his own people. The order was not obeyed, and Africaner, with his brother Titus and some others, was summoned to the farm-house to be reprimanded, if not punished, for disobedience. Africaner went up the steps to the door for the purpose of remonstrating with the farmer, who, instead of listening to him, gave him a sudden blow, which hurled him to the bottom of the steps. This was too much for the patience of Titus, who, having a gun, fired at and killed the farmer. To escape the vengeance of the Dutch for that deed of blood the party hastened to the north of the Orange River, and settled in Great Namaqualand. Many and fierce attempts were made by the colonial authorities to destroy Africaner, but they only excited him to deadly reprisals, and he became the terror of all the farmsteads in the border country.

It was to the kraal of this dreaded outlaw that Mr. Moffat was travelling. The farmers at whose houses he was entertained assured him that Africaner would think no more of taking his life than he would of taking the life of a zebra or an antelope. One told him that the chief would strip off his skin and make a drum of it; another that he would strike his head from his body, and use his skull for a drinking cup; and a motherly old lady, wiping the tears from her eyes, said to him, 'Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are *young*, and going to be eaten up by that monster!' Africaner was not so bad as he had been pictured by the fears of the planters. Missionaries had given him instruction in the doctrines of Christianity, and he had been baptized, though it can scarcely be said that his heart had been affected by Divine grace. Mr. Moffat was in no danger of being martyred by him; but found little that was encouraging in his position when, having crossed the Orange River, he entered the scene of his labours in Namaqualand. He was in a rocky, arid country, presenting a sad contrast to the bright gardens at Inverkeithing and the embowered lanes and

grassy slopes of Cheshire. Africaner was slow in giving him a welcome; but at length came to him, and seemed pleased when he ascertained that the London Missionary Society had sent him to the station. He directed a number of women to make a house for him, which they did by bending long rods into a hemispheric form, and covering them with mats. It was as uncomfortable as it was frail, for the rain streamed through it, the sun heated it to an almost unbearable degree, and when the wind blew it was filled with suffocating dust. Vagrant dogs crept into it for a night's shelter, and frequently ran off with the food the Missionary had prepared for the following day; serpents coiled themselves behind his boxes; and at times he had to start up from sleep to drive away contending bulls, lest in their struggles they should crush himself and his dwelling. Through the day he was fully employed in teaching a school and holding services, and in the evening he wandered to a pile of rocks in the neighbourhood, where he poured out his soul in alternate strains of joy and sorrow; and occasionally reclining on one of the slabs of granite, would break the stillness with the notes of his violin, and sing his mother's favourite hymn, beginning—

‘Awake my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise.’

He was soon cheered by a pleasing change in Africaner. No one at the kraal was more regular in attending the public services: the truth accompanied by the Holy Spirit was apprehended by him as a transforming energy, and the fierceness of the bandit was melted into the gentleness of the Christian. The weapons by which he had become so formidable were laid aside, and the Bible was almost always in his hands. ‘Often have I seen him,’ says the Missionary, ‘under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed Book, and his mind wrapped up in things Divine. Many were the nights he sat with me on a great stone at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world.’

Africaner's visit to Cape Town with Mr. Moffat excited great interest in that part of Africa. When the visit was first proposed to him, he said to the Missionary, 'I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the Government to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?' then laying his hand on his head he asked, 'Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?' Mr. Moffat having assured him that he would be well received in Cape Town, and that in all respects the journey would be satisfactory, he agreed to go. On their way they came near a farm-house in which Mr. Moffat had received kind entertainment when travelling towards Namaqualand. Mr. Moffat left the wagon and went alone to meet the farmer. The latter seemed startled by his appearance, and asked in rather a wild manner who he was. When the name was given the farmer exclaimed, 'Moffat! it is your ghost!' and it was with difficulty he was persuaded that it was the living Missionary; for the general report was that he had been murdered by Africaner, and one man declared that he had seen his bones. Walking towards the wagon, they were speaking of Africaner, and Mr. Moffat said, 'He is now a truly good man.' To this the farmer replied, 'I can believe almost anything you say, but *that* I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth.' The Missionary appealed to numerous triumphs of Divine grace in the conversion of great sinners, in proof that it was not impossible for the Hottentot chief-tain to have been converted, but the farmer was still doubtful, for he looked on Africaner as one of the accursed sons of Ham to whom it was in vain to preach the Gospel, and ended the conversation by saying, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my uncle.' They were then near the chief, and Mr. Moffat, confiding in the goodness and prudence of the farmer, said, 'This, then, is Africaner.' A few questions having been satisfactorily answered by Africaner, the farmer raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish!' Africaner was kindly and affably received in Cape Town by the Governor of the

Colony, Lord Charles Somerset; and many in the town, who had heard of his terrible exploits years before, were filled with astonishment as they witnessed his meek deportment, and discovered his thorough acquaintance with, and delight in, the Word of God. He was faithful to the close of life, and the following description of his death was given by a Wesleyan Missionary:

'When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave the directions as to their future conduct: "We are not," he said, "what we were, *savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us then do accordingly. 'Live peaceably with all men,' if 'possible;' and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you, before you engage in anything. Remain together as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the Directors think fit to send you a Missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent, as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God and that He has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. O! beware of falling into the same evils in which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and He will be found of you to direct you.'"

So died the man whose black hands had often been red with the blood of Dutch Boers, and whose black face, lifted in savage triumph, had often been brightened in the glare of blazing farmsteads. The great Missionary who guided him to the Cross of Christ will have a crown jewelled with many resplendent memorials of noble and heroic service done in the cause of the Divine Master, but none will shine more conspicuously than that on which the name of Africaner will be graven.

(To be continued).

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER V.—SELF-SACRIFICE.

At last Kike is getting better, and Morton can be spared. There is no longer any reason why the rowdies on Jenkinsville Circuit should pine for the muscular young preacher whom they have vowed to 'lick as soon as they lay eyes on to him.' Morton

and Dr. Morgan have exhausted their several systems of theology in discussion. So, at last, the impatient Morton mounts his impatient horse, and gallops away to preach to the impatient brethren and face the impatient ruffians of Jenkinsville Circuit. Kike is left yet in his quiet harbour to recover. The doctor has taken a strange fancy to the zealous young prophet, and looks forward with regret to the time when he will leave.

Ah, happy experience of life, when the flood-tide sets back through the veins! You have no longer any pain; you are not well enough to feel any responsibility; you cannot work; there is no obligation resting on you but one—that is to rest. Such perfect passivity, Kike had never known before. He could walk but little. He sat the livelong day by the open window, as listless as the grass that waved before the wind. All the sense of dire responsibility, all those feelings of the awfulness of life, and the fearfulness of his work, and the dreadfulness of his accountability, were in abeyance. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to wake and breathe, to suffer as a passive instrument the play of whatever feeling might chance to come, was Kike's life.

The austerity of Kike's conscience had slumbered during his convalescence. At last it awakened. He sat one evening in his room trying to see the right way; for Dr. Morgan had offered him a permanent home, and Nettie Morgan had become more than attractive in his eyes. According to old Methodist custom he looked for some inward movement of the Spirit—some 'impression'—that should guide him.

During the great religious excitement of the early part of this century, Western pietists not only referred everything to God in prayer, but the belief in *immediate* Divine direction was often carried to an extreme. Various devices were invented for obtaining Divine direction—devices not unworthy the ancient augurs. Lorenzo Dow used to suffer his horse to take his own course at each divergence of the road. It seems to have been a favourite delusion of pietism in all ages, that God could direct an inanimate object, guide a dumb brute, or impress a blind impulse upon the human mind, but could not enlighten or guide the judgment itself. The opening of a Bible at random for a directing text became so common among the English Wesleyans, that Dr. Adam Clarke thought it necessary to

utter a stout Irish philippic against what he called 'Bible sortilege.'

These devout divinings, these vanes set to catch the direction of heavenly breezes, could not but impress so earnest a nature as Kike's. Now in his distress he prayed with eagerness, and opened his Bible at random to find his eye lighting, not on any intelligible or remotely - applicable passage, but upon a bead-roll of unpronounceable names in one of the early chapters of the First Book of Chronicles. This disappointment he accepted as a trial of his faith. Faith like Kike's is not to be dashed by disappointment. He prayed again for direction, and opened at last at the text: 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?' The marked trait in Kike's piety was an enthusiastic personal loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. This question seemed directed to him, as it had been to Peter, in reproach. He would hesitate no longer. Love, and life itself, should be sacrificed for the Christ Who died for him. Then he prayed once more, and there came to his mind the memory of that saying about leaving houses and homes and lands and wives for Christ's sake. It seemed certain to him that this text of Scripture was 'suggested.' It was a call from Christ to give up all for Him. And in the spirit of the sublimest self-sacrifice he said, 'Lord, I will keep back nothing!'

But emotions and resolutions that are at high tide in the evening often ebb before morning. Kike thought himself strong enough to begin again to rise at four o'clock, as Wesley had ordained in his 'rules for a preacher's conduct.' Following the same rules, he proceeded to set apart the first hour for prayer and meditation.

He conducted his devotions in a state of great mental distraction. Seeing a copy of Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor,' which belonged to Dr. Morgan, lying on the window-seat, he took it up, hoping to get some light from its stimulating pages. He remembered that Wesley spoke well of Baxter; but he could not fix his mind upon the book. He kept listlessly turning the leaves until his eye lighted upon a sentence in Latin. Kike knew not a single word of Latin; and for that very reason his attention was the more readily attracted by the sentence in an unknown tongue. He read it: '*Nec propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.*' He found written in the margin a free rendering: 'Let us not for the sake of life, sacrifice the only things

worth living for.' He knelt down now and gave thanks for what seemed to him Divine direction.

Kike rode to his old home in the Hissawatchee Settlement. The cabin in which his mother lived was very little different from what it was when he left it. The old stick chimney showed signs of decrepitude; the barrel which served for chimney-pot was canted a little on one side, giving to the cabin, as Kike thought, an unpleasant air, as of a man a little exhilarated with whisky, who has tipped his hat upon the side of his head, to leer at you saucily. The mother received him joyously, and wiped her eyes with an apron when she saw how sick he had been.

Kike had come home to have his tattered wardrobe improved; and the thoughtful mother had already made him a warm, though not very shapely, suit of jean. It cost Kike a struggle to leave her again. She did not think him fit to go. But she did not dare to say so. How should she venture to advise one who seemed to her wondering heart to live in the very secrets of the Almighty? God had laid hands on him—the child was hers no longer. But still she looked her heart-breaking apprehensions as he set out from home, leaving her standing disconsolate in the doorway wiping her eyes with her apron.

Was Kike unhappy when he made his way to the distant Pottawottomie Creek Circuit?

Do you think the Missionaries, who traversed the wilds of America at the call of duty as they heard it, were unhappy men? The highest happiness comes not from the satisfaction of our desires, but from the denial of them for the sake of a high purpose. I doubt not the happiest man that ever sailed through Levantine seas, or climbed Cappadocian mountains, was Paul of Tarsus. Do you think that he envied the voluptuaries of Cyprus, or the rich merchants of Corinth? Can you believe that one of the idlers in the Epicurean gardens, or one of the Stoic loafers in the covered sidewalks of Athens, could imagine the joy that tided the soul of Paul over all tribulations? For there is a sort of awful delight in self-sacrifice; and Kike defied the storm of a northern winter, and all the difficulties and dangers of the wilderness, and all the hardships of his lonely lot, with one saying often on his lips: 'O Lord, I have kept back nothing!'

I have heard that about this time young Lumsden was accustomed to electrify his audiences by his fervent preaching upon the Christian duty of Glorifying in Tribulation, and that shrewd old country women would nod their heads one to another as they went home afterward, and say: 'He's seed a mighty sight o' trouble in his time, I 'low, fer a young man.' 'Yes; but he's got the victory; and how powerful sweet he talks about it! I never heerd the beat in all my born days.'

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST:

LETTERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

WHEN it was known that Christ had risen from the dead, His disciples were filled with joy and His enemies were in consternation. It was as if a weight like that of the stone which was rolled against the mouth of the sepulchre, had been lifted from the hearts of the former, and had fallen on the hearts of the latter. After all the falsehood, the clamour, the crime, to get rid of Jesus, this was the issue—An empty tomb, a vision of angels, and the crucified One in the midst of His disciples! What whispering there would be amongst the Scribes and Pharisees as they met in the street; and how Caiaphas would hasten to the house of Annas to talk over this new difficulty, and to see if any means could be devised to counteract an event which seemed too likely to destroy their authority among the people! But we shall obtain a better idea of the feeling caused by the Resurrection of Christ by imagining some of the letters written by those interested in it. We may suppose the following to have been sent by a Pharisee to a friend in the north of the Holy Land:

STRANGE things have taken place in this city. You have often heard of Jesus of Nazareth, of his reputed power and holiness. He did effect some wonderful cures, and it is said that in some instances he even raised the dead; we, however, explained the seeming miracles by diabolical agency. But notwithstanding our explanation, many of the people were quite infatuated about him, and even went so far as to say that they had never heard such discourses in the synagogue as he gave in the porch of the temple or under the shadow of the olives outside the walls of the city; and still worse, they hinted that there was not one of our venerable order equal to him in sanctity of character. You will at once see that we could not allow the son of a carpenter, who had never been instructed by any of our Rabbis, to outshine men so observant of the law as we are. For my own part, I have just come in from the temple,

where I have been paying tithe of even the herbs, the mint, anise and cummin in my garden. About a week since Jesus came again to Jerusalem. I was sitting in my house reading the book of Leviticus, when I heard a great shout, and looking out of my window, I saw Jesus coming up the street, seated on an ass, and a crowd of people about him, most of whom had branches of palm in their hands, which they were waving in great excitement. Matters had now come to a crisis, and the question was, which should triumph, Jesus or the Pharisees? We determined to apprehend him, and by payment of a bribe got one of his followers to betray him to us. We had him before us in the Sanhedrim, but the difficulty was to obtain witnesses to testify against him. Several came forward, but they contradicted each other in such a glaring manner, that we could make nothing of them. But by questioning him our president elicited an avowal of Divine pretensions; he declared himself to be the Son of God. This was what we wanted, and we at once condemned him to death as a blasphemer. We should have had him stoned there and then, but the Romans, alas! have taken away our power, and though we could pass the sentence, we could not put it into execution. We then took him to Pilate. It would have been of no avail to say anything to that heathen about blasphemy, so we adopted a different method, and our charge was: 'We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a King.' But Pilate, who did not scruple to have a number of our people stabbed in the temple, was unwilling to doom him to the cross. He tried again and again to get us to give up our purpose, but we went among the crowd before the tribunal, and excited a general shout for his crucifixion. The sentence was passed, for Pilate was afraid of a disturbance; the soldiers soon had a cross ready, and that no mark of infamy might be wanting, Jesus was crucified between two thieves. And here let me ask if it was dark with you on the afternoon of the day before the Sabbath? The darkness in Jerusalem was appalling. There was also an earthquake; and soon after one of the priests came running out from the temple, saying that the sacred veil had been rent from the top to the bottom, and that the secrets of the holiest place had been laid open. Jesus died on the cross, and Joseph of Arimathea—on the whole a good sort of man, but rather weak—obtained possession of the body, and had it placed in a tomb which had been hewn in his own garden. Now Jesus had said that though he were put to death, he should rise again on the third day; and as we were convinced that his disciples, to make his words good, would be likely to steal the body and then tell the people he had risen, we went to Pilate, who gave us authority to station a guard at the sepulchre,

which we did, and also sealed the stone at its mouth. We then thought we were at the end of our trouble, but on the day following the Sabbath there were rumours that Jesus had risen. At first we thought it was wild talk, but the soldiers told us a strange tale about a great light, and a majestic form, which so affrighted them that they became as dead men. We wanted them to say that the disciples came and stole the body while they were asleep, and gave them a bag of shekels to induce them to comply with our request. They said they could scarcely do that, as it was death for a Roman soldier to sleep at his post; we, however, assured them that we would speak privately to the governor, and see that they came to no harm. But to tell the truth, we should care little what befell those overbearing heathens; what we are anxious about is, to do away with the notion that Jesus has risen from the dead. His teaching and miracles were sufficiently damaging to our interests, but if it is commonly believed that he is again alive, our phylacteries, and long prayers, and careful ablutions will go for nothing, and we shall be left without adherents. But be assured we shall use all possible methods to overcome this difficulty, and as our party is strong in Jerusalem we shall yet be triumphant.

So far the Pharisee, and now we take up what we may suppose to have been written by a Roman soldier to an old comrade in Cæsarea :

I AM not at all in love with my post in Jerusalem. The city is not badly situated, and has some good buildings, especially the temple, which stands on a hill, and makes a fine show, with its terraces and lines of white pillars. I have not been in, for we are not allowed to enter it, but I have been informed that it contains no image; so strange is the religion of these Jews. I could do with the city, though there are no gladiators, no elephants and tigers, struggling in the arena, as in our glorious Italy; but I detest the people. Though we are their masters, they are as haughty as if they were so many Cæsars or pro-consuls; and when I meet any of them in the street, they look on me so scornfully that I feel tempted to give them a taste of Roman steel. But what I wish particularly to write about is this: A man named Jesus was crucified a short time since. There was no proper charge against him, but the Jews were so bent on his death, that to avoid sedition Pilate was compelled to condemn him. He was singularly patient under his sufferings; and one of our cohort, who had to drive the nails into his hands and feet, told me that he could scarcely refrain from tears as he looked on his mild face. After his death, his body was put in a sepulchre which one of the rich Jews had just had hewn out of a rock in his garden. There was a fear that his disciples would come and steal his body in the night, to make people believe that he had risen from the

dead, for it appears he had declared that though put to death, he should rise again. To prevent this, I and a number of my comrades were appointed to keep guard through the night. The first night passed away quietly, but not so our second watch. Just as the morning light began to glimmer on our shields, there was a strange trembling under our feet, and the rock heaved and shivered as if it had been smitten by one of the immortal gods. Then there was a wonderful blaze of glory, and we saw a being of noble stature, clothed in raiment white and dazzling as the snow on the great Alps, while on his countenance there was a splendour fierce and vivid as the lightning. We were overpowered, our limbs shook, our weapons fell from our hands, and we sunk to the ground blind and speechless. When we recovered our senses, we found that the stone which had been fastened in the opening of the tomb was rolled away; there was no corpse, but the grave clothes, carefully folded, were still there. I have always been accounted a brave man; I have plunged my sword in the heart of the African lion; I have rushed to the onslaught through clouds of Parthian arrows; I have stood firm before the scythed chariots of Britain; but that apparition in the garden was too much for me, and all the gold on the Palatine would not bribe me to look on the like again. When we saw that the sepulchre was empty, we went and told the priests what had occurred. They were half mad when they heard our story, but after a while they came to us with some members of a sect called Pharisees, and gave us some hundreds of coins in gold and silver, at the same time bidding us say that while we were sleeping the disciples of Jesus came and stole his body. This was an awkward thing for us to do, for you know the fate of the soldier who sleeps at his post; but they promised that if any harm were likely to come to us, they would speak to the procurator, and keep us out of trouble. It is rather a mean business, but we needed the money, and we shall try to forget our terrors over a few skins of choice wine from Lebanon.

After such a manner we suppose the Roman to have written; and we may now imagine the kind of letter that a disciple in Jerusalem would send to a fellow disciple in Galilee:

You heard that our dear Master had come to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast of the Passover. John, whom He loved so much, was close by Him at the table, and he has told me that he can never forget the tender and gracious words which came from His lips. He repeated part of His discourse to me, the opening of which is like a glimpse of paradise: 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' The following words also are strangely sweet and cheering: 'Peace I leave with you, My peace

I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' After a very solemn prayer, Jesus went over the brook Kedron into the garden of Gethsemane, where He was in such anguish that His sweat was like drops of blood. A band of men with lanterns, and torches, and weapons, headed by Judas who betrayed Him to them, came and arrested Him. He was taken before the great Council, and thence to Pilate, who, in compliance with the demand of the Jews, condemned Him to crucifixion. The feeling against Him was so strong that few of His followers dare show themselves; and I have to confess, that though I of all men ought to have stood by Him through those dark and terrible hours,—for He healed a disease that was eating my life away,—I was so afraid, that I hid myself all the time of His trial and exposure on the cross. Some of the women, however, and also John, were brave enough to manifest their friendship for Him even when, to the delight of the rulers and many of the people, He was suffering the doom of a malefactor. His last words were, 'It is finished,' and O! what sorrow smote our hearts when we knew that He was dead. He was so mighty, so wise, so holy, so loving, that we thought He would surely redeem Israel; but hope died within us when He died, and we feared that the light of our nation was for ever quenched. He was laid in Joseph's sepulchre, but on the morning after the Sabbath certain women of our company who had gone to embalm the body, saw a vision of angels, and were told that He had risen. A little later in the morning Mary Magdalene was in the garden, and thinking she was addressing the gardener, said, 'Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away.' It was Jesus; but in her sorrow she failed to recognize Him until He called her by name, 'Mary.' Then sudden joy sprang up in her heart; she cried out 'Master,' and was about to clasp His feet, as if afraid that He might vanish from her sight, but He assured her that His departure would not immediately take place, 'Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father; but go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God.' It was a true report that Mary brought, for in the evening He came to the house in which we were assembled. His salutation was, 'Peace be unto you.' And we knew that it was no deceptive appearance, for He showed the print of the nails in His hands and feet, and of the spear in His side. I hear that He has since set out for Galilee, and you may hope to see Him on the shore of your lake, and to listen once more to His gracious words. The priests and rulers are troubled by this event; but to us it is a cause of rejoicing, and we are never weary of talking of our Master's triumph over death and the grave. J. M.

THOUGHTS ON GOD.

Sun, moon and stars perform their daily round,	How firmly hung in the wide fields of space—
Or fix'd or moving through the vast profound;	Weighed to an atom—in 'the empty place'!
And every evening still the planets light	Attraction and repulsion still com- bine
Their lamps, like diamonds on the brow of night.	In nice adjustment and in wise design.
The same clear, lustrous brilliancy which shone	Where'er we look, tempestuous or serene,
O'er Eden's happy pair, when time began;	By night or day, the hand of God is seen,—
The same bright constellations we behold,	Creative wisdom and sustaining power
And the same rising sun in flaming gold;	Omnipotent, is marked on every hour;
And the round earth still on its axis rolls	And earth and sea and sky unite to prove,
Minutely true, and balanced at the poles.	While still in grandest harmony they move, That power Almighty is Almighty Love.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER VI.—AT HOME AGAIN.

THE Pond Cottage, so named because it stood close to a large pond where numbers of ducks enjoyed their bath and a few swans made their home, was enclosed by a wooden fence painted white; the gate was propped open, and the farmer drove through up to the kitchen door, which stood wide open, emitting a cheerful glow from the blazing wood and turf fire on the hearth. Mrs. Jacques stood on the causeway, and in one moment Willie was in her arms, and in that happy embrace the fond mother forgot all the anxieties of the past months. But hospitable cares claimed her attention, and she kindly bade Mr. Nicholson consider himself at home so long as he remained under their roof, thus confirming the welcome already accorded by her husband. And George Nicholson, who was one of the most genial-hearted men living, did as he was bidden; enjoyed the good things provided; listened to the farmer's news of his stock as though he had been brought up upon a farm, much to the amusement of Willie, who knew that this was the first time George had seen a farm in his life; helped Mrs. Jacques churn her butter, and carried the milk-pails for pretty Bessie Luke. The farmer was delighted with him, and declared he never thought a sailor could be so handy, to which George responded that sailors were generally considered the most useful men living, that



(Christmas-Eve at Pond Cottage.)

they had so much to do for themselves, that they naturally took to work of all kinds.

‘Father, you should see George sew.’

‘Sew! that is women’s work.’

‘But, father, women don’t go to Greenland.’

‘No!’ responded George; ‘it is said only one woman ever did venture there, and the vessel in which she was, was locked in by ice and foundered.’

‘She had no business to go to that outlandish place,’ said the farmer, sternly. Willie laughed, and said:

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‘Well, then, father, as you say women ought not to go—and, indeed, I don’t think they could live there,—men must sew and wash.’

‘Wash!’ interrupted the farmer in utter amazement; ‘wash!’ that is worse than sewing.’

Willie held his sides and laughed loudly.

‘Why, father, what did you think? that the men took linen to serve them all those months? what chests they would want!’

‘No, Willie, I did not think at all, I see that now; but sewing and washing!’

‘Father, I am learning, and I shall soon be able to darn your stockings, if mother will let me.’

‘Nay, nay, Willie, it will do if you darn your own while at sea; I should not fancy mine if you did them.’

‘Did you hear that, mother? father would not wear my darning. Yet I will try to do that as well as you do. You will give me lessons, wont you, mother mine?’

‘Certainly, if you wish; but I think you scarcely need lessons, if you darned your stockings, they are done as neatly as I could have done them.’

‘Mother, I am so glad you say that, because I think them capitally mended, and so I told George, but he would not listen to me; he did them, not I. I must learn, and I’ll try to darn as well as he does, and make a pair of trousers as cleverly, then I shall be satisfied.’

‘So you intend to be a tailor? do you?’ said Mrs. Jacques, pleasantly; for she saw that George did not like to have his doings talked about.

‘Tailor, no!’ returned Willie, in a tone of supreme contempt.

‘Tailor, indeed! see a tailor make a pair of canvas trousers. I see, mother, you know nothing about sailors.’

‘No, my boy, seeing that you are the first of my family that ever went to sea; but you will teach me, and by the time you are a man, I dare say I shall be quite learned in nautical matters.’

‘That is right, mother; it will then be so nice to tell you everything, because you will understand me.’

‘Then, I suppose, the first thing will be to remember the difference between a ship and a barque.’

‘To be sure, you must not forget that I sail in a ship,’ returned Willie, a little proudly, greatly to the amusement of his friend, for had Willie been the commander he could scarcely have loved his ship more. The boy’s love for his profession was sincere and hearty, and whatever belonged to it or would help him forward in it he determined to learn to do (or as he said, ‘I’ll try,’) and this not for himself,

but that he might help his parents. He had one object ever before him, which was to buy 'Newton Grange,' so that his parents might return thither. He never mentioned this for fear of being laughed at; for like all high-spirited, sensitive lads he hated to have his notions ridiculed, and therefore kept his great resolves to himself. It never entered his head that either his father or mother might die ere he could accomplish his purpose; he always pictured them together, either sitting in their arm-chairs by the fire, or under the rose-covered porch—as he had seen them many and many a time in years gone by. Happy dreams, which made much of the sunshine of his life, and before which difficulties and dangers disappeared, or had lost the power to daunt!

CHAPTER VII.—A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

It had always been the farmer's wish to keep up the family customs on Christmas-eye, and Mrs. Jacques had entered into his spirit, so that it was a season of festivity and rejoicing to all beneath their hospitable roof. For each servant, men and women, a large plum loaf was made, and put on the table by their plates to do what they pleased with it. It was usually sent home, or if that were not possible, as sometimes happened, it was kept to regale their own particular friends, as Mrs. Jacques always provided plenty of plum, or 'spice-bread,' as they called it, for home consumption. Then there was the large Cheshire cheese, and the pan of frumenty, without which it would not have seemed Christmas-tide, and the roaring yule-log, the large wax candles on the table, and the bright holly with its clustering red berries, which used to transform the hall at the Grange into a brilliant bower of warmth and beauty.

Mrs. Jacques had heard her husband sigh as he told George Nicholson that he wished he could have spent Christmas at the Grange, for then it would have been something like, but now—and he stopped, as though the present contrasted too forcibly with the past to be endurable. The day before Christmas being the market-day, the farmer was absent; he had asked both Willie and George to go with him in the tax-cart, but to his vexation both had excused themselves, saying they would go the next week. So instead of driving, the farmer rode, as he had nothing to bring back with him to require the cart,—no large cheese, etc., this year; they must alter with their altered fortunes, so he sorrowfully told himself.

Mrs. Jacques intended to surprise and please her husband, by making this Christmas-eye as much like those passed at the dear old Grange

as possible. She had privately sent for part of a cheese, and had prepared plum-bread for the household and the two servants in the usual way, and had enlisted the services of the two sailors to help in decorating the cottage in a becoming manner. George entered as heartily into the service as did Willie. Both set out immediately after breakfast for holly with plenty of berries, and box, of which there was abundance; these, mixed with laurel from the garden, beautified the cottage rooms until even Mrs. Jacques declared she should not have known them. Then they helped to chop the mince-meat, feed the oven with fuel, and George tended the boiling of wheat for frumenty, and was so generally useful that Mrs. Jacques said he was as handy as Bessie, and that was saying much for him, for never before had she had such a neat, clever maiden. George's face glowed at this praise, not for himself, but for pretty Bessie's sake; for he had privately thought that Bessie was unequalled for cleanliness, neatness and activity, and it pleased him to hear his opinion confirmed by so good a judge as Mrs. Jacques. But to return: the servant-man had put the huge log on the fire with a—

'There, Missis, you never had a finer log in all your life.'

George had lighted the wax candles, and Willie had helped to spread the supper-table; the frumenty was ready, the mince-pies baked, before the farmer rode through the gate, and up to the causeway where the man stood ready to take his horse. The kitchen door was open, and his good wife stood ready to receive him just as she had done on other days. Light and warmth greeted him, and as he entered the house he put up his hand to shade his eyes. That could not be the kitchen he had left only that morning! so transformed did it seem. Then all the arrangements were so exactly similar to what had been at the Grange, that he fancied he must be dreaming. He had expected nothing, yet everything was prepared for his enjoyment. He could not speak, but he did murmur to himself, 'I am not deserving of this, grumbling as I have been at Heaven's dispensations.'

Willie's voice roused him, as he laughingly cried, 'Well, father, how do you think the old place looks?'

'The picture of home comfort, my boy.'

'Then you like the decorations, father?'

'Why, I should be a bear—one of your Greenland bears—if I did not.'

'That's right, father; George has done it splendidly.'

'Yes, I am much indebted to your friend; I do not know how this season would have passed without him.'

You do me too much honour, Mr. Jacques. I am the obliged

person, for I can truly say I never enjoyed a visit so much as I have done this; I had not the least idea that the country could be so pleasant. You know I have lived all my life in town, and, like many, had a horror of the country.'

'Ah, well, you will carry back with you a better opinion of the country, and may I add, country folks?'

'That you may, Mr. Jacques; and I hope that this will not be my last visit to a place that has proved the pleasantest I have ever known.'

CHAPTER VIII.—CHRISTMAS-EVE AT POND COTTAGE.

'Now, Mrs. Jacques,' called out a pleasant voice from the door, 'will you give me a welcome? for they have such gay doings amongst the youngsters at my house, that I am completely turned out.'

'Too bad to send you adrift on this night, of all others, Mr. Thirlwell, but we are glad you have come to us, and we will try to entertain you.'

'No fear of my being entertained when you have two such great travellers to tell me wonderful stories of what they have seen and gone through.'

'Come, sit down, Mr. Thirlwell, the supper is ready; we will have it first, and the tales afterwards.'

Mr. Thirlwell took his place near the farmer; but before they had arranged themselves at the table, another friend came in.

'Why, Mr. Bellerby, I am glad to see you; will you take some supper with us?'

'If you will have me, Mr. Jacques. You see, my good folks have all gone to Thirlwell's,' nodding at Mr. Thirlwell; 'he, I see, is turned out because of noise, and I turned out because the house was so quiet. Only my old dame and the servants.'

'But Mrs. Bellerby will scarcely like to be left.'

'O, she does not mind; she said I had better come, then I should enjoy a social evening, and she should have time to attend to the preparations for to-morrow, which brings me to the chief part of my errand, which is to ask you all to come to tea and supper; and'—turning to George—'we hope for the pleasure of your society, Mr. Nicholson. You will find us very homely folks, but you will be heartily welcome, and we will do our best to make the time pass agreeably.'

The two farmers, both very old friends of the Jacques', had agreed together to spend this evening with them, that they might not

think their leaving the Grange had made any difference in the kind regards of old friends; so, at considerable sacrifice of their own wishes, they met, as recorded, at Pond Cottage; and if kindness be its own reward, then were they abundantly repaid, for they not only spent a remarkably pleasant evening, but they had the pleasure of seeing their old friend brighten up under the cheering influence of their company, and for a time almost forget that he was now a poor man.

Willie was all life and fun. George's humour and quaint stories kept the farmers in a state of hilarity; and yet the mirth was partly due to the natural gladness of those who, from the kindest motives, had determined to cheer and support one whom they had so long respected, and who, through no wilful fault of his own, had descended from their own social position, but who was and ever would be considered as a true friend. And on this evening, for the first time since leaving the Grange, Farmer Jacques seemed to become aware that his changed circumstances had but knitted closer the bonds of true friendship, and he became more reconciled to his position in consequence.

Nor was Willie too young to be influenced by the hearty friendliness of the two wealthy farmers to his parents; and he thought, 'If my father had not been an upright, honest man, and my mother a good woman, these men, who are so rich, would not have come to our poor house; I'll try to be like father, that I will; I ought, because I have such an example. I am glad George sees how my father and mother are treated by their neighbours, because he is such a good fellow and has been so kind to me; and he will now see he has not been deceived. Deceived! why, I don't think I could deceive anybody if I tried ever so; they would be sure to find me out, although Jack did tell the men I was a hypocrite and a deceiver. Poor Jack! I wonder how he is spending this night; not so happily as I am, poor fellow! I must try to be kind to him, and then perhaps—'

Here Willie's thoughts were brought to a sudden conclusion by Mr. Bellerby striking the table to draw attention to what he was going to say. He then rose, and proposed in a stentorian voice, 'Health and prosperity to the young sailor!'

Willie coloured with pleasure, but was at a loss for words; so merely said, 'Thank you for your very good wishes, which I'll try to deserve.'

THE 'MYNEDD MAILWG.'

ON the southern part of the hills of Glamorgan, on the west side of the entrance to the 'Ely' valley, stands the *Mynedd Mailwg*,

conspicuous for miles, and covered to the top with an abundant growth of fern. It of course changes colour twice a year. In the spring its rounded giant form is clad in vivid green, interspersed with the dark foliage of fir-trees scattered over the eastern side; and this in autumn is replaced by russet brown. In either colour it contrasts finely with the blue sky and tinted clouds above it. So it stands in stately grandeur in front of its kindred hills, and, putting on its half-yearly coat, seems to smile at time's revolving cycles and mock at decay.

Before we ascend the hill, let us take a peep at the ancient manorial residence nestling at the foot of the mountain on the south-east side. It is called 'Llan Ely,'* because it is built on the green level on the bank of the Ely river. Its situation and surroundings are charming and picturesque. Here are noble oak, beech, chestnut and other trees beautifying the park and overspreading the river, peopled by rooks, jays, owls and woodpeckers; here also the beautiful kingfisher may be seen flitting in almost spectral motion over the water, and here pheasants and partridges breed, and hares and rabbits gambol at eventide. By the breaking of the links in the ancestral chain, and by the filchings of feudalism and fraud, the ownership of this ancient domain has probably changed many times, but the main associations of the place are permanent. Its fauna and flora vary but little from year to year, for after the hunter's horn had blown its long tantivy and the weary sportsmen had retired one after another to rest in the grave, forth crept the timid races again to sing and play and prepagate as their ancestors had done a thousand years before. If we turn over the musty, half-obliterated records of the people who may have lived here, we shall perhaps fail to make out a clear history of them, or even trace from tradition their descent to the present, but the natural surroundings remain. Their poetry and beauty are perennial as the daffodil and the lily.

It was a brilliant afternoon in July, the sky was of the lightest blue, the clouds floated in luminous masses here, and flossy, fleecy patches there, and the breeze was bracingly fresh, when we ascended the giant hill, plodding our path through the waving fern and matted heather and over patches of short springy grass, where small mountain sheep, with half-suppressed bleats, nibbled for dear life, as generations of sheep had done before them. The ascent was long and toilsome, but now and again we squatted on the grass to rest and to take in the view of the bleak and sombre hills of Glamorgan, Brecon and Monmouth, which

* Llan,—a level area or green meadow; Ely,—the river. Llanely,—the level area or green meadow by the river. 'Mynedd,' means mountain.

lifted their heads, stretching away to the north-north-east and east, covering a large portion of the coal-field of South Wales, and that the portion least worked.

What crowding thoughts of factories and busy life, the sight of this large virgin coal-field evoked! Climbing and gasping, up, up we went till we gained the top, when a vast panoramic landscape burst upon us, making the heart throb and the tongue ejaculate with astonishment. On the east, south and west stretched an undulating country, called, in comparison with the hills behind us, 'the Vale of Glamorgan.' The whole was soft and sunny. There were ruined castles flanked by woods, the remnants of antiquity; cosy homesteads reposing amid corn-fields ripening for the harvest; churches and chapels peeping out of quiet hamlets. The river Ely meandered, its winding half-rounds only partially visible as it stole through shady trees. Locomotives puffed and screamed along the valley, as if in a passion of toil. On the east, the ancient ecclesia of Llandaff pointed its new spire skyward, while at its feet the large and extending seaport of Cardiff was visible. The Bristol Channel glistened beneath the glowing sun, and beyond, the hills of Somerset and Devon marked the horizon line. In all there was a blending of grandeur and beauty, activity and repose.

It was a scene also suggestive of poetry forgotten, history unwritten, philosophy undefined, and commerce yet to be. On the sparkling waters yonder, now dotted by vessels of many nationalities, have gone forth for ages men with small means, but with stout hearts, to found colonies and empires, and to sail as rovers of the seas. The old crumbling ivy-clad castles speak of feudal times, when men sallied out to meet their neighbours clad like themselves in iron, with buskins to match; drank the elixir of life out of steel gauntlets, and graved elegiacs with the battle-axe and spear; when retainers were retained body and soul to blow war trumpets and practice the javelin on living men, so that fortresses were a necessity, for rapine was a profession and murder a trade. And if the ancient oaks around—which, though decrepit and half-decayed, are still putting forth annually the signs of life—could tell us what they have witnessed, what a story they might unfold of deeds noble and heroic, prompted by thoughts and feelings patriotic and holy; of the animating loves, hopes and joys of the men who fenced off our fields, and built the white and yellow cottages which now stud the landscape far and wide, and of their unknown graves!

Had there been some ancient British Homer here, there were probably not wanting abundant heroics for his song in the conflicts of human passion during the ages long, long gone. He might have fixed more distinctly for us the floating traditions of Druids and Bards, of their sym-

bolisms and Triads, which were only written on human memories to fade and wane when the moods and tenses of modern language came in. He might have preserved for us the stirring classics of the wigwam and the cave. How interesting it would have been if some such magician could have shown us the first glimpses and blushes of the lights of civilization on the barbaric life of our forefathers, or the driven piles on which the structure of our national life was built, or describe to us the landing of the first Apostle of Christianity on these shores, what ritual he observed, what liturgy he used, and the effects of the first Gospel sermon that was ever preached in these islands! How we should value the barest outline of his labours and hardships, successes and triumphs!

With this grand outlook,—that is, having an immense coal-field behind us, and an almost exhaustless store of iron ore and limestone before us, the whole being girdled by the British Channel, thus facilitating the transport,—it does not seem difficult to forecast large and lasting prosperity for the county of Glamorgan. Indeed, the puffing and screaming locomotives within sight and sound of us seem to indicate their eagerness for the work before them in ages yet to come.

W. VIVIAN.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

(Concluded from page 151.)

IT is generally believed that Romanists have drawn many of their keenest controversial weapons from the Catacombs, but thus far we have seen nothing that could serve their purpose. Is there nothing in the frescoes to support Mariolatry? The candid, honest answer is—simply nothing. In such scenes as the Adoration of the Magi, the Virgin fills her natural place. Several representations of men and women standing in the posture of prayer have been found, and Romish writers have claimed the female figures as pictures of the Virgin. But there is no more reason to call these praying women Mary, than to call the praying men Joseph. The strong likelihood is that, like the praying knights and ladies that may be seen upon English sepulchres, they are intended to denote persons buried in the neighbourhood. But grant, for argument's sake, the claim of the Romanist to be well founded, do figures of the Virgin in the attitude of prayer to God warrant men in offering prayer to her? Does such absurd reasoning require refutation? The earliest indisputable Madonna cannot be ascribed to a date before the middle of the fourth century, and, except in view of the idolatrous homage paid to the Virgin in after times, is absolutely harmless.

● We shall now deal with the inscriptions and the doctrinal teaching of the Catacombs.

Romanism, as we have seen, can gain no vantage from the imagery of the Catacombs. As little can it gain from the inscriptions. The earliest inscriptions are simply the consular dates, and in a solitary instance the name and age of the deceased as well. According to Mr. Withrow, the first dated example (A.D. 217) with any doctrinal significance is the following, which we give entire, and in the original Latin, as a specimen; of others, we shall give only translations. The dots, of course, indicate that the letters written in the corresponding spaces on the sarcophagus are illegible.

Front :

‘M. AVRELIO. AVGG. LIB. PROSENETI
A CVBICVLO. AVG.
PROC. THESAVRORVM
PROC. PATRIMONI. PROC.
MVNIVM. PROC. VINORVM
ORDINATOADIVO COMMODO
IN KASTRENSI PATRONO PISSIMO
LIBERTI. BENEMERENTI
SARCOPHAGVM DE SVO.
ADORNAYERVNT.

Back :

{ PROSENES RECEPVS ADDEVM. V. NON SEA
NIA PRÆSENTI. ET. EXTRICATO. II. . . .
REGREDIENS IN VRBE AB EXPEDITI ONIBVS SCRIPSIT AMPELIUS LIB.

‘To Marcus Aurelius Prosenes, freedman of the two Augusti, of the bed-chamber of Augustus, Procurator of the Treasures, Procurator of the Patrimony, Procurator of the Presents, Procurator of the Wines, appointed by the deified Commodus to duty in the camp, a most affectionate Patron. For him, well-deserving, his freedmen provided (this) sarcophagus at their own cost.

‘Prosenes received to God, on the fifth day before the Nones of —. Præsens and Extricatus (being consuls) for the second time. Ampelius his freedman, returning to the city from the wars, wrote (this inscription).’

The doctrinal value of this epitaph consists in the statement that Prosenes was ‘received to God’—the souls of the saints ‘enter into immediate rest’ in His presence, there is no mention of Purgatory. The inscription, too, furnishes evidence of the spread of the Gospel in high places. The epithet ‘deified’ applied to the Emperor, looks strangely on a Christian tombstone, but it was the customary courtly phrase, and was employed by Ampelius doubtless without a thought of its idolatrous meaning. Instances might be readily multiplied of the faith of the Church of the Catacombs in the present bliss of the souls of the departed. This faith is expressed often in so many words, and often indirectly by means of synonyms for death,—e.g., ‘Laurentius was born into eternity’; of others it is said, ‘Resting well

in peace'; 'He went to God'; 'Thou dost repose for ever free from care'; 'He went before us in peace'; 'Breaking the bonds of the body, he rejoices in heaven'; 'Whose spirit is received into the light of the Lord'; 'He sleeps, but lives'; 'Thy spirit is among the good'; 'The earth has the body, celestial realms the soul'; 'Accepted of God'; 'The soul lives unknowing of death, and consciously rejoices in the vision of Christ.' To another is ascribed 'everlasting rest of happiness.' The confident expectation of a glorious Resurrection finds frequent utterance: 'Here rests my flesh; but at the last day, through Christ, I believe it will be raised from the dead'; 'I believe, because that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day shall raise me from the earth, that in my flesh I shall see the Lord'; 'Here reposes in peace *Laurentia*, who believed in the resurrection.' And very often the body is described as 'lying in wait for the resurrection.'

Nothing can well be in more mournful contrast with this hopefulness and peace than contemporary Pagan epitaphs, whether in their blank despair or their defiant gaiety: 'To a very sweet child, whom the angry gods gave to eternal sleep'; 'I, *Procope*, lift up my hands against the god who snatched away me innocent'; 'To the unjust gods, (who) snatched away thy soul'; 'Baths, wine and lust ruin our constitutions, but — they make life what it is. Farewell, farewell'; 'What I ate and drank I have with me; what I left I have lost.' The existence of two so dissimilar sets of sepulchral inscriptions side by side, affords striking proof of the inability of the heathen to discover 'life and immortality' by their own wisdom, and of the indebtedness of the world to Revelation for hope in death.

Thus far the inscriptions present no difficulty of interpretation, and thoroughly support Protestant Eschatology. But at first sight, they do seem to lend some show of assistance to two favourite doctrines of the Papacy—prayers to and for the dead. A large number of those quoted by Romish theologians may be summarily dismissed, they simply utter a pious wish,—for example, 'Peace be to thee'; 'May your sleep be among the just'; 'God give thy soul rest in the tents of the holy.' But unquestionably in some few instances a genuine prayer is engraved: 'Remember, O Lord Jesus, our child'; 'Remember him, O God, among Thy lambs'; 'O Lord! let not (this) soul be brought into darkness.' On the other hand, the instances are *very* few, and due allowance must be made for the instinctive and unreflecting desire of affection to benefit the loved one whose loss it refuses to realize. And moreover, as Mr. Withrow justly argues, 'these inscriptions were not a formulated and authoritative creed framed by learned

theologians, but the untutored utterances of humble peasants, many of whom were recent converts from Paganism or Judaism, in which religions such expressions were a customary sepulchral formula.' Prayers to the dead are even of rarer occurrence; scarcely half-a-dozen have been found among the eleven thousand inscriptions extant. To only one of these is the date attached (A.D. 380), when the agony of an orphan girl wrung from her the cry to a fondly-loved mother, 'O pray for this, thine only child.' The most remarkable example is the following: 'Dionysius, a spotless infant, lies here with the saints. O remember us also in thy holy prayers; ay, and the sculptor and writer as well!' The extreme rarity of such supplications proves that the early Church generally did not believe that the beatified saints could hear the prayers of mortal men. In a modern Roman Catholic burial-ground almost every grawestone bears some petition to or for the departed. In Rome's earliest Christian sepulchres, a thousand epitaphs testify against the practice either by their silence or by their speech, for one that witnesses in its favour. Nor is the argument from silence an unfair one; we may rest assured that if the survivors had supposed they could still help those of whom they had been bereaved, or be helped by them, they would have availed themselves eagerly of every opportunity for receiving or bestowing.

The Catacombs contain abundant evidence of the orthodoxy of the Christians of the first centuries as to the great verities of our creed,—*e.g.*, the Divinity of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. It is unnecessary now to dwell upon these, as they are held alike by every section of the Church of Christ. A word or two, however, may be said with regard to the disputed question of primitive ecclesiastical discipline. The foremost rank was held by the bishop, but there is nothing to indicate that he was more than the first among equals, and the title was not often used till a comparatively recent date. Certainly nothing appears to countenance the extravagant claim of the Bishop of Rome to be the vicegerent of God. The occupants of other sees stand plainly upon a level with the diocesan of Rome. The word 'pope' does not occur in an epitaph till the year 523,* and even then its meaning is simply father. It was first employed in the third century by the Bishop of Alexandria, and is given to Cyprian of Carthage by the Roman clergy themselves. Next to the Bishops came the Presbyters, who discharged the ordinary duties of Ministers of the Gospel. Occasionally at least both bishops and presbyters followed some secular business, such inscriptions as 'Dionysius, presbyter and physician,' or

* A so-called earlier example is admitted by Papal authorities to be an interpolation of a later date.

'Theodorus, a presbyter and silversmith,' being not uncommon. Below the presbyters ranked the deacons and sub-deacons, who seem to have formed the connecting link between the clerical and lay officers of the Church. Besides these, there were lectors and acolytes, the former of whom read the lessons at the public services and instructed the catechumens, and the latter attended to the lamps and other furniture of the Church. The acolytes also were the servants of the bishop when the simplicity of the earliest times had been exchanged for pomp and show. Before a candidate could be received into full Church-membership, he must pass a definite period as a probationer or catechumen.

Certain chambers in the Catacombs contain one or two stone chairs and a stone bench running along three of the walls. These were probably used as class-rooms where the catechumens were taught the Christian creed, the single-chaired room being for male, the double-chaired for female scholars. The instructor was always a deacon or a lector, the second seat was for a deaconess when his audience was of her sex. The neophyte might not partake of the Lord's Supper, nor even remain while it was administered, but the sacrament of Baptism was not invariably denied him. Records may be seen of baptisms at all ages, from the infant of days to the old man, the diversities being easily explained by the existence of Christian families, and the continual reception of converts from heathenism. So far as can be gathered from representations, the mode of baptism was neither by sprinkling nor by immersion, but by affusion, the water often being poured from a bottle or other vessel. The baptismal fonts discovered are all too small for the immersion of the youngest babe. The Church of the Catacombs enjoyed a daily celebration of the Eucharist, and portions of the consecrated elements were despatched to the sick.

Only inferior in importance to the two Sacraments were the *Agape*, or Love-feasts, held, usually, though not exclusively, in connection with the Lord's Supper. Tertullian thus describes them: 'Our supper, which you accuse of luxury, shows its reason by its very name; for it is called *agape*, which, among the Greeks, signifies love. It admits of nothing vile or immodest. We eat and drink only as much as hunger and thirst demand, mindful that the evening is to be spent in the worship of God. We so speak as knowing that God hears. After washing our hands and bringing lights, each is asked to sing to God according to his ability, either from Scripture or from his own mind. Prayer also concludes the feast.' Gradually, these 'feasts of charity' lost their frugal character. Mr. Wesley established 'Love-feasts' among the Methodists, but effectually provided against former abuses by the regulation that no greater luxuries should be furnished for them than bread and water.

If we turn to the Catacombs for information about the social and domestic life of the early Christians, we find much to reward our enquiries. The very names on the graves are frequently beautifully appropriate, truly *Christian* names. Now and then the name is noticed as describing the character: 'Simplicia, who was also rightly so called'; 'Here lies Verus, who ever spoke verity.' Of other names the following are specimens: 'Innocentia,' Innocence; 'Decentia,' Comeliness; 'Peregrinus,' A Pilgrim; 'Anastasia,' The Resurrection; 'Pistis,' Faith; 'Agathe,' Good; 'Probus,' Just; 'Fidelis,' Faithful; 'Adeodatus,' Given by God; 'Acceptissima,' Very well pleasing; 'Bonifacius,' Well-doer; 'Sozomene,' Saved; 'Ancilla Dei,' Handmaid of God. Pet names are not infrequent, as 'Agnella,' Little Lamb; 'Rosula,' Little Rose; and 'Jocundilla,' Merry Little Thing. Very often names common to Christian and heathen appear. One omission is very remarkable. The Roman aristocrat possessed always three names,—prænomen, nomen and cognomen. The triple name, however, was extremely rarely engraven on the subterranean tomb, not because so few slept there who might boast the lofty titles, but in token of the humility of the noble and the brotherhood of the dead in Christ. Almost every occupation and rank has its representatives in the Catacombs. Here are a few examples: 'Præfect of the City,' 'Lawyer,' 'Ex-Quæstor of the Sacred Palace,' 'Ex-silentiary of the Sacred Palace, Ex-count of the Consistory, Count of the Household Troops,' 'A most Eminent Man,' 'An illustrious Man,' 'Secretary of the Patrician Order,' 'Chief of the Bankers,' 'A Physician,' 'A Baker,' 'A Gardener,' 'Patron of the Corporation of Confectioners,' 'A fleshier from the Shambles,' 'A Keeper of Clothes at the Antonine Baths,' 'A Book-keeper in the tavern of Isidorus,' 'A Vine-dresser,' 'Teacher of the Gladiators,' 'Public measurer,' 'Clown of the City Company of Mountebanks' (before conversion), 'Shoemaker's furnisher,' 'Tax-gatherer,' 'Ropemaker,' 'A Dealer in Lyons wares,' etc., etc.

Very touching is it to read some of the inscriptions and to mark some of the epithets applied to the dead. The mutual love of husband and wife, of parents and children, of friend for friend, is repeatedly expressed; and the epitaphs testify to the type of goodness most admired by the disciples of Jesus. We have space only for a specimen or two: 'A lover of the poor and attentive to her work;' 'Having lived simply, piously and irreproachably;' 'Friend of all and enemy of none;' 'A boy of wonderful intelligence and innocence' (four years of age); 'Who loved me' (a widow to her late husband); 'She lived with me for twenty-two years, nine months, five days, during which time it ever went well with me in her society' (a widower to his late wife); 'A servant of God . . . and attained unto life.'

Who could desire a grander epitaph than this last? We quit our brief survey of the Catacombs, devoutly thankful for their testimony to the purity of the creed and the holiness of the life of the early Church. Amid fiercest persecution, her members maintained their faith and hope and love; her discipline was not relaxed, her worship was Scriptural, and her ritual simple; and her converts manifested not merely the stern virtues that supported martyrdom, but the softer graces of domestic affection and every-day holiness as well.

In conclusion, we must again acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Withrow; and congratulate him on the uniform approval with which his work on the Catacombs has been received by Protestants of every denomination, and on the encomiums it has won from scholars. We are glad that a Wesleyan-Methodist Minister has supplied a need that has long been sorely felt; for hitherto the more popular accounts of the Catacombs have proceeded from Roman-Catholic pens. GAMMA.



WHISPERERS.

PROVERBS XVI. 28.

WHO are Whisperers? Not those who speak in hushed tones lest the slumber of the sufferer should be disturbed. Yet, that they have an office and work distinct from any other, none can doubt. What

saith the Scripture? 'A whisperer *separateth chief friends.*' Estranged hearts, alienated brethren, wounded spirits—yea, and broken hearts too, are among the handiworks resulting from their labours! It is not the outspoken slander of the 'talebearer,' or the tattling of the gossip, that is referred to here. These, too, have *their own* work. No! it is something less tangible. Only the quietly-dropped hint, or sly innuendo which may be turned to anything the hearer of it chooses to suppose most probable. The *next* retailing of it will give it form and shape, size and proportion; and, alas for fallen human nature! when does the interpretation ever *favour* those who are the victims of the 'whisperer'?

Meanwhile the 'whisperer' retreats into the shade, leaving the many-tongued voice of slander to perfect the work he has begun!

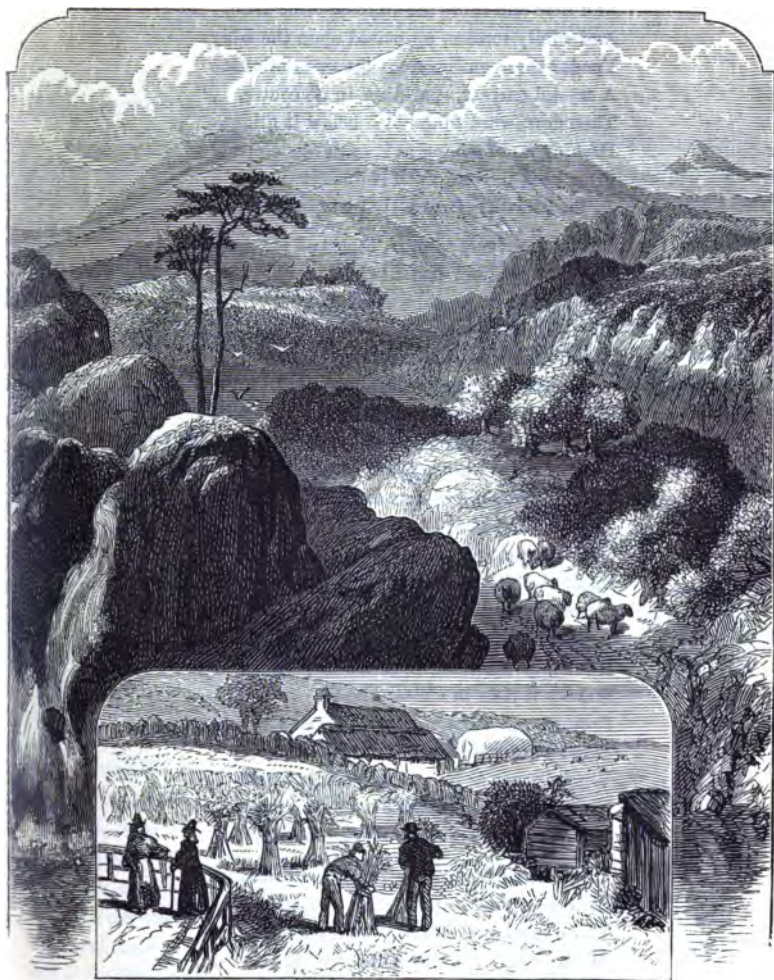
God save us all from this great sin!

Its *reward* is not spoken of in immediate connection with its *work*; yet that whereof the Psalmist speaks, when he says, 'What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.' This also is the undoubted reward the 'whisperer' may look for. M. R. W.

CAMBRIAN SCENERY.

I love to gaze upon the face of earth,
 With every varied feature, hill and dale,
 Ocean, and streamlet, cataract, and lake,
 Meadow, and hamlet, tree, and grass, and flower,
 The vaulted heaven, earth's splendid canopy,
 With all its glories, sun, and moon, and stars,
 Its depth of azure, and its sailing clouds,
 All that is lovely, beautiful, and great
 In God's creation; and from Nature rise
 To Nature's great Original above.

But if there be a chosen favour'd spot,
 Where I would linger in a fond amaze,
 'Tis where my native hills majestic climb,
 And touch, in vision, the ethereal blue.
 To wind the steep ascent, and mount aloft
 The towering summit, to its pinnacle;
 And from this height look round upon the scene
 Of vast, unmeasured, variegated space;
 Where every form of beauty meets the eye,
 Regales the senses and delights the soul.



(Cambrian Scenery.)

O! this it is that, like a magic spell,
Fastens, and charms, and binds me to the soil.

Here then I stand upon the mountain's brow,
And gaze enraptured o'er the widen'd view ;
While round me gather, in a thousand forms,
A thousand objects I would fain portray.
Here grow the heather and the prickly gorse ;
There walk the sheep along the beaten paths ;

And here and there the startled birds arise,
 And wildly scream, up-poised upon the wing.
 Yonder there gushes from the mountain side
 A crystal current, sparkling in its course,
 Then downward to the vale below it glides,
 Dashing and foaming as it onward sweeps
 From rock to rock, until it finds its bed
 In the romantic stream that winds along.

Behold the river, where a thousand brooks
 Have poured their torrents in its ample lap,
 Swelling its waters to a mazy deep
 That dizzies all who gaze upon its pools;
 Turgid and dark, it wends its noisy way,
 Or smooth and silvery murmurs through the vale.
 Now broad, now narrow, in its fretful track,
 As o'er the plain, or through the fissured stone,
 It finds a wayward and a tortuous flow,
 Rolling its ample volume to the sea.
 Then on the sides, and on the river's bank,
 The stalwart oak and tall and stately fir
 Shoot forth their branches; and the verdant leaf
 Forms the vast covert of the forest shade.
 I gaze again to where the frowning crag
 O'erhangs the channel of the flowing stream,—
 Sternly it rises in a massy heap,
 Projecting, with a bold and rugged form,
 From yonder sterile, unproductive waste;
 Where seems as if a mildew and a blight
 Had swept their poison o'er the wide extent,
 And sapped the springs of vegetative life.

How strong the contrast, as the cultured vale
 Breaks on the prospect, with its simple charms:
 There farm and village with the humble cots,
 Where dwell the rustic and the hardy swain,
 Are seen outspreading on the fertile slope,
 Abodes of industry and haunts of peace;
 Where luxury and all the host of ills
 That stalk in palaces and crowd in halls,
 Ne'er gain an entrance, but are all unknown,
 Their diet wholesome, and their habits plain.
 Such are the beauties of my native land,
 And though I roam in search of other joys,
 Naught like the country that did give me birth
 Has charms so ample, is so fraught with bliss.

T. R. JONES.

GEOFFREY HALLAM'S QUANDARY.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

'WHO was Geoffrey Hallam?' quoth the reader.

Well, be patient. You cannot expect to know everything at once. The one who waits is the one who wins. You can't have a cable until you've twisted a thread. He who begins with a gallop will end with a walk. Cautiously entered, carefully through, safely out; while he who goes in with a rush comes to grief on the threshold.

Who was Geoffrey Hallam? Those who ask that question, don't live in the township of Wemborough, evidently, or in any place from which the slender spire of its little church can be seen. That's saying a good deal, mind you, for Wemborough is set on a hill, and its spire is so tall that it is a landmark to the crews of coasting vessels which sail along the north-east shores of England, a landmark as familiar as Flamborough lighthouse or Roseberry Toppin. Now, Geoffrey Hallam was almost as well known as 'Wemborough Broach;' and therefore, I say, that not to know Geoffrey Hallam, argues yourself unknown in Wemborough and the region round about.

Wemborough itself is a good-sized village, but there is nothing remarkable either in its inhabitants, its architecture, or its history, except that Geoffrey Hallam lived in it, and if that does not give it a notable place in history, it ought to do!

'But who *was* Geoffrey Hallam?'

Don't be in a hurry. 'Fair and softly goes far in a day,' and 'Patience won a prize by waiting.'

Geoffrey Hallam was a cobbler; 'his father before him' was a farm labourer, who worked hard and fared harder on a North Yorkshire farm, in 'the good old days' before Mr. Joseph Arch was heard of, when Labourers Unions had not given pecks of trouble to the farmers, and when the Corn Laws were yet unrepealed. Those were halcyon days for Farmer Rapeseed and his co-renters of the soil; but as to the condition of Hodge and John Ploughman, why that was quite another thing.

Geoffrey Hallam would doubtless have followed his father's calling and his master's plough, but that a fall from a wagon laden with harvest spoil, when he was a lad in his teens, put his hip out of joint. This mishap was never properly remedied, and so Geoffrey was doomed for life to an awkward limp, which made his progress over field and furrow, among growing turnips or tiresome stubble, so painful to him as to prevent his engaging in any such toilsome work. So by the aid of the parish—the agricultural labourer's sole resource in the good old times—Geoffrey was apprenticed to the village shoemaker; and when that

knight of the lapstone was gathered to his fathers, he came to be the village shoemaker himself, or, as the Wemborough peasantry called him, the 'cobbler.' At the time of which I write, he had held this honourable position for nearly twenty years, and many a hundred pair of hobnailed boots had trod the chalky soil of Wemborough parish, which had been made, from 'tongue' to toe-plate, by Geoffrey Hallam.

'Well, but what *about* Geoffrey Hallam? Surely he was something other or more than a cobbler, or—'

Don't be in a hurry. 'The more haste, the worse speed.' I'm coming to it. Curiosity is a horse of mettle, but he is all the better for a bit in his mouth. To proceed: Geoffrey Hallam married a very energetic, bustling little woman, who had been dairymaid at Parson Hodgson's farm, for the good Vicar of the parish farmed his own glebe land, and it was said that if he had been as good at preaching as he was at farming, he might have been a bishop. But he was not; no, not by any means, and that is putting it mildly, as you would know if you had ever heard him. Now, the odd thing about Geoffrey Hallam's wife was that she too was lame, and that her limp was on the opposite side to her husband's, a circumstance not of much importance in itself, but when it came to an effort for the honest couple to walk arm-in-arm, it *was* an effort; walking over a ploughed field was nothing to it; indeed, it couldn't be done. My hero,—

'Hero, indeed! a lame cobbler with a limping wife! you might choose your terms better.'

Don't be in a hurry. You can't tell what's in the letter until the seal's broken. Wait a while. He who jumps to conclusions may find a boggy bottom.

My hero was a short, stout-set man, with swarthy features, stubbly black hair, and a pair of small black whiskers, not much unlike a capital I on either cheek. There was humour gleaming in his twinkling little eye and in the comical arch of his eyebrows, and Geoffrey Hallam's repartees were often a peculiar combination of razor blade and cudgel, which made people very chary of coming within reach of either back or edge. Geoffrey's predecessor had been for years the parish clerk, and when the old man's strength began to fail, Geoffrey set to work, with the pluck of a true Briton, to learn to read, so as to act as deputy for his disabled master. His diligence and kindness brought their due reward; for when the old man was laid beneath the old yew trees in Wemborough churchyard, Geoffrey Hallam was elevated to the dignity of parish clerk, sexton, tithe-gatherer, and general factotum to Parson Hodgson, and fulfilled his various duties to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. I have still one other revelation to make concerning Geoffrey Hallam,

and this now-to-be-unfolded secret was unquestionably one cause of the local popularity to which he had attained. Geoffrey Hallam was a poet, and there was not a churchyard within twenty miles round which did not contain, 'engraved upon enduring stone,' some elegiac effusion from his rhyming pen. As for Wemborough churchyard, it fairly blossomed with the flowers of poesy from the fertile garden of Geoffrey's fancy. Nor was his pen confined to the sombre domain of sepulchral song. Weddings, christenings, and other noteworthy events, were chronicled, if not always in 'measures, stately, smooth and sweet,' yet still, at any rate, to the high wonderment and satisfaction of those on whose behalf the muses were invoked, who did not hesitate to crown the brows of Geoffrey with meed of metaphoric bay.

'But tell us of the doings of this carolling cobbler, this poetic parish clerk.'

Don't be in a hurry. With time the mulberry leaf becomes satin, and all comes right to him who can wait. I tell you, the way in which Geoffrey Hallam rolled out the responses in turn with the quiet old clergyman who did duty beneath the Wemborough spire was something worth hearing. Parson Hodgson was as easy-going an old shepherd as ever tended a flock, or rather, left a flock untended; and between him and his flock there was one hearty bond of agreement, namely, that he left them alone and they left him alone with an assiduous harmony that left nothing to be desired. He called his scanty and sleepy congregation, 'Dearly beloved brethren' on Sunday mornings, and then profoundly ignored their existence until Sunday morning again brought the unvarying formula from his lips. Those who went to church, as Tennyson writes, heard him say,—

'What a' owt to hev said, and then' they 'comm'd away.'

So things continued for some years; Geoffrey Hallam tolled the bell, took the dues, said the responses, dug the graves, hammered his leather, waxed his ends, mended his shoes and made his verses in the day-time, and slept the sleep of the diligent at night; until an event happened which startled him out of the even tenor of his way and startled the village out of its propriety.

'Ah, now we are coming to it; now we shall get to the core and marrow of the business!'

To be sure you will. Didn't I tell you so? With time and straw medlars ripen, and he who has patience can have what he will. He that weel bides, weel betides. One day a Methodist Preacher came, all undesired and uninvited, and began to preach the Gospel to the Wemboroughites on the village green. He soon stirred the stagnant minds of the villagers to such a degree, that in the end a small preach-

ing-room was erected, and Parson Hodgson's scanty congregation grew scantier still; small by degrees and beautifully less, until Geoffrey was often almost the only one who joined the vicar in his Sabbath devotions; while the queer little conventicle was crowded 'inside and out' with an eager throng of villagers, who evidently preferred their spiritual provision 'hot off the bak' stone,' as they expressively put it, and as the early Methodist Preachers most emphatically gave it.

Geoffrey Hallam was a good deal exercised in mind concerning this rude invasion of vested rights, and his soul was aglow with indignation at the dishonour with which he and his clerical superior were treated by the unfaithful villagers. He denounced the 'Methodies,' as they were contemptuously called, with unbounded vigour, and scrupled not to use that sarcastic pen of his in inditing poetical lampoons, which he hurled at their heads with a cruel severity that 'sware a long farewell to mercy, and bid the sword to smite and not to spare.' One of these formidable missiles has been rescued from the all-devouring tooth of time; and, as a reward for his patience, I will show the reader this instrument of torture which one, at any rate, of the Methodist fathers had to 'grin at and bear':

'Against the peace of Mother Church,
Led on by malice great,
The Methody Parson came this way,
His falsehoods to relate.

'He spouts both heresy and schism,
And leads poor folks astray;
Does mischief more than he can cure
Unto his dying day.

'All you who in this parish dwell,
Come back again to church;
And bid this meddling Methody go;—
O, leave him in the lurch!'

The villagers, however, refused to listen to the voice of the poet.

At length even Parson Hodgson's indifference was exchanged for a little mild anxiety as to whereunto these things would grow. One morning, after the liturgy had been duly gone through for the behoof of an obese farmer and his almost equally rotund family, together with three old women who chronically 'asked an alms,' the good vicar opened his mind to his factotum:

'Well, Geoffrey, where *are* all the people gone to who used to come to church; we haven't buried 'em all, have we?' Here the good man,

overcome by this rare exhibition of concern for his scattered sheep, yawned with a vigour which could hardly be expected from him.

'No, Sir,' said Geoffrey, 'we haven't buried 'em; but t' Methody Parson has 'livened 'em up amazing; an' they never needed a coffin less than they do now.' Here Geoffrey sighed as if in disappointment that he had not had the privilege of tolling their funeral knell before they had come to such a pass. 'They sing and holloa so that one can hear 'em a mile off; and not content with keeping up this hubbub on Sundays, they get together on week-nights, and kick up a bobbery, like hens in a farmyard when there is a fox about.'

'Indeed! well I'm afraid there is a fox about, as you say. What right has the Methodist Parson to come here? I'm sure we don't want him; and I must give him to understand that, like other foxes, if he deesn't take himself off, he will either get trapped or hunted down.'

Geoffrey shook his head sadly, as he replied in hopeless tones: 'I'm afraid it is not so easy to trap 'em, Sir; these Methody Parsons are as slippery as eels, and have as many lives as a cat. Like wasps in fruit time, if you get rid of one of 'em, there are twenty others who come to see what's the matter.'

'Well, good morning, Geoffrey; I dare say it is only a sort of nine days' wonder; and when the excitement goes off, the folks will come to church as they did before.'

'Good morning, Sir,' said Geoffrey, as he limped away. After a while he lifted his hat, ran his fingers through his stubbly hair, as if to help his thoughts, and said to himself, 'I've a notion that this sort of excitement does not go off; an' if the Methody Parson doesn't, it's my opinion that we may shut up the church altogether, and let him have the village to himself.'

That day, somehow, Geoffrey Hallam could not enjoy his dinner. The honour of the vicar, the credit of the church, the dignity of his own important office, were all sadly in peril; were so greatly compromised already, that the thought quite took his appetite away, and his breath into the bargain. Matters were not mended by the fact that his good wife Susan had already developed a certain liking for the Methodist preaching; indeed, almost as regularly as he limped off to the church in the morning, Susan would limp off to the chapel in the evening, leaving her grieved and objecting spouse to chew the bitter cud of reflection concerning her disloyalty to the one true religion 'as by law established.' He sat with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, while his grey-black eyebrows were lifted and lowered as he pondered on this melancholy state of things.

(To be concluded.)

HOLY-DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;
OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.
BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

NEW SERIES.

II.

NO man, it has been often remarked, is so utterly bad as to be without a trace, on the page of his life-history, of at least some few good actions for which his fellows might afford him a small meed of thanks. Anti-Romanist writers, in the zeal of their denunciations against the monks and friars of the Dark Ages, have been apt to forget that it is merely justice to the monastic institutions of those times to admit that they helped to keep alive what little learning there was, and to preserve it to the happier era of the Reformation. It is true that this fact neither commends Romanism nor its conventual system, but it shows that some of the monks were able to rise above the trammels of a creed and a hierarchy which have a radical hatred of all religious and secular knowledge tending to enlighten and advance our race.

It can be shown, also, in connection with the season of Lent, about which something has already been said, that many of the peasantry, suffering various privations in the bleak weather of early spring, received much benefit from the priests and monks, who obtained from the rich contributions in money or kind, which they bestowed upon the poor. Doubtless, acting in this way as 'middle men,' the priestly almoners took care to reserve a good percentage for their own coffers; and the money that was paid to them during Lent by different people for dispensations to break the Lenten rules, was of course deemed the sole property of the Church. Still, there is evidence that the Easter offerings, eagerly tendered by the wealthy, in the fervent belief that 'charity' covered a 'multitude of sins' in the past, and gave license to start a fresh score, sent some poor peasants back to their homes richer than they would have been, had they been obliged to depend entirely upon the bounty of the men who claimed to be their liege lords. This, and other circumstances one might state, exhibit the life there is in Christianity, even under the incubus of a system so false and foul as the Papacy. Almost in spite of themselves, the priest and the monk, in the church or cloister, now and then acted as the ministers of Him Who came as the Bearer of peace and goodwill to men of all ranks and of all eras.

The offerings of the Easter time began to be given on Maundy Thursday, an anniversary when, up to this hour, the man who pretends to be Christ's Vicar on earth washes the feet of mendicants (which, it is said, have been washed and perfumed beforehand), so that all lookers-on may see how he emulates the example of his Lord. In former times,

the custom was very general, nor was it confined to priests and prelates. Haughty bishops laid aside their splendid robes and jewelled rings, to wash and wipe the feet of beggars, or occasionally of mendicant friars; but the deed was also performed by barons, nay, by kings or princeesses, in the confident expectation that by this sham humility the evil-doing of a whole year could be cancelled. The poor man or woman, however, who was thus operated upon, usually went his way, the recipient of a gift of money and garments. Even yet, our gracious Sovereign presents on Maundy Thursday certain coins to a number of aged persons, but the foot-washing has long fallen into disuse. This Thursday, however, was by no means a day of rejoicing, since it preceded the gloomiest day in the Calendar, and fearful were the penalties sometimes inflicted on those who dared to touch or vend meat on Good Friday or on its eve. Most commendable was it to eat nothing at all, while at early dawn some penitents prepared themselves for the sacred services by flagellations, real or pretended. Others, it would appear, performed these by proxy, taking the merit of a whipping administered to the back of one who had not specially transgressed, though it should be stated that the defenders of the Romish Church have denied that this transfer of guilt was sanctioned by the clergy, as satirists have asserted. But there is really nothing more outrageous in such vicarious flagellations than in the transfer of merit or the sale of indulgences to sin.

Gloomy, in the estimation of our ancestors, were the associations connected with Good Friday; a holy-day, but verily no holiday, for every person who could possibly do so had to make an appearance in church, where, prostrate on the pavement, while the long lessons and prayers appointed for the day were read in an unintelligible tongue, the congregation shivered, until the priest, advancing to the altar, held aloft the symbol of redemption, repeating three times, 'Behold the wood of the cross!' After some chants had been sung, the ceremony of creeping to and kissing the cross was gone through, peer and peasant, dame of high degree and serving-maid, alike complying with this form. Not much below Good Friday in its interest, was the next day, called 'Holy Saturday,' the morning service of which intimated that the severities of the season were almost over. The priests blessed the sacred fire, they blessed the incense ere long to be burnt, they blessed the huge paschal tapers, the blaze from which on the evening of the day announced the approach of Easter. But the Saturday was altogether a busy day; for though the Church services were not neglected, the people were hard at work in their houses, making ready for the Easter festival, the house being cleaned down, and the ashes from the hearth-stone in the hall (where fires had been burning through the winter) were borne out into

the open air, and in their place were strewn green rushes and flowers of the spring. Hence it might be argued, either that our ancestors were more hardy than we are (for who, now-a-days, would willingly renounce the warmth of a fire at Easter if it falls early, as in the present year?), or else that there has been a change in our climate. It is certainly possible that the undeniably severer winters of three or four centuries ago (to look no farther back) were followed by more genial springs than we have known of late. Might we suppose that when there was so much more wood in England than there is in this nineteenth century, the forests in many instances extending almost to the coast, our island was comparatively sheltered from the keen winds of March and early April?

Within the churches, too, on Easter even, as much activity was displayed as there was in the homes of the people; for while some were ringing merry peals on the bells, others were decking the pillars and the tapers with green wreaths or bunches of flowers, and others of the choristers and attendants were engaged in preparing a species of puppet-show. Even in this enlightened age similar exhibitions may be seen at Easter in Roman Catholic places of worship. What kind of thing this was in the days when the Papacy had sway in England, we may judge from a fragment of an old account in the records of Bristol; the object was evidently to depict, in a rude and tangible way, the scene of the Resurrection. The spelling is modernized. 'Item, an image of Christ rising out of the sepulchre, with the "ordnance" belonging thereto, that is to say, a lath of timber and wire work. Item, Heaven, made of timber and "stained" cloth. Item, Hell, made of iron and timber, with devils to the number of thirteen. Item, four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands. Item, four pair of angels' wings, made of timber and well painted. Item, a ball and cross, well gilt with fine gold.' The 'ball' here particularized seems a little puzzling, perhaps it represented the earth, over which, after His triumph over death, Christ now reigns.

Tired though many would of course be on the morning of Easter Sunday, it was common for young and old to rise early, and wend their way to the fields or commons, there to watch for the rising of the sun. The supposition was general that, in sympathy with the rejoicing amongst sentient beings over the event of the day, the sun danced as he rose. An early service, however, was held, when the 'paschal,' the curiously-contrived article just referred to, was uncovered, and the various utterances of those who approached our Lord's sepulchre at the dawn of the morning were sung alternately by the priests and the choir. The principal service of the day was later, when all thronged to the churches, clad in new garments, again to gaze at the 'paschal' and to hear the

priest, half-hidden by clouds of incense, but attired in his richest robes, announce from the altar, 'I am risen, and yet am with you, Alleluia;' and at the close of the service this exclamation was frequently repeated by the people ere they retired. In the cathedrals the bishops were the most conspicuous personages of the day, showing themselves to the congregations there assembled with a sumptuous display of robes adorned with needlework, and wearing also rings and jewelled mitres; their crosiers, too, were often studded with valuable gems.

After service, a hearty dinner was the first object, and the austerities of Lent gave place to feasting, which would almost compare with the indulgences of Christmas-time. There was much eating and too much drinking; one solitary reminder of the season just passed was, however, to be found in the tansy-cakes which were generally brought to table, considered to represent the 'bitter herbs' which the Jews were commanded to eat during the Passover. The unhappy Israelitish race received no benefit from the Easter commemoration, but quite the reverse; and in many so-called Christian countries it was usual at Easter to insult, or actually injure, the Jews. On the Continent, good Papists used to strike them in the face, or spit upon them, or pull them by the beard; in England, the principal outrage they suffered was the flinging of stones at their doors and windows. A mild form of showing dislike to Jews was eating largely of bacon, the dish being always brought on the table throughout Easter week. No more thought of religious observance was there after the morning service had ended, the rest of the Sunday was given up to various amusements, some in their nature harmless, others rather questionable. At tournaments and at jousts, the knights and squires distinguished themselves, clad in the heavy armour which, even in the cool weather of April, must have been warm and fatiguing, winning, as the reward of their success in any exploit, the gracious smiles of the ladies who were spectators, and the boisterous huzzas of the multitude. Hand-ball was a favourite game at Easter amongst the young people, played for small prizes. Fitzstephen notices that the London apprentices were in his time partial to a game they called water-quintain, which attracted crowds of on-lookers. A pole was driven firmly in mid-stream, having a shield attached to it, and a boat was swiftly rowed towards it, the performer standing on the prow with a lance. He aimed a violent blow at the shield, and if he gave it with sufficient force the lance would be splintered; failing to do this, he would probably be thrown overboard, so that other boats waited close by ready to rescue him. St. George's Day, an April holiday once of universal celebration, was not kept with sacred observance, but out-door sports, similar to those associated with Easter, were deemed appropriate to the

memory of the patron saint of England. St. George was a military Bishop of Cappadocia, we are told (if not a mythical hero); and he would never have become an important person in our Calendar, had not his heart been presented by the Emperor Sigismund to King Henry the Fifth of England. During the reign of Henry the Eighth this relic mysteriously vanished from Windsor, where it was deposited.

'A PRECIOUS JEWEL.'

PROVERBS xx. 15; ACTS xiii. 38; ISAIAH xliii. 4; MATTHEW I. 21.

A TRAVELLER through 'a weary land,'
A gem of untold worth possess'd;
Thereon were words impressive, grand;
The most momentous e'er expressed;
Which when heaven's light did on
them shine,
Glowed with a radiancy Divine.

Some words the spirit could alarm,
And fill it with intense dismay;
While others had the power to charm
The sorrows of the soul away,
Give strength and courage to the
heart,
And 'joy unspeakable' impart.

The traveller came where Penitence,
O'erwhelmed with guilt's deep
anguish, lay;
He had true sympathy, and hence,
The gem he hasted to display:
'Forgiveness'—met the sinner's sight,
And fill'd him with supreme delight.

He passed where Tribulation wept,
And her beheld with pitying eye:
The 'precious jewel' that he kept,
He bade her look upon. A cry
Of gladness from her lips arose,—
'I've loved thee,'—gave her heart
repose.

When near the gates of death he came,
The traveller on the jewel gazed;
And as he looked, the dearest Name
That man can know, before him
blazed:
'Jesus!' exultingly he cried;
And went with Jesus to abide.

Thou art a traveller here below;
God's precious Book to thee is given;
The light which doth its wonders
show,
Is God's 'good Spirit,' sent from
heaven:
Go, prove on human hearts its power;
Its influence feel through every hour.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. THOMAS PEARCE.

THOMAS PEARCE was born at Lanius Farm, in the quiet parish of Guinear, on the 8th of August, 1831. Very little is known of his early life, but he appears to have been religiously disposed from his infancy. His mother was a godly woman; of his father, the less said the better. Blessed, then, with a pious mother—one of the greatest blessings that can possibly be vouchsafed—he grew up to be a Christian man in the true sense of the word Christian, beloved and respected by all his acquaintances. In the parish in which he was born, he was eminently useful in connection with the Wesleyan-Methodist

Society, to which he had strongly attached himself. He taught in the Sunday-school, and his name was on the Prayer-leaders' plan.

After some years he removed to Hampton, in Middlesex, where he obtained employment at the Water-works. Here he gained for himself the esteem of his fellow-workmen, by his steadfast and consistent character and conduct. Too much praise cannot well be accorded him as to his kindness to those around him and as to his general behaviour. For a while he had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties. He brought his mother, niece, and two sisters from Cornwall to live with him. One of his sisters was a chronic invalid, and he denied himself many luxuries that he might provide for her and his mother.

He joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in Hampton, which was then in anything but a prosperous condition. Here, too, he became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and by and by was chosen the superintendent. He also conducted a Bible-class in a *châlet* in the grounds of a gentleman in the parish, with whom he was intimately acquainted. As a Sunday-school teacher his efforts were untiring; he was always on the spot at the appointed time, and often on wet mornings *alone*. It was his practice when he found himself in sole charge, to give the entire school either an address or instruction in the *Wesleyan Catechism*. He took great interest in the children, who, in their turn, were exceedingly fond of him. With his Bible-class he was very successful, and on several occasions received tokens of the gratitude of the members. In all weathers he was at the place of meeting, punctual to a minute, never failing, though he had to walk some distance, till his strength gave way. The students of the Theological Institution at Richmond highly esteemed him, and visited him frequently.

Thus Thomas Pearce lived quietly and soberly; carrying on the work of Christ, and endeavouring to promote His glory, up to the week before he died. He had been ailing for some considerable time, but he did not complain, and continued his daily toil until he was absolutely compelled to cease. He remained at home on Friday, June 11th, 1875. On the following Sunday he sent for me. When I arrived, I found him in a very weak state. I endeavoured to cheer him with the prospect of recovery and a visit to the sea-side to recruit his strength, but he knew that he was drawing nigh to the hour when he must quit this earthly tabernacle. He lingered till the following Friday, gradually growing weaker and weaker.

Once, when I again ventured to hint at his possible recovery, he said, 'No, no! the pins of the tabernacle are falling out; they will soon be gone.' He retained a remarkable calmness, and was perfectly sensible to the very end. One thing only seemed to trouble him,

and that was the thought that he was about to leave his two sisters almost unprovided for. I saw him on the Thursday evening. As I said 'Good-bye,' I promised to call again on the morrow, as soon as I returned from my work. He answered 'Good-bye,' and these were the last words I heard him speak. The next morning his spirit was with the glorified saints.

Thus died Thomas Pearce, leaving behind him a blessed memory. The one anxiety that disturbed his last hours proved to have been groundless. His sick sister passed into the world that knows no pain exactly six months after his own death, and was buried beside him; both above their mother, who had preceded them to the grave. The other sister has been well cared for by friends in Australia.

Mr. T. Pearce entered into rest on Friday, June 18th, 1875, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

J. J. ROBERTS.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Lord. By W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.—In a brief preface the author states that 'the aim of this little book is devotional and practical.' He avoids carefully any reference to the mysteries of our Lord's personality, and studies simply 'the Man Christ Jesus.' And certainly, if we are to follow Him Who left us an ensample, we must apprehend, so far as in us lies, the mind that was in Christ. Only from Jesus can we gain any true conception of pure and perfect man. How would such a man think? What would be the normal condition of his soul? How would his spiritual exercises differ from our own? Dr. Blaikie does not propose such questions definitely, but his pages help to supply answers to them. For illustration we would adduce the second and third chapters, and the fifth and eighth. No attempt is made to lower

the Son of Man to our sinful level, to dim the glory and beauty of His holiness, nor is Dr. Blaikie guilty of any irreverent familiarity of either thought or expression. The tone of the book is befittingly devout and humble. The subject is susceptible of profounder treatment; 'the inner life of our Lord' might be scrutinized with a more penetrating and comprehensive gaze, but these *Glimpses* do reveal His typical humanity; and the spirit and purpose of the observer leave nothing to be desired. Most Christians would find this volume profitable in the best sense of the word.

Bible History—New Testament. By the REV. COLEMAN IVES. William Collins, Son and Co., London and Glasgow. 1876.—This is one of 'Collins' School Series.' Mr. Ives has performed the work of compression successfully, without sacrificing clearness, and has produced a serviceable class-book. The words of Scripture

might perhaps have been more frequently adopted with advantage.

Bands of Hope in Town and Village: How to Start them. By JOHN BURNETT. London: Elliot Stock. 1877.—Doubtless Bands of Hope might be started and worked on Mr. Burnett's plan, but it is in our opinion distinctly and decidedly inferior to the arrangements for promoting Temperance sanctioned by the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference. It does not recognize the Circuit authorities, and avowedly refuses the co-operation of non-abstainers.

Supplement to the Delineation of Roman Catholicism by the REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D.: Being chiefly an Exposition of certain Changes which the Papacy has undergone during the Pontificate of Pius IX. By WILLIAM HARRIS RULE, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.—For

more than thirty years Dr. Elliott's 'Delineation' has been the most complete picture of the doctrines and discipline of the Papacy, drawn from a Protestant stand-point. But though Rome still flaunts her proud boast, '*semper eadem*,' in the face of the world, the last quarter of a century has seen many changes in her, one of which is fundamental. The Vatican Council and the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin occupy most of Dr. Rule's space, but he has chapters on several other important points, notably that headed "Spiritual Exercises." Dr. Rule's exceptional knowledge of his subject is conjoined with a clear and terse style, and his accuracy may be relied on. Every possessor of a former edition of Dr. Elliott should procure this Supplement.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR MAY, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	4 32	7 23	9 35a	4 36m	1 52m	11 39a	3 10m
11	4 14	7 39	9 29	4 42a	1 29	10 58	2 32
21	4 0	7 54	8 29	8 13	1 5	10 15	1 54
31	3 49	8 6	3 52m	8 40	0 39	9 32.	1 16

PHASES OF THE MOON.

May 5th, Last Quarter 11h. 19m. morn. | 20th, First Quarter .. 0h. 56m. morn.
 13th, New Moon 5h. 29m. morn. | 27th, Full Moon 4h. 5m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 5th 8h. morn., Apogee; 251,101 miles.
 „ 17th 5h. after., Perigee; 228,987 „
 Mean distance for the month 240,044 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st 92,435,380 miles.
 June 1st 93,005,680 „
 Increase of distance for the month 570,200 „

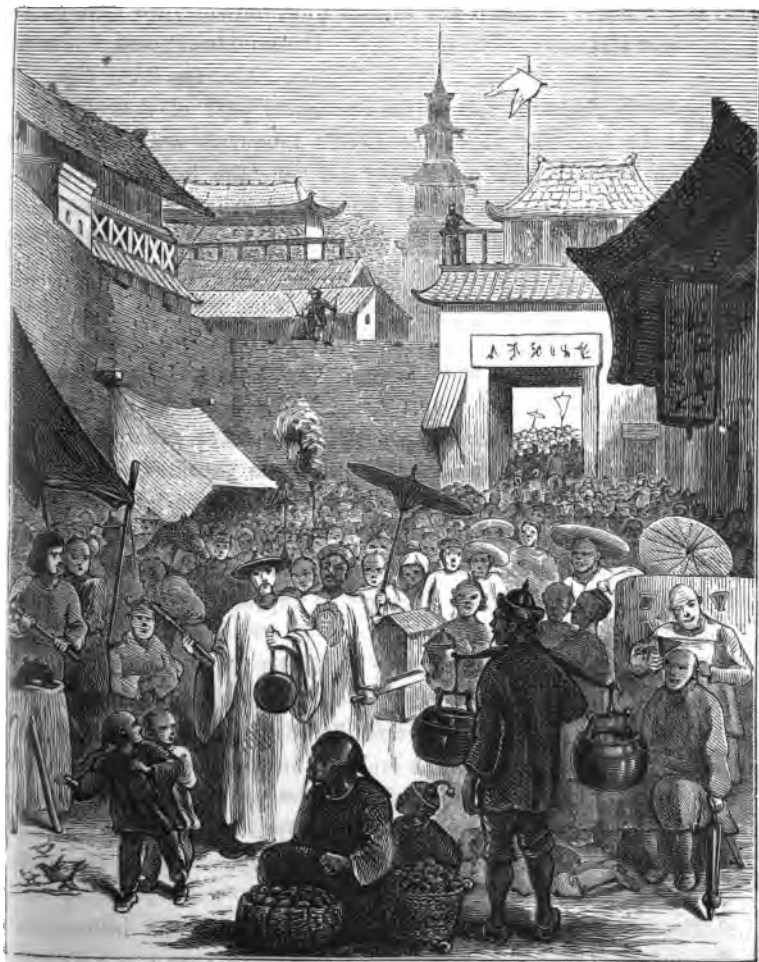
Mercury will be at its greatest elongation, 21 degrees eastward from the Sun, on the 3rd, at noon. The position is unusually favourable for seeing the planet with the naked eye. The table at the commencement of this article shows that it sets 2h. 12m. after the Sun on the evening of the 1st; and on this and several succeeding evenings it may be seen about an hour after sunset low in the East. It will be easily distinguished by its pearly whiteness. Seen with a telescope on the day of its greatest elongation, the form will be semicircular, the diameter being 8 seconds. After this day, as it approaches the Sun it becomes crescent-shaped, narrowing in width till the 26th, the day of inferior conjunction, when the diameter will be 12 seconds; on that day it passes below the disc of the Sun to the western side, and becomes a morning star. On the 14th it will be near the Moon. Next day, the apparent motion among the fixed stars will change from direct to retrograde. On the 20th it will pass from the north to the south side of the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the evening of the 23rd it will be very near Venus; and on the 30th it will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun.

Venus can only be seen during this month with a good telescope. Being in the remote part of its orbit, the planet will, of course, be nearly round.

Mars will be very near the Moon on the morning of the 5th. To us it will be only a near approach; to the inhabitants of the Southern hemisphere it will be a very interesting occultation. Mars is a morning star.

Jupiter will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the 1st and 29th. The speculations of Mr. Proctor with regard to this planet and its more remote neighbour Saturn, have excited a growing interest. It has long been a well-established fact that, com-

trasted with the Earth, the mass is small compared with its magnitude; in other words, the mean density is much smaller than that of the Earth. It is only about equal to that of water, whereas the mean density of the Earth is between five and six times that of water. Jupiter would weigh about as much as a globe of water of the same magnitude; the Earth would weigh about five and a half times as much as a globe of water equal to it in magnitude. The Sun is of pretty much the same density as Jupiter, notwithstanding the enormous attraction of its mass on a body at the surface, which is twenty-seven times the attraction of the Earth on a body at its surface. Were the conditions similar, the Sun ought to be much more dense than the Earth; but its intensely-heated condition makes it much less dense. The attraction of Jupiter at its surface is two and a half times that of the Earth at its surface. If Jupiter be built up with the same materials as the Earth, it ought then, other things being equal, to be considerably more dense. Why is it not so? Does not the case of the Sun suggest an answer? The super-heated condition of the Sun prevents its material from collapsing. Is it not likely that a similar cause acts in Jupiter?—that the planet has not yet cooled down, and is now in such a state as our Earth once was? The natural result of such a state of things would be an extended atmosphere holding in suspension immense quantities of vapour, forming clouds at a considerable elevation above the surface; and it becomes a question whether what we regard as the surface of the planet may not be the outer surface of these cloudy strata, and whether the diameter of the solid globe may not be very much less than the diameter of the planet as it appears to us.



THE FUH KIEN MISSION:

A STORY OF HUSBANDMEN WHO HAD 'LONG PATIENCE.'

Few who have toiled with whole-hearted, loving service in the

Master's vineyard, are strangers to the intense, anxious and often impatient craving for visible results; and surely it is meet that we should long to see the fruit of our labour; that we should expect the fulfilment of the oft-pleaded promise, 'My Word shall not return unto Me void.' Yet how frequently, instead of the

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reaper's song, is heard the tearful wail, 'Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing!' Let no one suppose, however, that the waiting time is wasted time. No, the long night of apparently fruitless toil is an important part of that wise and tender discipline by which the Lord's labourers are made 'meet for the Master's use' on earth, and for 'the inheritance of the saints in light.' Discouraged worker, if it is still 'night' and 'nothing' with you, do not too rashly conclude that it is altogether because of your unbelief, or that Jesus has not come to you, for He is 'with you always.' Better men than we have had to wait longer for results, and have been glad to lay down their lives for His name's sake, even when they could see no golden sheaves to call their own.

Of all Christian workers, perhaps none have greater need of patience than those who go forth to sow the precious seed of the Word in heathen lands; and of all heathens, perhaps none are more difficult to reach than the worldly, shrewd, selfish and superstitious Chinese: yet men have been found willing not only to hazard but to lose their lives in this unpromising and, for many years, unproductive enterprise.

In the year 1850, two young men, the Revs. W. Welton and R. D. Jackson, were sent out by the Church Missionary Society to the province of Fuh Kien,—a fertile district in the south-east of China, about the same size as Ireland, but three times as populous. The city of Fuh-Chow, the capital of the province, and the scene of the Missionaries' labours, is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the river Min, which, with its tributaries, waters nearly the whole of the province.

The two evangelists were permitted, through the influence of the British Consul, to reside inside the city; and a part of a temple was assigned to them as their abode. This was a great privilege, for the American Missionaries, who had been labouring among the people for four years, were obliged to live outside the walls. Mr. Welton, who united the practice of medicine with the preaching of the Gospel, opened a dispensary, to which numbers of Chinese of all classes flocked, to be cured of their diseases; and to each patient was given a copy of a Chinese tract, 'The True Physician.' Many were the applications to be cured of opium smoking, and in not a few cases Mr. Welton's patient skill

and tact were successful. But they were not free from opposition ; the *literati* especially viewed the Missionaries with a jealous and suspicious eye, and they were subjected to such little inconveniences as the removal of the tiles of their roof and of the garden door ; but they were too popular with the masses to be forcibly turned out, though, after a while, to prevent inconvenience to the authorities, they removed to another temple.

After two years of joint labour, Mr. Jackson was called to a fresh field, and Mr. Welton was left, like St. Paul at Athens, 'alone,' in a city 'wholly given to idolatry.' Heathen processions and idol worship were sights that met the eye almost at every turn: 'Here was a devotee beating his head with fearful violence on a door-step ; there a Buddhist priest walking on his knees.' Let us gaze at the busy scene which presents itself to the Missionary as he walks up and down among the people :

'As we approach the city gates, the street becomes more and more thronged, until it seems as if some calamity within the walls had compelled the whole population to migrate into the suburbs, and to do their business in the open air ; for here we see not only travelling fruiterers, cooks and vendors of gimcracks, but blacksmiths, tinkers and shoemakers too. We are considerably amused by the sight of a placid Chinaman having his head shaved (or rather scraped) in a quiet nook of this fancy fair.

'But what is this procession of gaily-dressed folk coming down the street with gongs beating and fireworks cracking ? The white dresses notwithstanding, there is a sad look about the people forming the procession. It is a funeral party. This is their "lucky day" for carrying the dead parent to his last home. All the rites have been performed, and the widow and children are sadly wending their way to a small knoll in the country, there to lay their loved one down, in the hope that if they continue to pay the required subscription, the departed one will wander about in the world of spirits, clothed and fed, and supplied with ready-money. That is all !

'These busy, thronging multitudes literally have no religion that will influence their minds in the present, or give them hope for the future. They are told that their profits will be larger if they burn incense before certain idols. Their god is Self ; and the

only objects of worship they at all care about are their ancestors.'

Yet, in spite of discouragement, this true-hearted servant carried on his double mission—visiting the sick in all parts of the city, and even the lepers in their place of separation, and the Tartar soldiers, who also had a separate quarter assigned them. Many of the higher class, too, especially the students who came to Fuh-Chow for examinations, were found willing to hear, though, alas ! not to heed, the message of salvation.

At last, after unsuccessful efforts, a school was opened, which had no lack of scholars. But still no heart seemed to be touched. Three years passed, and then two more helpers arrived—the Revs. F. Mc'Caw and M. Fearnley. But before they had become familiar with the language, the effects of long, hard toil on Mr. Welton's health were too plainly apparent, and with his constitution completely shattered, he returned home to die; to die without seeing the tiniest blade as a token of the promised harvest. But surely he did 'in no wise lose his reward' !

Bravely the two who were left returned to the charge, and as soon as they could be understood at all, they were constantly mingling with the busy multitudes pleading for Jesus. Mr. Fearnley tells how he walked one day through the crowd thinking he should never be heard above the din if he attempted to preach, when a man in a wine-shop noticing his blue bag, begged for a book. 'But why do you want a volume?' asked Mr. Fearnley; 'do you know what doctrine it teaches?' 'Yes, the doctrines of Jesus.' So the Missionary began to explain the doctrines of Jesus, for many had gathered round him; and at length a thin, tremulous voice was heard asking if Jesus was still alive, and the poor old man and all the listeners were told of Him 'Who liveth, and was dead.' So, as long as his voice would hold out, he preached Christ to the dense crowd that had now assembled, and was pleased to notice that no violence was attempted. "'Books, books?'" was the cry everywhere; and I could hear one little boy repeating to a man with whom he was walking some of my remarks about the sin of using bad language. Many shouted, as I thought in ridicule, "Jesus, Jesus." And in addition to our common name of "foreign child," I heard one person calling after me, "Jesus' foreign child." So that wondrous Name has begun its progress here; now in shame

and contumely, but to end, we hope, in the mouths of many at least, in glory and reverence.'

And such was at length the case, but neither Mr. Fearnley nor Mr. M'Caw were permitted to see that day. After two brief years the latter was struck down by fever, and called home to join his wife, who had only lived for a few months after landing in China. Mrs. Fearnley, too, was so ill that, with her husband, she was compelled to return to England, leaving the Mission again with no one who could speak the language, though Mr. Smith, another Missionary, had arrived some time previously.

'One had climb'd the rugged mountain side;
'Twas a bleak and wintry day,
The tempest had scatter'd his precious seed,
And he wept as he turn'd away;
And one, he had toil'd amid burning sand,
When the scorching sun was high,
He had grasp'd the plough with a fever'd hand,
And then laid him down to die;
But another, and yet another, had fill'd that deserted field,
Nor vainly the seed they scatter'd,
Where a brother's care had till'd.'

Not the least formidable barrier to the success of the Missionaries was the language, with its characters, sounds and idioms so totally unfamiliar to English eyes and ears. To understand it when written was a herculean task, and still greater was the difficulty of speaking it. Then, too, they were utterly at the mercy of their teacher, a thoroughly unprincipled man, for they could get no other.

'My teacher,' writes Mr. Smith, 'complained of weakness from the excessive heat, proposing to come but half the day, and receive but half-pay. Knowing the Chinese greediness for money, and feeling the effects of the heat myself, I supposed him to be sincere, and consented. After a few days his eyes became very bad, and he was unable to come at all. At the end of the month I was surprised by his unblushing confession, that he had got permission to stay away, in order to write minute copies of the Chinese classics for the use of men going into the examination, and this had made his eyes bad.'

The examination in question was for the 'Ku-Jin,' or second

literary degree; and among the thousands of literary men who came to the city on the occasion, Mr. Smith endeavoured to excite an interest in the great subject of his Mission, by distributing tracts and copies of the Scriptures to the candidates as they left the examination-hall. In only two instances were the volumes declined; and some receiving one volume would come again, and ask for others to complete the set. Mr. Smith mentions a conversation with a man who had received books, and a few days afterwards had come to enquire further about their contents. 'Perhaps,' he adds, 'this man, on his return, may read the strange books to others, and thus the seed of life be introduced into his far-distant city. It may be that many will not be read, many not even taken home; but if only one or two should be instrumental in turning an idolater from the error of his way, all our expenditure and fatigue will be more, far more, than repaid.'

But many days passed before any of the bread cast upon the waters was found; and when year after year rolled on without a single conversion, or prospect of such a thing, we cannot wonder that at length, in the tenth year, the Home Committee began seriously to consider whether they were not wasting men, money and time on a hopelessly barren soil. While from promising and fruitful fields came loud calls for more labourers, 'was it right to cling to a place where God seemed to be withholding His blessing?'

But the faithful labourer could not bear to think that so much prayer, faith and effort had been in vain. 'In hope against all human hope,' he trusted in the promise, 'In due season' ye 'shall reap,' and he fainted not. He earnestly begged 'that the fruitless tree might be let alone that year also.' Who can estimate the wealth of prayer and labour that were expended by the Missionary during those anxious months! but according to his faith it was done to him, for before the end of the year, as we shall see next month, the reaping time began.

(To be continued.)

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER VI. — A BRIDE FOR THE MASTER.

RUSSELL BIGELOW was to preach at Hissawatchee Settlement. Far and wide over the West had travelled the fame of this great Preacher, who, though born in Vermont, was wholly Western in

his impassioned manner. 'An orator is to be judged not by his printed discourses, but by the memory of the effect he has produced,' says a French writer; and if we may judge of Russell Bigelow by the fame that fills Ohio and Indiana even to this day, he was surely an orator of the highest order. He is known as the 'indescribable.' The news that he was to preach had set the settlement afire with eager curiosity to hear him. Even Patty Lumsden declared her intention of going, much to the Captain's regret. She had no other motive than a vague hope of hearing something that would divert her; life had grown so heavy that she craved excitement of any kind. She would take a back seat and hear the famous Methodist for herself. But Patty put on all her gold and costly apparel. She was determined that nobody should suspect her of any intention of 'joining the Church.' Her mood was one of curiosity on the surface, and of proud hatred and quiet defiance below.

No religious meeting is ever so delightful as a meeting held in the forest; no forest is so satisfying as a forest of beech; the wide-spreading boughs—drooping when they start from the trunk, but well sustained at the last—stretch out regularly and with a steady horizontalness, the last year's leaves form a carpet like a cushion, while the dense foliage shuts out the sun. To this meeting in the beech woods Patty chose to walk, since it was less than a mile away. As she passed through a little cove, she saw a man lying flat on his face in prayer. It was the Preacher. Awe-stricken, Patty hurried on to the meeting. She had fully intended to take a seat in the rear of the congregation, but being a little confused and absent-minded, she did not observe at first where the stand had been erected, and that she was entering the congregation at the side nearest to the pulpit. When she discovered her mistake it was too late to withdraw, the aisle beyond her was already full of standing people; there was nothing for her but to take the only vacant seat in sight. This put her in the very midst of the members, and in this position she was quite conspicuous; even strangers from other settlements saw with astonishment a woman elegantly dressed, for that time, sitting in the very midst of the devoted sisters—for the men and women set apart. All around Patty there was not a single 'artificial,' or piece of jewellery. Indeed most of the women wore calico sun-bonnets. The Hissawatchee people who knew her were

astounded to see Patty at meeting at all. They looked upon Captain Lumsden as Gog and Magog incarnated in one.

This sense of the conspicuousness of her position was painful to Patty, but she presently forgot herself in listening to the singing. There never was such a chorus as a backwoods Methodist congregation, and here among the trees they sang hymn after hymn, now with the tenderest pathos, now with triumphant joy, now with solemn earnestness. They sang 'Children of the Heavenly King,' and 'Come, let us anew,' and 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow,' and 'Arise my soul, arise,' and 'How happy every child of grace!' While they were singing this last, the celebrated Preacher entered the pulpit, and there ran through the audience a movement of wonder, almost of disappointment. His clothes were of that sort of cheap cotton-cloth known as 'blue drilling,' and did not fit him. He was rather short, and inexpressibly awkward. His hair hung unkempt over the best portion of his face—the broad projecting forehead. His eyebrows were overhanging; his nose, cheek-bones and chin large. His mouth was wide and with a sorrowful depression at the corners, his nostrils thin, his eyes keen, and his face perfectly mobile. He took for his text the words of Eliezer to Laban (Genesis xxiv. 49), 'And now, etc.'; and, according to the custom of the time, he first expounded the incident, and then proceeded to 'spiritualize' it, by applying it to the soul's marriage to Christ. Notwithstanding the ungainliness of his frame and the awkwardness of his postures, there was a gentlemanliness about his address that indicated a man not unaccustomed to good society. His words were well chosen; his pronunciation always correct; his speech grammatical. In all of these regards Patty was disappointed.

But the sermon. Who shall describe 'the indescribable'? As the servant, he proceeded to set forth the character of the Master. What struck Patty was not the nobleness of his speech, nor the force of his argument; she seemed to see in the countenance that every Divine trait which he described had reflected itself in the life of the Preacher himself. For none but the manliest of men can ever speak worthily of Jesus Christ. As Bigelow proceeded, he won her famished heart to Christ. For such a Master she could live or die; in such a life there was what Patty needed most—a purpose; in such a life there was a Friend; in such a life she would escape that sense of the ignobleness of her own pursuits, and the

unworthiness of her own pride. All that he said of Christ's love and condescension filled her with a sense of sinfulness and meanness, and she wept bitterly. There were a hundred others as much affected, but the eyes of all her neighbours were upon her. If Patty should be converted, what a victory!

And as the Preacher proceeded to describe the joy of a soul wedded for ever to Christ—living nobly after the pattern of His life—Patty resolved that she would devote herself to this life and this Saviour, and rejoiced in sympathy with the rising note of triumph in the sermon. Then Bigelow, last of all, appealed to courage and to pride—to pride in its best sense. Who would be ashamed of such a Bridegroom? And as he depicted the trials that some must pass through in accepting Him, Patty saw her own situation, and mentally made the sacrifice. As he described the glory of renouncing the world, she thought of her jewellery and the spirit of defiance in which she had put it on. There in the midst of that congregation, she took out her earrings, and stripped the flowers from her bonnet. Some may smile at the sacrifice as an over-strained literalism, but to Patty it was the solemn renunciation of the world—the whole-hearted espousal of herself, for all eternity, to Him Who stands for all that is noblest in life. Of course this action was visible to most of the congregation—most of all to the Preacher himself. To the Methodists it was the greatest of triumphs, this public conversion of Captain Lumsden's daughter, and they showed their joy in many pious ejaculations. Patty did not seek concealment. She scorned to creep into the kingdom of heaven. It seemed to her that she owed this publicity. For a moment all eyes were turned away from the orator. He paused in his discourse until Patty had removed the emblems of her pride and antagonism. Then, turning with tearful eyes to the audience, the preacher, with simple-hearted sincerity and inconceivable effect, burst out with, 'Hallelujah! I have found a bride for my Master!'

Patty's devout feelings were sadly interrupted during the remainder of the sermon by forebodings. But she had a will as inflexible as her father's, and now that her will was backed by convictions of duty, it was more firmly set than ever. Bigelow announced that he would 'open the door of the church;' and the excited congregation made the forest ring with that hymn of Watts which has always been the recruiting song of American Methodism. The application to Patty's

case produced great emotion when the singing reached the stanzas :

‘ Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail’d through bloody seas ?
‘ Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ? ’

At this point Patty slowly rose from the place where she had been sitting weeping, and marched resolutely through the crowd until she reached the Preacher, to whom she extended her hand in token of her desire to become a church-member. While she came forward, the congregation sang with great fervour, and not a little sensation :

‘ Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord :
I’ll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.’

After many had followed Patty’s example the meeting closed. Every Methodist shook hands with the new beginners, particularly with Patty, uttering words of sympathy and encouragement. Some offered to go home with her to keep her in countenance in the inevitable conflict with her father, but with a true delicacy and filial dutifulness, Patty insisted on going alone. There are battles which are fought better without allies.

That ten minutes’ walk was a time of agony and suspense. As she came up to the house she saw her father sitting on the doorstep, riding-whip in hand. Though she knew his nervous habit of carrying his raw-hide whip long after he had dismounted—a habit having its root in a domineering disposition—she was not without apprehension that he would use personal violence, though she was legally of age. But he was quiet now, from extreme anger.

‘ Patty,’ he said, ‘ either you will promise me on the spot to give up this infernal Methodism, or you can’t come in here to bring your praying and groaning into my ears. Are you going to give it up ? ’

‘ Don’t turn me off, father ! ’ pleaded Patty. ‘ You need me : I can stand it, but what will you do when your rheumatism comes

on next winter? Do let me stay and take care of you. I won't bother you about my religion.'

'I won't have this blubbering, shouting nonsense in my house,' screamed the father, frantically. He would have said more, but he choked. 'You've disgraced the family,' he gasped, after a minute.

Patty stood still, and said no more.

'Will you give up your nonsense about being religious?'

Patty shook her head.

'Then clear out!' cried the Captain, and with an oath he went into the house and pulled the latch-string in. The latch-string was the symbol of hospitality. To say that 'the latch-string was out' was to open your door to a friend; to pull it in was the most significant and inhospitable act Lumsden could perform. For when the latch-string is in, the door is locked. The daughter was not only to be a daughter no longer, she was now an enemy at whose approach the latch-string was withdrawn.

Patty was full of natural affection. She turned away to seek a home. Where? She walked aimlessly down the road at first. She had but one thought as she receded from the old house that had been her home from infancy—

The latch-string was drawn in.

WHAT AM I?

A CREATURE form'd by power and skill
Divine.
God, the Great Artist, rear'd this frame
of mine:
His matchless wisdom drew the wondrous plan,
And His Almighty fiat made the man.
He breathed, and bade the wheels of motion roll,
And placed within my breast a living soul;

A soul immortal,—what a sacred trust!
And yet my flesh claims kindred with the dust.
Should not this humbling thought ambition kill?
Yet there's a thought far more distressing still,—
Sin, that vile monster, dwells within my heart,
Enthroned instead of God, by diabolic art.

WHERE AM I?

Not in an Eden of supreme delight,
Where every object captivates the sight;
Where streams of living water gently flow,
And trees of life in sacred order grow,
Whose fruits nectareous make the branches nod,

And all conspire to lead the soul to God.
Mankind's first parents were thus highly blest,
Adam in Paradise these joys possess'd;
One prohibition God enjoined alone:
'Forbear this tree, the rest are all your own.'

But the rash man would gratify his taste,
And changed his garden for this howling waste.

WHAT AM I DOING?

Travelling with wearied steps from stage to stage,
Through infancy, through youth and riper age;
Not long ago I hung upon the breast,
Whilst the fond parent sooth'd her babe to rest;
With pleasure she beheld her offspring grow,
And taught the trembling infant how to go:
Her care how great, how tender and how kind!
Sure it was God Who thus her heart inclined;

God, Who ten thousand other gifts bestow'd,
Ere I could tell from whence my mercies flow'd.
Oft have I totter'd on destruction's brink,
But He upheld, nor suffer'd me to sink;
With His Son's blood He bought me for His own,
Intends that one day I shall share Christ's throne.
Do I, then, serve and love Him with my might,
Who life and immortality hath brought to light?

WHITHER AM I GOING?

Into Eternity's vast, boundless sea,
Fast as the stream of time can carry me.
O, dread Eternity, thou awful sound!
Thou searchless ocean and thou deep profound,
'Midst thine infinitudes my thoughts are drown'd.
Compared with thee how scanty time appears,
What a mere nothing are my threescore years!
Yet for this short duration I've no lease,

Tenant at will, to quit when God shall please;
How'er protracted, life is but a span,
And short the existence of the oldest man.
My soul, reflect on this, nor heedless be,
Thy doom is seal'd, entering Eternity,
For thee the joys of heaven or pains of hell,
According as thy time's spent ill or well.
Grant, Lord, that I may tread that narrow road
Which leads to holiness, and heaven and God!

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER IX.—CHRISTMAS-DAY.

CHRISTMAS morning was bright and frosty, and all that could be spared went to the service and offered their hearty thanks for the birth of the Saviour of the world. Then Willie and George walked home, his parents staying for the Sacrament. George would have stayed too, if he dared, but he felt ashamed to do so,—he, the careless sailor, to make a public profession of faith in a Saviour of Whom he had thought so little, and Whose footsteps he had not followed! 'But why should I remain careless,' he mentally asked, and the question led to the resolve, 'I'll try to lead henceforth a Christian life.' The simple, unostentatious Christianity of the Jacques' had not been lost upon him; he had always

been steady, upright, honest, clever and remarkably intelligent, but he was not in spirit and in truth a believer in Christ. Having been an orphan from his earliest years, he could not remember any loving mother's teachings, had known no father's care; and when he silently watched the tender care of Mrs. Jacques for her boy, and the farmer's less demonstrative but equally loving anxiety for Willie, his heart went out to them in love and reverence, and he could have called them 'Mother,' 'Father,' as though they had in very truth been his own. But more than this, their earnest piety made him desire to know more of that religion which bore such sweet fruits. He had often heard it scoffed at as a thing unworthy of men of sense, only fit for old women and children; but he saw that it had power to solace under great trial, and to make a man, with as sound a judgment as his own, submit without murmuring to a position that would drive many almost frantic with vexation and disappointment. 'There must be more in it than I know of.'

'George, how silent you are! Are you tired with this long walk?'

'No, Willie, I was thinking,' responded George, gravely.

Willie looked at him, 'Are you tired of the country, George?'

'No, I like the country. Willie, boy, I should like you to show me the text in your Bible. I have not one with me.' George did not like to confess he had not one anywhere.

'To be sure, George, was it not a nice one? I was so glad the Minister said what he did; do you remember? "With us always." I shall not forget that when I am at sea and Jack is ugly.'

'Then you think of what you hear?'

'I try to recollect; because you see now I do not have mother to tell me what I want to know; then when I am puzzled about anything, I try to think, Have I heard about that from the pulpit? because, you see, our Minister makes everything so clear that I can understand all he says, and his words have many a time kept me from getting into a rage, or doing a bad action. Next to the Bible I like his sermons.'

'Because you like the man?'

'Why, yes, he is a good man, and, I have often heard father say, practises what he preaches.'

'Willie, you have had very great advantages, you ought to be a good lad.'

'That is what I'll try to be, George.'

Willie found the text, and gave his Bible to George to read it, if he liked, until the others returned from the service, and he ran to look after some ducks and geese that he had promised to feed. Left alone, George Nicholson read the text: 'Emmanuel.' He recalled what the Minister had said, then he read other chapters of the wonderful Book which to

him had been thus far a sealed volume. How strange it seemed that such words should be written, yet hidden from his eyes through ignorance, and not from his only but from thousands! But henceforth he would study the Chart which was said to be the guide to eternal life, and if happiness was to be gained by a knowledge of its contents, why should he not win it? He wanted to be happy as much as any one, therefore he would no longer neglect the means to attain it. Occupied with these reflections the time passed imperceptibly and Willie rushed into the parlour to summon him to dinner before he was aware that the farmer and his wife had returned. Of course the farmer had to carve, and Willie had summoned George that he might see how well his father did it, and of course George gave praise unstintingly. Then the evening was spent with their friends, and George saw the mistletoe bough pendant from the rafters of the large hall, which was another novelty to him; and before the evening was over the waits came in and sang the Christmas hymn. In that part of the country they always went to the farm-houses to sing, and give and receive felicitations for the season; the Priory-farm was the last in order, for there supper was provided for them, the family waiting upon them and plying them with good cheer.

George helped, and, as Willie said, did credit to the character of waiter, and won golden opinions from the household.

CHAPTER X.—THE VISIT PROLONGED.

BUT all pleasant things have an end, and George regretfully thought that in a day or two he must take his departure for the smoky town and dull lodgings, so on the morrow he announced his intention of leaving on the following day.

'What is that you are saying?' sharply queried the farmer.

'That I must bring my pleasant visit to an end and leave you to-morrow.'

'You say "pleasant," but you cannot mean it, or you would not be in such haste to get away, Mr. Nicholson.'

'Why, I have trespassed on your hospitality already an unconscionable time.'

'Now Mr. Nicholson—George—you are town and I am country, and townspeople may have a different way of putting things, perhaps a better; that I cannot say; but when I say a thing I mean it; and now I want you to understand that if you will stay with us until Willie goes back you will be heartily welcome. You have nothing to do at home, and if you want employment, why give Willie some lessons.'

'Thank you, father, but don't you think George might go out shooting, for a change?'

'That he could if he knows how to use a gun.'

'George can shoot as well as the squire; why he shot for me—'

Willie came to an abrupt stop.

'Shot what, Willie?'

'Never mind, father, but he is a capital shot.'

'Now, Willie, you overrate my abilities in that line as in all others; to hear you Mr. Jacques would suppose that I can really shoot, whereas I can do very little in that way.'

'That is just like you, George; why to hear you one would suppose you could do nothing but sit over the fire and wind yarn.'

'But you will stay with us, Mr. Nicholson?' asked Mrs. Jacques.

'Thank you, Ma'am, but I am afraid I shall give you too much trouble.'

'Not at all; we shall be only too glad to keep you.'

'That we shall,' responded the farmer; 'indeed you have made this season so pleasant to me that I have not had the least desire to regret the past.'

'George, you must stay to take care of me; how should I get to town alone?'

'Very well, my lad, under Jipstone's care.'

'But I want you. Shall I call Bessie to help to persuade you?'

Mrs. Jacques looked at her boy in astonishment at his assurance, but Willie only laughed, and began to whistle as he rose from the table, saying, 'I am going to the forest, will you go, George?'

George consented, but stayed a few minutes with the kind, hospitable pair to thank them; but they would not listen, declaring that they were the obliged party. Then George hastened after Willie with a severe reproof for his foolish speech.

'Now, George, don't scold as if I had said something very wicked.'

'You have said what is wrong; you ought never to bring in a young woman's name, you do not know what mischief you might make.'

'Well, George, I am sorry if I have done wrong, but, but—'

'But what?'

'Why—why—'

'What is the matter with you, Willie?'

'Nothing, only I thought that what I was going to say might be wrong.'

'You had better tell me.'

'Well, I was going to say I thought you liked Bessie; and she is such a good girl that I would not for anything say aught that was wrong about her.'

'That I am sure you would not, Willie, and the best thing for you

will be, not to bring her name in; I am almost a stranger to her, and she might well be grieved if she had heard you this morning.'

'Well, George, I won't mention her again, not even if you ask me how she is when I hear from home,' laughed Willie.

'That will be well,' was the grave reply.

But Willie's suspicion was correct; George did admire Bessie Luke more than any woman he had previously seen, and he thought if she were as good as she seemed, the man would be happy who could win her for his wife; but he was annoyed that Willie had noticed his partiality, and blamed himself severely for letting others see that he cared for her, when as yet he had said no word to her that could imply a serious preference. For he had an innate reverence for women, and did not like to hear the name of a modest girl lightly spoken. As George remained silent for a long time, Willie began to be uneasy, and said very gravely:

'George, if I have vexed you I am very sorry. I did not mean anything, only fun.'

"Only," Willie, when you want to make fun don't bring in good girls.'

THE REFORMATION IN ITALY AND SPAIN.

BY THE REV. W. H. JOHNSTON.

AT a time when Italy and Spain are the two countries in which Protestantism has of late won some of its most signal conquests, and when evangelical truth meets with such a different reception in these two lands, finding an open door in Italy, but much opposition in Spain, there may be some interest in the following account, translated and abridged from a German narrative of the Reformation in these two kingdoms.

During Luther's Reformation, many Italians longed for a similar work in Italy; for they saw clearly the corruption of the Romish Church, and knew that things could not long continue as they were. Several noble-minded men, among whom Cardinal Contarini was the most distinguished, met together for mutual edification, and sought to comprehend the great doctrine of the sinner's justification. At the request of Paul III., four cardinals and four prelates prepared in 1537 a document dealing with the necessity of a reformation. Having spoken of a multitude of abuses and excesses of the papal power which ought to be done away with, they close with the following words: 'Rome is the mother church, and mistress of all other churches; and for this reason the worship of God and purity of conduct ought to have flourished there. But, O Holy Father, all strangers are offended when



they go into St. Peter's and see what ignorant and careless priests read the Mass there. And what is worse, immoral wenches gad about in the city as if they were respectable women, and are accompanied up and down in the afternoon by the most respectable men belonging to the families of cardinals, as well as by priests. We hope that your Holiness has been chosen for this purpose, to restore the honour of Christ, Who has been forgotten by the nations, and also by the clergy, so that He may in future live in our hearts, and manifest Himself in our lives; that He may heal our diseases, that the flock of Christ may be brought

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back into one fold, and that Christ may take away from us God's wrath and anger which we deserve, and which hangs over our heads ready to burst down upon us.'

This remarkable document remained without effect; and one of its composers, Cardinal Caraffa, when he became Pope, put it, in 1559, on the list of prohibited books. Yet Luther's writings found their way into Italy, and the booksellers did an enormous business in them. Melancthon says that whole shipfuls were sent there from the German market, although the Pope had issued new prohibitions against them. Brucioli's translation of the New Testament into Italian appeared in 1530, and was eagerly read. A monk called Mollio, who was afterwards burnt at Rome, said to Zanchi, 'Buy Bullinger's book, *De Originibus Erroris*; and if you have no money, tear out and sell even your right eye to buy it, and then read it with the left.'

Such progress did the Reformation make, that Clement VII. complained of Luther's heresy being even publicly preached by priests and monks. In Imola, a monk one day said in his sermon that we must gain heaven by the merit of our works. A boy cried out, 'That is blasphemy! the Bible says that Christ secured heaven for us by His suffering and death, and that He freely grants it to us of His grace!' The monk was enraged at the applause which the lad's words met with, and cried out, 'Begone, you young scoundrel! You have scarcely more than crawled out of your cradle, and will you have the impudence to decide on holy things which the most learned men cannot explain?' The youngster replied, 'Have you never read that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" God "perfects praise"?' The monk left the pulpit in a desperate passion, threatening the lad, who was soon thrown into prison.

War was one means of conveying Protestant truth into Italy. Among the troops which Charles V. brought from Germany, as well as among the Swiss who served under Francis I., there were many Protestants. These told the families with which they were quartered about the liberty of worship which existed in Protestant lands, laughed at the abominable misrepresentations which the monks gave of the Reformation, spoke in the highest terms of Luther and his fellow-workers, and expressed their wonder that such an intelligent people as the Italians should remain so long under the yoke of a lazy and blasphemous priesthood. The impression thus made was deepened by the conflicts between the Emperor and the Pope. Rome was at last taken and plundered by the Imperial troops, and the Pope made a prisoner in 1527.

But the Papacy soon put forth efforts to crush the new faith; and the Inquisition, with its rack and scaffold, rendered the work easy. Many

Protestants were imprisoned, some sent to the galleys, and others banished from the country, whilst a large number saved their lives by flight. There was not a town of any importance in Italy that had not some fugitives in different parts of Protestant Europe. Oochino, general of the Capuchins, who was looked upon by the Emperor himself as the best of all Preachers, fled in 1542 to Germany. The half of Locarno had to emigrate in 1555 to Zurich. At Venice, those lying in prison were taken out of their cells at midnight, placed in a gondola, and, attended by a priest, were carried out to sea, where another boat waited for them. A plank was then stretched from one gondola to the other, and the prisoners placed on it in chains, and with a stone fastened to their feet. On a sign being given, the two boats were rowed away from one another, and the prisoners sank into the sea.

In October, 1553, Pope Julius III. received from some bishops an ironical plan for stopping the progress of the Reformation, which closed as follows: 'The best counsel which we can give your Holiness is most diligently and strenuously, in all cities under your jurisdiction, to hinder the reading of the Gospel in the mother tongue. Let the little that the people hear at Mass be enough for them; no mortal ought to know more; for as long as men are satisfied with this everything will go according to your wish, but ever since they wanted to know more, things have become worse and worse. In a word, the New Testament is the book which, more than all others, has called forth the movements in which we have nearly lost our cause; and, indeed, whoever diligently studies the Bible and observes what takes place in our churches, will find that the doctrine of the Bible is quite different from, and in many cases directly opposed to, ours.' The Pope did his best to banish the Scriptures. Every day people were burned, hanged or beheaded. The prisons were filled, and more had to be built.

But although the prisons of the Inquisition were filled during the whole of the sixteenth century, and many executions took place, there were still many Italians who in secret held the doctrines of the Reformation; and many Englishmen, who had left home rather than become Protestants, renounced Catholicism when they came to Italy. Some of the Italian refugees got unfortunately on wrong paths. Two Italians named Socinus, who died, the one in 1562 and the other in 1604, denied the deity of Christ, and founded the sects of Unitarians in Poland and Siebenbürgen.

In the midst of these persecutions several remarkable cases of Divine protection occurred. One may here be mentioned: JOHN CRAIG, a Scotchman, who was born in 1512, went to Italy in 1537. He entered a monastery in Bologna, and rose to great distinction. A book written

by Calvin convinced him of the errors of the Church of Rome. He happened to mention this to some of the monks, and it would have probably cost him his life had not one of the fathers, also a Scotchman, helped him to escape. For a length of time he was chaplain to a neighbouring nobleman who was also favourable to Protestantism. Both were, however, soon apprehended, and lodged in the cells of the Inquisition at Rome, where Craig remained nine months. Finally he was condemned to be burnt because he would not renounce his faith. On the very evening before the day appointed for the execution (August 18th, 1559) Pope Paul IV. died, when, according to an old custom, the prisons were thrown open. But whilst debtors and criminals were allowed to go free, the heretics were only taken outside the prison walls and then brought back to their cells. That very night, however, there arose among the enraged inhabitants of Rome an insurrection, and the building of the Inquisition was burnt down. The prisoners were able to flee to a house not far from Rome before they were overtaken by the soldiers. When the captain came into this house he looked Craig straight in the face, took him aside, and asked him whether he did not remember having once helped a wounded soldier at Bologna. Craig was too confused to remember the circumstance. 'But I have not forgotten it,' said the captain; 'I was the man whom you helped. God has now put it in my power to return the kindness which you then showed to a stranger. You are free. I must take your fellow-prisoners with me, but I will show them for your sake all the kindness in my power.' He gave him all the money he had with him, and told him what he must do in order to escape. Craig thanked him, and went on his way, keeping, however, away from the main roads. He had spent all the money when he came to the borders of a wood, where he lay down, not knowing what to do. Just then a dog ran at him with a purse in its mouth. Craig tried to drive it away, but in vain. The animal would not go till the servant of God took the purse, the contents of which helped him to pursue his journey. He came to Vienna and preached before the Emperor Maximilian II., who would have gladly retained him as court preacher, but seeing that the Pope had proclaimed that Craig should be apprehended wherever found, the Emperor deemed it best to give him a guard, under which he escaped in safety, and, after an absence of twenty-three years, reached Scotland in 1560, where he was received into the ministry of the Church. As he had almost forgotten English, he was obliged for a time to preach in Latin. He afterwards became the colleague of Knox, and worked mightily to spread the work of the Reformation in his native land.

Were there space, other narratives of a similar kind might here be given. Such, for instance, as the escape of Curio of Turin and Barbara di Muralto.

It fared far worse with the Waldensians, who had since 1340 settled in Calabria, and had there increased to the number of four thousand. The furious Cardinal Ghislieri, who afterwards became Pope Pius V., undertook in 1559 their destruction. Many perished in the woods from hunger, others were slain by the sword. Carlino was racked till his bowels were actually hanging out of his body. Vermineo had to lie eight hours on an instrument of torture called *hell*. Marcone was flogged naked with iron rods through the streets, and then beaten to death. Conto was covered with pitch and burnt. Sixty women were tortured, and most of them died of the wounds they received. A Roman Catholic spectator of the proceedings tells how sixteen hundred Waldensians were dealt with in 1560 at Montalto: 'The fearful judgment,' he says, 'which was this morning, June 11th, inflicted on the Lutherans can be compared with nothing but a slaughter. They were all shut up in a house. The executioner went in, and brought out one whose face he had bound, led him to an open place, caused him to kneel down, and then cut his throat with a knife. He then took off from him the bloody cloth, and brought another to be executed, till the eighty-eight were all put to death. No one who saw one of these executions could endure to see a second, and I can scarcely refrain from tears while writing. The resignation and patience with which they endured martyrdom is incredible. I shudder when I think of how the executioner, with the bloody knife between his teeth and the cloth dripping with blood in his hand, went in, with bloody arms stretched out, and brought out one after another, just as a butcher brings out his sheep. Wagons are ordered to remove the bodies, which will be quartered and hanged up on the main roads from one end of Calabria to the other. A hundred women are about to be put on the rack and destroyed.'

Many instances are recorded of great firmness on the part of martyrs when passing through such sufferings, and did space permit, the learned Paleario and Bartoccio might be referred to as examples.

(To be continued.)

GEOFFREY HALLAM'S QUANDARY.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Concluded from page 231.)

IT was a warm day, the cottage window was open to admit the grateful breeze, which, as Geoffrey sat, brought in the strains of sacred song coming from a band of Methodists who were just commencing an outdoor service on the village green. Geoffrey fidgeted at the sound, and then suddenly resolved to go, as he said, 'to hear what the fellow's got

to say,' intending to keep a sharp look out for whatsoever would afford him material for poetical lampoon.

The 'fellow' was a little white-haired man of sixty, but sound in wind and limb, and of a ruddy countenance withal. Just as Geoffrey Hallam reached the outside of the congregation, the Preacher began to pray. The parish clerk was astonished! The man had no book! He stood with uplifted hands and closed eyes, and really and truly 'talked with God.' Geoffrey soon lost all consciousness of time and place; standing with open mouth and eyes, gazing at the Preacher, and wondering what Parson Hodgson would say to hear a man pray straight off without a Prayer-book, and to go about the business so earnestly as that. Then the solemnity, the fervour, the fitness of the prayer, revealed themselves to him, and half unconsciously he doffed his hat and bowed his head even as others. By and by the prayer was concluded with the usual all-prevailing plea, 'for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord,' and Geoffrey, out of sheer habit, followed with a loud, high-pitched and sonorous 'Amen!' All the congregation turned to look at him, and Geoffrey felt uncomfortably warm beneath their gaze. He had not hesitated to speak strongly of 'the Methody Parson, and the fools who went to hear him,' and there he stood, himself, before them all, a fool confessed. Still, Geoffrey would not run away now, but stood his ground like a man. The Preacher proceeded to give out his text, 'Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?' Geoffrey soon discovered that the Preacher's subject was Jesus, and that the good man was showing that the glorious works that Jesus did were proof positive that He was the Christ of God, and the very Saviour for poor sinners. Geoffrey was touched, interested, carried away with the fervid force of the Preacher's words of truth. Then the evangelist spoke of the Methodists, and their new mission from God: 'Perhaps,' said he, 'some in this village may ask, "Why should the Methodists come here? What right have they to introduce something new?"' Now that was just what Parson Hodgson had asked his parish clerk that very morning. 'Well,' said the Preacher, tapping at his little Testament, 'go tell that somebody what ye have seen and heard. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them"; hardened sinners have been softened, condemned sinners have been saved, miserable sinners have been made happy, wicked sinners have been made good; and in this village, poaching and drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking have all grown less because of the Word of the Lord which we have preached unto you.'

Now Geoffrey Hallam felt in his conscience that none of this could be denied. Parson Hodgson himself had said that he had not half the trouble with poachers that he used to have, and that he could not

understand it. Only last week, old George Gordon, the keeper of the village alehouse, had said that he never knew trade so bad as it had been since the 'beggary Methodists' came. Right under Geoffrey's nose stood Bill Brigham, who nine months ago came out of jail; and he was bound to own, as the man stood there with his hat off and his eyes earnestly fixed upon the Preacher, that he was altogether a different character from the loafing vagabond that stood before the magistrates twelve months ago. By and by the preacher, who was a veritable Boanerges, waxed even more in earnest, and fixing his keen little eye upon Geoffrey, he said, 'I have a message from God unto thee;' and straightway gave his message, until Geoffrey was bewildered, frightened, melted and did not know what ailed him.

Then came the hymn, and as the verses were read and sung, every line went home to the stricken cobbler's heart:

'O Love Divine! what hast Thou done!
The immortal God hath died for me!'

Every sentiment was a sermon, every verse was vivid with the light of truth; and so it came to pass, that when the white-haired Preacher commenced his concluding prayer, Geoffrey's heart went with him, till again he lost all sense of the fitness of things. Quoth the Preacher, 'But for Thy mercy, Lord, we must perish in our sin! Lord have mercy upon us!' Hereupon, in his usual high-pitched, clerkly tone, but with a new inflection in his voice, born of deep feeling, Geoffrey said, 'Christ have mercy upon us!' Joe Hardwick, the village carpenter, a good honest soul whom Geoffrey liked, despite his Methodism, couldn't help chiming in with 'Amen! Geoffrey, Amen! Ah think you *meant* it that tahme!' Geoffrey certainly did mean it. Hardly aware what was the matter with him, and seized with a sudden fit of shame, Geoffrey withdrew before the prayer was over, and sought the shelter of his cottage. At tea-time he had scarcely a word to say to Susan. He kept turning over in his mind the lines he had just heard, and the more he thought of them, the deeper was the impression they made:

'Pardon for all flows from His side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.'

'Now,' quoth the impatient reader, 'surely you will soon begin to inform us as to Geoffrey Hallam's Quandary. What was it?'

Patience, my friend, and you shall know in good time. The more haste the worse speed, and the more care the better deed.

About six o'clock there was a tap at the cobbler's door, and in walked Joe Hardwick, with a genial smile on his face and a cheery word on his tongue. Joe wasn't the man to let slip a chance of doing good, and his

observation of Geoffrey's proceedings that afternoon had convinced him that the parish clerk was being led Christward by the gracious God, Who willeth that all men should be saved and come to 'the knowledge of the truth.'

'Good evening, neighbour Hallam! good evening, Susan!' said the genial carpenter. 'I thought I'd just come and ask you if you and your wife will go with me and my wife to chapel to-night. Mr. Horncastle is worth hearing, I can tell you. There's plenty of room in our pew, and we shall be very glad of your company.'

Now this was more than Geoffrey had bargained for, but it was a very neighbourly act of Joe's; besides, he was a man whom the clerk held in great respect, and Susan, who was, I'm afraid, in the habit of speaking disloyally of the mental aliment provided in Wemborough church, exhibited an eager compliance with the invitation. Geoffrey sat still and said nothing. He was in a quandary. It was bad enough to go and hear the Methodies on the village green; but to go inside their conventicle! he, the parish clerk, sexton, tithe-collector and general factotum to the Reverend Henry Hodgson! That was a deeper depth into which he scarcely felt prepared to plunge. But there were three potent forces at work which he could not resist: First, the persuasive kindness of the carpenter; second, the warm entreaties of his coaxing wife; and third, the operation of the Spirit of God through the lines which were running in his mind in spite of himself:

'Then let us sit beneath His cross,	And give up all our hearts to Him;
And gladly catch the healing stream,	Of nothing think or speak beside,
All things for Him account but loss,	My Lord, my Love is crucified.'

At last, half in desperation, he started up, seized his hat, and making for the door, said, 'Come on, then!'

'Nay, nay; give me time to put my bonnet on,' said Susan; 'I can't sit bare-headed, I suppose, though you may.'

Behold the parish clerk and his wife seated in the highest of the aloping pews in Wemborough chapel—for Joe Hardwick was somebody in the ranks of chapel-goers, I can tell you,—and in the pulpit the white-haired man who had given Geoffrey such a shaking in the afternoon! Again the service proceeded; and in the hymns, the prayers, the Scriptures, the sermon, and all—the story and the influence of the glad evangel fell on Geoffrey's ear and heart. Not once, however, did he display his clerly habit of responding, until the prayer came which succeeded the sermon. Therein the Preacher said, with hearty zeal, 'Have mercy on us!' 'Miserable sinners!' shouted the penitent cobbler; and straightway fell down upon his knees, fairly vanquished;

and repeated the 'Confession' in tones that came straight from the heart, and went to the hearts of all his fellow-worshippers. 'Amen,' said the congregation, led by the white-haired preacher, whose face was bright with the joy of those who take much spoil. Making his way to Geoffrey, he laid apostolic hands on him, and led the willing penitent to a form beneath the pulpit, and murmured in his ear 'of Jesus and His love.' Others soon joined them; among the rest, Susan Hallam, with that good little woman, Mrs. Hardwick, kneeling by her side; and in a little while Geoffrey Hallam and his wife were rejoicing in the happy consciousness of sin forgiven.

Next morning Geoffrey Hallam was up with the lark; and like the lark his rejoicing spirit hymned its praises heavenward. Still, I am bound to say Geoffrey Hallam's quandary returned with redoubled force. What would Parson Hodgson say to such an outrage on all propriety; such an unheard-of enormity as that the parish clerk should not only go to the Methodists, but *be* a Methodist!

Quoth Geoffrey to Susan, 'Whatever shall I do?'

'Do?' said his wife, 'why, tell the Parson all about it; and if he doesn't like it, tell him to get another clerk.'

Twice during the week Geoffrey braced up his loins and repaired to the vicarage to have out the dreaded interview with his clerical master; but the vicar and his family were from home, and would not return until late on Saturday evening.

The quandary troubled our new convert a good deal. He felt that the vicar ought to know; and on Saturday evening again he set off to get the matter off his mind. On his way, the thought struck him that it would be a very awkward thing if there was no parish clerk to take part in the service next morning. He felt as though it would be leaving the vicar in the lurch; and whatever *could* they do? He felt in his conscience that he should do his work better, and put more soul into it than he had ever done in his life. So he stood in a quandary; and at last made up his mind, limped off home again, and resolved to say nothing about it until Monday morning.

Sabbath came, and Geoffrey Hallam, 'clothed and in his right mind,' posted off to the vestry to robe his master for duty. He was thoroughly happy; and the gracious Sabbath influences had enabled him to dismiss his quandary from his mind.

'Praise the Lord,' quoth he, as he went along the churchyard path with a buoyancy that almost hid his limping gait, 'Jesus is my Saviour, this blessed Sunday morning. Glory be to God!'

As soon as the vicar entered the vestry, Geoffrey took down the white surplice from its accustomed peg. He held it up in his hands, and stood

with a beaming smile on his face, waiting for Parson Hodgson to turn his shoulders ready for its reception. The vicar looked him full in the face, and a conscious blush mounted to Geoffrey's cheeks; for a moment his hands trembled so that the uplifted garment seemed half instinct with life, but the smile never left his face.

'Geoffrey Hallam,' said the vicar, 'you seem to be remarkably happy this morning?'

'Yes, Sir; yes, Sir! so I am,' said Geoffrey. 'Praise the Lord, I'm the happiest man in Wemborough pariah! Glory be to God! Happy as I can live, Sir! Bless the Lord!'

'Why, what on earth's come to the man?' said the wondering Clergyman. 'Have you come into a fortune?'

'I believe you, Sir,' said Geoffrey, limping round the vestry with the surplice held up before him, and joyously laughing at the apt enquiry. 'Yes, Sir! I am rich as a Jew! Halleluiah! Ohrist is mine!'

The vicar looked solemnly angry. 'I don't believe you are sober! Can you do your work?'

'Try me, Sir! You just try me! I shall *mean* it, every word.'

The Parson suffered his factotum to invest him with the sacred robe, and as Geoffrey prudently said no more, the clergyman followed him to his desk; the clerk limped into his; and matters took their ordinary course. The congregation, however, was extraordinary, for the villagers were a good deal curious to see how the new convert would comport himself in his old office; and a few of the more thoughtful Methodists had come to show that their welcome of Geoffrey to their ranks was none the less because of his official position in the parish church. In a pew just before the clerk's desk sat Joe Hardwick and his wife, and with them, Susan Hallam, looking bright enough, and as if she had good cause to praise the Lord and meant to do it. Geoffrey smiled and nodded, and there was quite an unfamiliar glow upon his face. Things went on smoothly enough, however, until the vicar began the Psalms for the day:

Priest.—'I will magnify Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast set me up; and not made my foes to triumph over me.'

Clerk.—'O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me.'

Just at this moment Susan lifted a beaming eye and met that of her happy spouse. Geoffrey couldn't help it. 'Praise the Lord, He *has*,' said he, 'Glory be to God!'

The Parson looked daggers at him; the Parson's lady peered at him over her spectacles and her high-backed pew; the obese farmer and his chubby flock began to share the Parson's doubts as to the clerk's

sobriety; and Joe Hardwick and his fellow-schismatics looked as if they would have liked to sing, 'O happy day that fixed my choice!'

Altogether our good Geoffrey made quite a sensation that morning.

In the vestry after the service, while Geoffrey was divesting his chief of his black gown and bands, Mr. Hodgson said,

'Now, Sir! What have you to say in excuse for your very singular behaviour?'

'Why, Sir,' said Geoffrey, 'I am sorry, but the words really slipped out before I knew.' Then, plucking up courage, he said, 'The truth is, Sir, that I am so happy in the love of Jesus, and the words "Thou hast healed me," came so pat, that I couldn't help saying, Praise the Lord!'

'Why, you must have turned a Methodist?' said the wondering parson.

'That's just it, Sir, and I'm very sorry—I mean, I'm very glad,—I mean—'

'Mean! you mean that you are a born fool!'

'No, Sir,' said Geoffrey, "'born again." That's how it is, Sir; Praise the Lord!'

'Stuff and nonsense! Come up to the vicarage to-morrow.'

'Yes, Sir,' said Geoffrey, humbly; 'I was afraid I should have to give it up; I'm very sorry.'

'O well, if you'll give it up, it will be all right. What made you take it up?'

'You, Sir,' said Geoffrey, in innocent surprise.

'Me!' said Parson Hodgson, blushing hot at the daring imputation, 'how dare you say so? Why, almost the last words I said to you were that the Methodists had no business here.'

'O!' said Geoffrey, 'I meant, giving up being clerk, and I said I was sorry because I could do it and would do it better than ever. But I can't give up going to chapel, Sir, come what may,' and Geoffrey began to limp around the vestry again at the very idea of such a thing.

'Humph!' ejaculated the Clergyman, and seizing his hat, away he went in high dudgeon, without so much as his customary 'Good morning.'

Geoffrey Hallam trudged off to his cottage, thankful that the ordeal was over and that he was out of his quandary. The loss of twenty pounds a year, besides fees, would make a very considerable hole in his earnings. He knew that he should have to ply his awl very diligently indeed to make ends meet; but if he was a little hardly put to it, why, he had that in his heart and home which would more than compensate for poverty or even hunger. So Geoffrey limped along with a light heart, prepared for either fortune, and happy in the Lord.

When Parson Hodgson reached home, his household soon discovered that he was a good deal ruffled. During the dinner-hour the erratic parish-clerk was the subject of conversation and the object of universal condemnation, and the verdict was unanimous that the deluded Geoffrey must be instantly discharged. Now, however, Parson Hodgson was in a quandary. Where he should pick up another clerk he did not know; as for getting Geoffrey Hallam's equal, of that he had no hope. The anti-Methodist population of the village couldn't produce, at any rate hadn't produced the article. Geoffrey had always done his work diligently and with the utmost propriety, while all the tithes and dues and offerings were ready to their full amount, whenever the Parson's hands were extended to receive them. Mrs. Hodgson was taken into consultation, and by the wise advice of that prudent and politic counsellor, it was finally decided to wait awhile and see how Geoffrey behaved.

This decision was briefly and even curtly announced to the happy cobbler, accompanied by the expression of a hope that he would not indulge in any interpolations in the Liturgy, and that he would look a little less absurdly happy while engaged in his professional duties. So Geoffrey Hallam was reinstated; and, as might be expected, proved a more effective clerk than ever. He became a Class Leader, and indeed the factotum at the chapel as well as at the church. His rhyming capabilities were converted as he himself was, as the following characteristic production, which has survived the tooth of time, will testify:

'God bless the Methodists, for they To Wemborough parish came,
And taught the heathen villagers The loving Saviour's name;
From full, warm heart and earnest tongue, The Gospel message fell,
And many a score of precious souls Of pardoning love can tell.
The blessed truth of God hath changed The drunkard and the thief;
And sorrowing, sin-sick souls have found In Jesus full relief.
All ye who would be saved from sin, And be through Christ forgiven,
Come, listen to the Gospel strains, And find your way to heaven.'

After many years of useful service, Geoffrey Hallam died, full of years and honour. On his tombstone was engraven a laudatory mention of his double office of parish clerk and Methodist Class Leader. In all probability that inscription has been rubbed out by wind and weather, but the name and fame of Geoffrey Hallam endure in Wemborough to this day.

There, reader! your patience is rewarded, and you know what was Geoffrey Hallam's Quandary, and how he got out of it.

PULLING WEEDS.

'WHEN I was a boy,' says a certain writer, 'I had a Sabbath-school teacher who was always ready to drop a word in season. No matter what we were talking about at first, it seemed to be the easiest thing in the world for her to turn my thoughts Christward. She would find "sermons in stones," and in almost everything else. Not long, tiresome sermons, but just a word that would keep me thinking till the next time I met her.

'I remember one vacation she went away for a few weeks. When she came back I ran to see her. After a pleasant talk she said, just as I started home :

"Well, Charlie, what have you been doing the past week?"

"Pulling weeds for father," I answered.

"Pulling weeds? That is a good business," she said with a smile; "but I hope those you pulled were not all for father. You know you have a garden of your own that is apt to get full of weeds."

"My garden?" I questioned, not thinking at first what she meant.

"In here," she said, touching her side with her finger. "For the enemy that sowed them is the evil one, you know. Have you pulled up the weeds there? It is hard work, Charlie, I know; harder than pulling for father, but Christ will help you."

'Day after day, as I kept about my tasks, I thought sadly of the weeds in the garden of my heart, and I asked Christ to root them out by His gracious power. I think He is doing it.'

Let the boys or girls who read this anecdote take up the Testament and turn over to the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and they will there find something said about evil things which grow in the heart.

THE WOOD ANEMONE.

GENTLE, fragile, fair and sweet,
Comest thou the Spring to greet;
Yet thou fad'st beneath our feet,
Little wood anemone.

'Midst thy stronger, brighter friends,
Spring thy tender nature sends;
Mildly o'er thy head she bends,
Little wood anemone.

Delicate as woven lace,
Hangs thy tinted cup-like face,
Charming with its sylvan grace,
Little wood anemone.

Many human flowerets frail,
Like thee, beautiful but pale,
Pass away in life's rough gale,
Little wood anemone.

Pure and sweet as thou they are,
Pale as fading, fleeting star;
Anything their life may mar—
Little wood anemone.

Like thee, when the storm is o'er,
Brighter, fairer than before,
Bloom they on a happier shore,
Little wood anemone.

SASSIE WRAY.

‘THIS WAY OR THAT.’

‘**H**EN I am, I have got so far, and now know not which turn to take,—this way or that.’

So said Jack Smith, as he lounged over the stile a short distance from where two roads met, as he journeyed to the town of L—. ‘Heigho! this way or that to L—, my friend? for I am puzzled to know which path to take.’

‘Straight a-head to L—; why, you must be a stranger this way, or you would not mistake such a well-beaten track.’

‘Entirely so, for I have not travelled far from my native village until yesterday, when I heard of plenty of work at L—, and thought I would jist make a trial.’

‘So you are seeking employment?’

‘Yes; how do you fare this part o’ the country?’

‘I am well off, more so than formerly, for I am working for two masters, and they both pay present wages.’

‘Why, that is strange, for the Bible says you cannot serve two masters, though I do not profess to be a meetiner, nor reads my Bible. I goes to church jist when I think I will, may be twice a year.’

‘I am going to L—, so if you are rested we’ll journey on together, if agreeable.’

‘O! glad of company on a lonely road; but please to explain yerself.’

‘Well, my friend, I am one of the meetiners, as you call them, but instead of going to God’s house just when I think I will, I delight to go every Sabbath. There my Divine Master, God, meets with me and gives me what I ask for, His Holy Spirit to guide, and grace for every day in the week. I do not mean by this that I pray at no other time. But having such privileges, I greatly enjoy them. This grace strengthens me for the duties of the world, and enables me to serve honestly my earthly master. I find my wages always ready at pay-day, without a fault being found. My Heavenly Father withholds “no good thing.” Blessings descend every morning, and they are renewed every evening. I fear, my friend, you are not only a stranger to L—, but a stranger to the Heavenly Jerusalem! you know not which path to take, “this way or that,” or at any rate you have not attempted to make a start.’

‘No, I seldom give my mind to aught else but this world’s goods; I have fared middlin’ to the present, and there’s plenty of time yet to trouble one’s mind about sich-like things.’

‘If you have done so well, what need have you to be seeking employment at the town of L—?’

‘Well, you see, friend, I have to work for my bread to keep this alive.’

‘Just so, but it is quite as necessary to feed the soul with the Bread

of Life, that when our course is finished here on earth, we may land on the shores of the Heavenly Canaan.'

'I confess I never thought of such things before, and believe there's truth in what you say, but there will be plenty of time yet.'

'Ah, my friend, that time enough yet may never be yours; now is the time, not to-morrow. Begin at once, then you will prove for yourself that religion's ways are the best. But remember, there is only one road to heaven; no turning to the right or left will take you there, no by-paths, but straight a-head.'

'Yes, I jist see what yer aiming at, but I don't care just now to trouble my head.'

'When will you care? can you assure yourself of time even until to-morrow? Search the Bible as you may, you will find no promise of pardon but for the time present: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." You had better delay no longer, but this day give your heart to Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

'Let this day be a memorable one in your life. We must soon part, perhaps never more to meet on earth. Take my advice, seek not all your pleasure from this world's goods; such are of short duration, they leave an aching void. Religion gives lasting comfort, both in this world and the one to come. Turn, "for why will ye die?" Jesus is your only refuge, look to Him and live. Now friend, adieu, we have reached the town of L—in company, our earthly calling separates one from the other, may we greet each other in the heavenly city.'

Alas! it was a memorable day for poor J. Smith, a few hours only passed, and he was summoned into the presence of his Maker.

Continuing his journey, his head became dizzy, his speech failed, his course suddenly ended in death. Eternity alone will declare the impressions made, and of what use they were to him.

Reader, are you seeking the right road to the city? or having made your choice, are you pursuing it straight a-head? If you have so set out on your journey, all will be well. If you have not found the right path, seek it at once. 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' You, too, may be summoned into eternity without a moment's warning. No time then to consider the right path, 'this way or that.' See that you are going straight a-head now, the future is in eternity. J. LAMBERT.

PORT SAID AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

IT was in November, 1872, that we first saw the Suez Canal, as we sailed through it in the ill-fated *Strathclyde*, on our way to India. Having heard and read much of this great work of M. Lesseps, we looked

forward with considerable curiosity to our arrival at Port Said, the Mediterranean end of the canal. As soon as we had passed the break-water and anchored in the harbour, we were surrounded by small boats filled with Frenchmen, Arabs and Egyptians, all gabbling in the most frantic manner. Most of them wore baggy trousers of blue cotton, with a tight-fitting blue jacket; others looked as though they had got into a good large bag, with two holes for their legs, and the mouth tied about their waist. The colour of their skin varied from a light brown to an intensely-shining black. They were all in a high state of excitement, intent on one object—*baksheesh*, 'money,' either by the sale of their wares, or the conveyance of passengers from the ship to the shore.

Port Said is remarkable for little beyond its breakwaters and lighthouse, both constructed of concrete. The latter is a splendid structure, standing on a pier to the west of the town. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, and has two hundred and ninety steps. The light flashes with such brilliancy as to be visible, on a clear night, a distance of twenty-five miles. It is produced by two powerful magnetic machines, worked by a small steam-engine at the base.

The town is built on a sandy flat, and owes its existence to the opening of the canal. The buildings are mostly of wood and concrete, and are of every variety of size and shape. In the population the low French element prevails; and every second or third house is a sort of drinking-shop, surrounded by wooden verandahs, in which sit groups of men drinking and gambling all day long. The chief streets, although unpaved, are wide and good, and contain some respectable shops or bazaars; but the side streets are simply narrow sandy lanes running between rude hut-like buildings. In some of these filthy purlieus we had literally to fight our way through flies. Here, too, one meets with multitudes of loathsome, homeless dogs. They lie in the warm sand and bask in the sun by day, and prowl and howl about the town by night. Some of these brute scavengers were exceedingly lean and poor, full of sores, almost hairless, and covered with flies. The inhabitants, who are of many nationalities, and of a very motley character, now number between nine and ten thousand, and are increasing every year.

The canal runs right into the harbour, without any natural or artificial barrier. It is of an uniform width (about one hundred feet) throughout its entire length of ninety-eight miles. On the right as we enter is a large salt lake or lagoon, and on the left, stretching as far as eye can reach, is a vast sandy desert. In some places the banks are a considerable height, and in others they are only a little above the level of the canal. The primary intention was, we believe, to line both sides



with stone; and it strikes the traveller most forcibly that the canal cannot be a *permanent* highway to our Eastern empire until this is done. Besides the *wash* caused by the passage of the vessels, there is a strong current at both ends, arising from the difference in the level of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

The canal is worked on the block system, and the name of every ship is telegraphed to the head offices from every *gare*, or station, along the route. These stations are situated every six miles, and consist of a siding where vessels may pass each other, and a house on the bank where dwells the signalman. Many of these wooden dwellings look very desolate, but the majority are surrounded by a little garden, and the greenness presents a pleasing contrast to the surrounding sand.

At Suez, and we suppose at Port Said also, they have an ingenious contrivance by which the position of every vessel in the canal is clearly indicated. On a large plan or map of the canal are little boats, each bearing the name of the different vessels. These are moved up and down on receipt of the telegrams from each *gare*, so that the state of the canal is seen at a glance. No two vessels are permitted to sail past each other; one must run into a siding to allow the other to pass.

The vessels are piloted along the canal, and usually run about five or

six miles an hour. In our passage through we ran aground several times, and in one or two instances stuck for some hours. On our return journey a few months ago we ran through in a remarkably short time and without the slightest delay, the steam-ship *Thibet* possessing a steam steering apparatus, by means of which the most serpentine course could be followed without any deviation. At sunset we were obliged to anchor, as no vessel is allowed to navigate the canal from sunset to sunrise. Several lakes were utilised in the construction of the canal, and it was in the largest of these, called the 'Bitter Lakes,' that the waters of the East and West were united.

The water of this 'inland sea' is exceedingly salt and very buoyant. In these lakes the course is marked off by buoys and poles, between which the steamers may glide along at an increased speed. It is very refreshing, after having been shut in a narrow channel with high sand-banks on each side, to emerge into a wide expanse of water and enjoy a cool breeze, be it ever so gentle.

At several points the canal has intercepted the ancient desert tracks, and as we steamed on our course we saw several picturesque groups of dusty pilgrims waiting to be carried over from one side to the other, and were forcibly reminded of the journeyings of the Patriarchs ages ago in the very same regions.

At Suez, the entrance to the canal is very striking, and appears to be much more perfect than at any other part, giving an idea of what it might and ought to be throughout its entire length.

In conclusion, we would add our tribute of praise to the indomitable perseverance which opened up this water-way between the East and West, and shortened by one-half the distance between Britain and her Indian Empire. British interests are deeply involved in the permanence of the Suez Canal, and we firmly believe that British enterprise is absolutely necessary to its completeness. J. O. SOWERBUTTS.

DR. MOFFAT.

(Concluded from page 199.)

WHILE in Cape Town Mr. Moffat was married to Miss Smith, who had gone out to him from England. She cheered the loneliness of an African Mission station by her bright and genial presence, and encouraged her husband in his work by a hopefulness that rarely failed, even in the darkest days of trial and disappointment. Though strongly attached to Africaner and his people, Mr. Moffat did not go back to Namaqualand, for a deputation from the London Missionary Society, who were at the Cape at the time of his marriage, wished him to prosecute a Mission

among the Bechuanas. After a short stay at Griqua Town, he and Mrs. Moffat went to the Kuruman, where Mr. Hamilton had formed a station. Their patience was severely tested by the selfishness and perversity of the natives. The Missionaries dug a ditch some miles in length, in order to obtain a supply of water from the Kuruman for their gardens, which were on a light sandy soil, and would grow little without irrigation. The women of the village seeing the fertilising effect of the water on the Mission-gardens, wished to have the same advantage for their own, and so opened the ditch as to have a flood on their grounds, while the Missionaries had not a drop of water for domestic purposes, and had the mortification of seeing their vegetables wither and die away for want of moisture. When they remonstrated, the women, forgetful of their own interest, but ready to do anything to annoy their white benefactors, broke down the dam by which the water had been diverted from the river to the ditch. Thefts from the Mission-premises were frequent. Tools were taken away, and after being completely spoiled, were impudently brought back and offered in barter for valuable articles. Cattle were let out of the fold, and driven into bogs where only hyænas or natives could get at them; and if the Missionaries bought a small flock of sheep they were thankful if they secured half of them for their own use. Men and women crowded into Mr. Moffat's house, poisoning the atmosphere with the stench of their bodies, not leaving room for Mrs. Moffat to attend to her household duties, and defiling everything they touched with their greasy attire. At the public services there would often be an indecorum that was painful to witness. Some of the people would be snoring, others laughing, others disgustingly busy with their fingers, and sadly endangering the comfort and cleanliness of the Missionary's wife when sitting close beside her. The trials of the little band of Christian pioneers were increased by a long drought, for which they were blamed and cursed. It was said that their chapel-bell frightened away the clouds; and even Mr. Moffat's black beard and a bag of salt he had brought in his wagon from Griqua Town, were imagined to have something to do with the unkindliness of the heavens.

The feeling against the Missionaries became so strong, that they were informed they would be driven out of the country if they did not speedily take themselves away. A formidable deputation gathered in the shadow of a large tree near Mr. Moffat's house; and while Mrs. Moffat stood at the door with a babe in her arms watching the crisis, a chief, a quivering spear in his right hand, in an imposing manner delivered the decision which had been arrived at in a secret council. Mr. Moffat boldly replied, 'We have indeed felt most reluctant to leave, and are now more than ever resolved to abide by our post. We pity you,

for you know not what you do: we have suffered, it is true, and He Whose servants we are has directed us in His Word: "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another:" but although we have suffered, we do not consider all that has been done to us by the people amounts to persecution; we are prepared to expect it from such as know no better. If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us, you must resort to stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may shed blood or burn us out. We know you will not touch our wives and children. Then shall they who sent us know, and God, Who now sees and hears what we do, shall know, that we have been persecuted indeed.' Even Bechuana savages were touched by the brave spirit of the Missionary, and they said, 'These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality.' No further attempt was made to molest the Missionaries, and Mr. Moffat had soon an opportunity of rendering services to the tribe by which he gained their confidence and esteem.

For more than a year there had been a strange talk in the settlement about a woman named Mantatee, who was said to be advancing with a mighty army from the interior, conquering all before her, and leaving desolation in her footsteps. Mr. Moffat did not give much credit to the rumour, but being up the country on a mission to a powerful chief who lived about two hundred miles from the Kuruman, was convinced that there was truth in the story of the Mantatee army, and saw that unless vigorous measures were adopted it would not be long before his own station would be overrun by the mysterious and insatiable warriors. He hastened home, and communicated the alarming tidings to the people, who were in such consternation that some of them proposed immediate flight to the Kalahari Desert. But Mr. Moffat knew that though the Mantatees would not follow them to those arid regions, they would perish from hunger and thirst, and suggested as a wiser plan, a request to the Griquas for help. The suggestion was agreed to, and Mr. Moffat went in his wagon to Griqua Town, where he succeeded in his purpose with the chief Waterboer. Repeated attempts were made to parley with the Mantatees, but they only became fiercer in their warlike demonstrations, and the Griquas having united with the Bechuanas, so completely routed them that they fled from the country. There were occasional tidings of their re-appearance which caused great excitement at the Mission-station, but whatever lands they ravaged they did not again march towards the Kuruman. After the deliverance of the Bechuanas from the dreaded invaders, they manifested a kindlier spirit to the Missionaries, and consented to their removal to a site nearer the source of the river, where they had a much better supply of water.

Before the new station was completed, Mr. Moffat went on a visit to Makaba, king of the Bauangketsi. The king great in war and conquest was delighted to see him, and honoured him highly in his own rude way. Sitting by his side one day when he was surrounded by his nobles and counsellors, Mr. Moffat began to speak of the Saviour's mission to the world. Makaba was at first indifferent, but when he heard of the resurrection of the dead was startled. He asked if his own father would rise, if the dead slain in battle would rise, and if those who had been killed by lions, tigers, hyænas and crocodiles would rise. On being assured that they would, he turned to his people, and asked in a stentorian voice, 'Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?' Then addressing the Missionary, he said, 'Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!' 'Why,' rejoined Mr. Moffat, 'can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I may not speak of a resurrection?' The king, raising and uncovering his arm, and shaking his hand as if it held a spear, said, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?' His conscience had not been troubled by the slaughter of those he had overcome in battle, but he was appalled as he thought of them starting up from their sleep on the rocks and under the long grass, and confronting him with vengeful eyes and upbraiding lips.

While Mr. Moffat was away from home, his wife was alarmed by tidings that he had fallen into the hands of the Mantatees, and it was said that portions of his clothes had been seen stained with blood. He was in danger; but the Providence of God was over him, and he had the pleasure of uniting with his family in expressions of thankfulness for the guidance and defence of the Divine hand.

The Missionaries worked hard at the new station, but it was not until the year 1828 that they were able to rejoice in extensive success. Then a new life seemed to permeate the people, and Mr. Moffat wrote: 'Sable cheeks bedewed with tears attracted our observation. To see females weep was nothing extraordinary; it was, according to Bechuana notions, their province and theirs alone. Men would not weep. After having, by the rite of circumcision, become men, they scorned to shed a tear. In family or national afflictions it was the woman's work to weep and wail; the man's to sit in sullen silence, often brooding deeds of revenge and death. The simple Gospel now melted their flinty hearts; and eyes now wept which never before shed the tear of hallowed sorrow. Not-

withstanding our earnest desires and fervent prayers, we were taken by surprise. We had so long been accustomed to indifference, that we felt unprepared to look on a scene which perfectly overwhelmed our minds. Our temporary little chapel became a Bochim—a place of weeping, and the sympathy of feeling spread from heart to heart, so that even infants wept. The people were so anxious to obtain mercy, that numbers of them held meetings in their own huts, and singing and praying were heard from one end of the village to the other. Native assistance was volunteered in the erection of a school-house, which was to serve as a chapel until a more suitable one could be provided. When it was opened for worship it was crowded, and the day was made memorable by the baptism of several enquirers, and by gracious tokens of the presence of God. Conversion was followed by social improvement. Disgusting habits induced by heathenism were abandoned; the men became more industrious, the women learned to sew, and instead of wearing greasy skins, clothed themselves in clean and decent garments; and huts, in which previously there had not been a sign of domestic comfort, were furnished with chairs and tables. As the Missionaries saw the change which had been effected, they could not but feel that they had before them an additional proof of the truth of the words: 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

The foundations of a chapel were laid in 1830, but, partly owing to the difficulty in procuring timber, the building was not completed until 1839. At that date Kuruman was like an Eden in the wilderness. Lofty trees of the willow species bordered the watercourses by which the gardens were kept in freshness and luxuriance. Beyond the gardens, and in a line with them, were the chapel, the school-houses, and the homes of the Missionaries, pleasant to look upon with their walls of dove-coloured limestone and roofs thatched with reeds and straw. The native huts, very different from what they were before the people yielded to the influences of religion, were scattered over the landscape, which has for background a range of hills, broken at one point into a sharp and elevated peak. Happily the station still flourishes, and attests by all its features of beauty the faith and perseverance of those who in days of sorrow and darkness sketched its first lines, and threw upon it the transfiguring light of the Gospel. Mr. Moffat felt that a native literature was needed, and prepared and printed catechisms, spelling-books, and hymn-books in Sechuana, the language of the Bechuanas. He also translated the New Testament into the same language, and brought it to England to have it printed under the auspices of the British and Foreign

Bible Society. While in England he published his graphic work, 'Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa,' in which there is the glow of poetic description in combination with narratives of strange adventure, terrible trials, and triumphs over which even angels have rejoiced. Dr. Moffat resumed his labours at Kuruman, and, urged by Livingstone and others, began the translation of the Old Testament. The task, which was made to fit in with the usual toils of Missionary life, was a gigantic one, and extended over several years. 'I could hardly believe,' says Dr. Moffat, in speaking of his feelings when the last sheet had been written, 'that I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realize the fact that the work of so many years was completed. Whether it was from weakness or overstrained mental exertion I cannot tell, but a feeling came over me as if I should die, and I felt perfectly resigned. To overcome this I went back again to my manuscript still to be printed, read it over and re-examined it, till at length I got back again to my right mind. This was the most remarkable time of my life, a period that I shall never forget. My feelings found vent by my falling upon my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task.'

In 1870 the veteran Missionary and his wife were compelled by failing health to bid farewell to their beloved Kuruman and return to England, where they were welcomed with the enthusiasm due to their long and faithful services. Dr. Moffat had spent more than fifty years in Africa, and had been in perils from savage men and savage beasts; he had known weary wanderings in the desert, when his tongue was so parched with thirst as to be almost deprived of the power of speech; he had visited and conciliated barbaric kings, whose halls were hung with the trophies of cruel and exterminating war; he had confronted and overcome difficulties in the spirit of a chivalric heroism loftier than that which animated his ancestors on the field of Bannockburn; and he had witnessed transformations of character and social life more wonderful than poetry has ever imagined. Looking back from the height of his numerous years on the scenes of protracted toil and sublime achievement, still glowing with the Missionary ardour which in the beginning of his course impelled him to dangers and hardships amid the sterilities of Namaqualand, and having before his eyes visions of Africaner and a crowd of glorified converts from Kuruman beckoning him to eternal beatitude, he is worthy of the golden phrase which, in happy parody, the Rev. W. Arthur applied to him on a great public occasion, 'That old Man Magnificent.'

BERTHA OF FRANCE.

QUEEN BERTHA was a native of the sunny land of France, and her first breath was drawn amid the vineyards and gardens of fair Aquitaine. Her father, King Charibert, was a Christian, or at least a professor of Christianity, preferring the *then* simple and loving religion of the monks, to the barbarous rites and stern ceremonial of Paganism. How much he was influenced by his religion is doubtful; at any rate his feelings were not sufficiently strong to prevent the formation of a matrimonial alliance between his daughter and a heathen prince. Possibly there arose before his eyes the enchanting vision of a barbarous people civilized, and a Pagan nation converted, through the instrumentality of his daughter. If any such prophetic dream flitted through his mind, it was fulfilled to his heart's desire in after years; and though he did not live to see the wedded prosperity of his daughter, yet from the well-known character of her betrothed, Charibert might safely augur well.

Ethelbert, at the time that he sued for the hand of the Frankish princess, was not merely king of Kent, he was also Bretwalda of all England; or in more modern language, emperor, occupying a very similar position and authority to that anciently enjoyed by the emperors of Germany. True the office was elective, not hereditary; but still the possessor held a position of great prestige amongst his brother monarchs, and was usually distinguished by his governing ability. When the death of his father, Hermanric, in A.D. 560, called him to the Kentish throne, Ethelbert was very young; and as a natural consequence, had to combat the simultaneous and repeated attacks made by the rapacious neighbour kings upon his hereditary possessions. He defended himself valorously, regained his lost territory, and enlarged its borders till it reached from the coast of Kent to the river Humber. The despised stripling who in 560 could have exclaimed 'Every man's hand is against me,' in 570 was king over one of the largest districts in England, and Bretwalda of the monarchs who had fought against him. Pagan therefore though he was, the alliance between Ethelbert and Bertha was to the French king a most flattering idea; nor have we any intimation that there was a moment's hesitation on account of his religion.

Ethelbert possessed many qualities eminently attractive to a young and active girl. He was not only tall and handsome, but in his military life and kingly capacity he had shone conspicuously. He was emphatically a *man*, born to rule, with vast powers of endurance and great decision and promptitude in action; and the wise moderation he exercised in his highest state shows that he was neither revengeful nor

capricious, but was distinguished by prudence and common sense. That he was kind to the gently-nurtured Bertha seems evident. All that is told us of their mutual relationship indicates that she had a fair share of happiness and indulgence, and from a foreign source we learn that her influence with her husband was considerable, and her advice valued by him. It was in or about the year 570 that she came over to preside in Ethelbert's Court. At that time she was in the full flush of beauty and youth. But her personal charms, abundant as they were, are but briefly mentioned by the old chroniclers, the greatest charm of all being more freely descanted upon,—the honour of being the nursing-mother to the early Christian Church amongst our Saxon ancestors.

The French King was not unmindful of his daughter's religious comforts; she was not sent to fight the difficulties of her position alone, but elaborate arrangements were made, stipulating for the free exercise of her religion, and that a place of worship should be specially set apart, where her friend, protector, adviser, and dependent,—for he was all these at once,—Bishop Snidhard, might break to her the Bread of Life. Ethelbert, with honourable haste, renovated the church of St. Martin at Canterbury, a long-desecrated church of the early British Christians, and had everything in readiness for the arrival of the Princess.

Bertha's conduct in relation to the noble and magnanimous prince whom she was bound to love and reverence, was marked by great discretion. She did not urge him to invite teachers of the new religion into England, but by her own gentle consistency of character and wifely obedience gained a more sure influence than a thousand monks and friars could have done. We are told that her religious conversations with Ethelbert were frequent and earnest, and her entreaties and admonitions were ably followed by the counsels of good Bishop Snidhard. Nor did the pious Bertha limit her endeavours to her husband's conversion, but her efforts were quietly put forth on behalf of her courtiers and attendants, and her maternal instructions were faithfully directed to the good of her children. Queen Bertha watched the signs of the times, and when the King's benevolent heart and intelligent mind had begun to open to the influences of the Gospel, Bertha took pen in hand and wrote to the only man whom she could rely upon for help.

The Bishop of Rome at that time bore the honourable name of Gregory the *Great*, not undeservedly. A man of true Christian principles, he had sought, by rigid self-denial, to humble his proud spirit and imitate 'his Master, Who lacked all things.' When pestilential diseases raged, he was actively employed amongst the sick and the dying; and when elevated to the papacy, he sought refuge in flight, anxious to avoid the honour which men would put upon him. When, however,

he was convinced that he could be useful in that high position, he accepted it, and was one of the most indefatigable workers of his time.

In Gregory's far-seeing judgment, Missionary enterprise was necessary to the well-being of the Church, and for some time his eyes had been longingly turned towards Britain, where he could discern a people of indomitable energy and clear intellect who were lacking the light of the Gospel. It is fabled that his first zeal was aroused by the sight of some of the sunny-haired Angles in the Roman slave-market, and he offered to go himself as a Missionary to the home of the beautiful strangers. But the reigning Pontiff discouraged him, and it remained for him, when Pope himself, to send over Augustine to evangelize the prepared country. By whom and when it was prepared is seen from Gregory's own letters to Bertha. Her missive to him had contained the assurance that amongst the English 'an anxious desire prevailed for admittance into the Church of Christ.' Gregory's answer teems with compliments, and intimates that she had prepared the king's mind for the admission of the truth as it is in Jesus. This is very likely. It is hardly supposable that a man of Ethelbert's prudence would make open avowal of his changed opinions until argument had been added to entreaty, and political advantage strove side by side with his private inclination. That he was privately well affected towards Christianity before Augustine's arrival is evident, but he refused to discard his father's faith until the two forms of religion had been temperately discussed before him. Therefore no outburst of Pagan wrath overwhelmed the Missionaries on their arrival, but instead, a courteous and kindly message was sent to the effect that they must not advance into the country, but Ethelbert would meet them in the Isle of Thanet, and judge himself as to the truth of their assertion that 'they had travelled from far, to show him the way to heaven.'

Among Pagans there is an ever lively dread of magic and witchcraft, and to avoid these, it was arranged to meet the visitors in the open air. Under the spreading boughs of an oak, Ethelbert and Bertha sat, in the sunshine of a bright summer day, to listen to the impassioned utterances of Augustine, who pleaded for the attention of the man whom he had crossed the seas to lead to heavenly enjoyment. Ethelbert's answer was characteristic of the generous and high-souled king who was so magnanimous and yet so prudent and moderate: 'Fair words and promises are these,' he responded graciously; 'but being also new and uncertain, I cannot give up for them principles long and universally held among my countrymen. Your distant pilgrimage, however, and your charitable purpose of communicating to us what seems of surpassing excellence to yourselves, justly claim our hospitality. I shall therefore provide you

with a residence and the means of living. Nor do I restrain you from endeavours to spread your opinions among my people.' How Bertha's heart must have leapt for joy at the propitious words, as she gratefully recognized the answer to her prayers for six and twenty long years! With a tender regard for Bertha, the Bretwalda fixed the Missionaries' residence at Canterbury, where the Queen could enjoy their companionship.

Their ministry was not long unavailing. Ethelbert openly avowed his belief in the principles of Christianity, and was publicly baptized, with many of his subjects.

So ended the greatest and most important work of Bertha's life. But her influence was not confined to one quarter and one object only. The teaching of the good queen lived again in her only daughter, Ethelburga Tau, a princess of rare loveliness and amiability, who, fired by her mother's example, made stipulations on her marriage with Edwin, the heathen king of Northumbria, for the maintenance of the Christian religion in her new home, and ultimately succeeded in gaining her husband's adhesion to Christianity.

Thus, as Bertha passed away from her southern kingdom, leaving it full of her praises, and rescued from its idolatry to the worship of the true God, her daughter, in her bleak Northumbrian palace, was effecting a like work, and continuing the mission which death alone could make the mother relinquish. The exact date of Bertha's decease is uncertain. She was buried in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Canterbury, where, many years after, the body of her husband was laid beside her.

That Ethelbert's conversion brought forth good fruits, is evident from his wise government and the love which his subjects had for him. He reigned about fifty-six years; and then, as the old chronicle briefly relates, 'he exchanged his earthly crown for one far more desirable.'

THE GATES A ZAM.*

[These lines are from the pen of an invalid Cornish lady, and will be appreciated by many of our readers as a specimen of the dialect; by all from their pathos. It should, perhaps, be noted that the phrase 'the gates ajar,' however legitimate as indicating that from earth we catch glimpses of heaven, is inappropriate to the Christian's 'abundant entrance' through the gates which are wide open.—*Ed.*]

The goulden gates be on the zam, cheeld-vean,†
 The goulden gates be on the zam;
 For methinks I hear the alleluias ring,
 And the song o' Moses and the Lamb.

And when I sat on the rocks at evenin',
 And seed the glory on the sea,
 Sure 'nuff! the gates be on the zam, cheeld-vean,
 They be left on the zam for me.

* A zam: ajar.

† Cheeld-vean: little child.

Sweet smaal forms be on the drexel* standin',
 Sweet smaal forms o' ma† cheeldies dree,‡
 Ma Kitty, Humphry and baby Kathleen,
 I seed 'em *there* beckonin' me.

Their voices floated o'er the sun-lit waves,
 Lit with gould and crimson light;
 Then died away among the rocks and caves,
 And died in ma ould heart at night.

But, cheeld, I heerd their voices in ma dreams,
 'Till I dreamed that I too was *there*;
 I seed 'em clothed in heavenly things,
 That made 'em look so sweet and fair.

There, Cushie, the plum§ air es always plum,
 And the lovely flowers ne'er daver,||
 And the shinin' light es brighter than the sun,
 And shines on and on for ever.

Thee will feel wisht¶ when I'm agone, Cushie,
 But thee have the dear Saviour near—
 Near to comfort 'e—*so near* to bless 'e,
 And He'll *always* be with 'e, dear.

Thee know how the limpet clings to the rock,
 How et clings with ets might and main,
 And bravely et breasts the wild waves' shock;
 O cheeld, *clinging* to Jesus the same!

For ef thee cling to that 'Rock o' Ages,'
 Then nothin' shall wash 'e away;
 No matter how much life's wild storm rages,
 Thee'er safe in thy clingin' away.

The body es not the life, little Cushie,
 Tes but a garment o' decay;
 And God'll make me a new one, ma pretty,
 For to wear in the realms o' day.

Rich-hued mosses cover *dree* little graves
 Away among the hills o' sand,
 Within hearin' o' the Atlantic waves,
 Within sight o' the billows grand.

Amang those smaal graves I shall be laid,
 And rabbits will play on ma breast,
 And nibble the grass and be not afraid—
 There's none, save the dead, to molest.

I have grown tired—so tired, cheeld-vean,
 But I have had ma say, ma lamb;
 Thee'll never forget ould granny, darlin',
 When I'm gone thro' the gates a zam.

NELLIE CORNWALL.

* Drexel: threshold. † Ma: my. ‡ Dree: three. § Plum: soft, mild, balmy.
 || Daver: fade. ¶ Wisht: lonely, sad.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. JOHN LOWES.

MR. JOHN LOWES, of Consett, was born at Newlands, in the Shotley-Bridge Circuit, in the year 1812. When about fifteen years of age he was deeply convinced of sin. Hearing an encouraging sermon from the Rev. H. Casson, he was enabled to trust in Christ, and found peace through believing. He diligently employed means to retain the treasure he had found. Frequently he would go into the woods near his home that he might read the Bible and pray to his Father in secret. And at a later period in life, when business engagements occupied much of his time, he rose early that he might commune with God. From the day that he united himself with the people of God unto the end of life, he remained a steadfast Christian. He loved the Class-meeting, and nothing could induce him to neglect it when it was possible for him to attend.

His love for souls was most intense, and he could not refrain from calling sinners to repentance. In due time his name appeared on the Plan as a Local Preacher. His sermons were experimental and Scriptural, and were delivered with great earnestness. Many were brought to God under Mr. Lowes' ministrations. He spent much time in visiting the sick. Many, when passing through seasons of suffering, blessed God for his visits. As the Leader of large and important Classes, he was deeply solicitous for the welfare of his members. It was no small privilege to have his counsels. For many years his house was the Preachers' home. He loved the servants of Christ for their work's sake. The hours spent by them in his company were 'seasons of grace and sweet delight.'

About ten years since he saw that it was his privilege to be cleansed from all sin. In a conversation with an intimate friend, he said he would not rest until he realized 'full salvation.' Not long after this, he could testify that the blood of Jesus did cleanse him from all sin. His holy and Christlike life indicated that he was 'pure in heart.'

For some months before his death he felt indications of failing health, but he did not think the end was so near as it actually was. But when it was evident that his sickness was unto death he had no fear. His utterances, owing to great prostration, were few, but full of triumph. When a friend spoke to him of the faithfulness of God, etc., he said,

'Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;

Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.'

He sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the 30th of November, 1876. 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.'

THOMAS HENWOOD.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Truth Elicited, in a Conversation between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant.

By E. STEPHENS. London: Elliot Stock.

1877.—Having, in 'Modern Infidelity Disarmed,' done battle with Scepticism,

Mr. Stephens now turns his sword against Popery. The present publication manifests all the excellencies of

the author's previous book, and is free from its more serious defects. Mr.

Stephens knows what he desires to say and how to say it in plain words. He

is thoroughly orthodox in his theology, and contrasts effectively Romish superstition with Scriptural truth. His

argument loses none of its force because of its moderate and even conciliatory

tone. In this latter respect this volume is a decided improvement upon its

predecessor. 'Truth Elicited' deals chiefly with principles, and shows conclusively and concisely that the peculiar

dogmas and claims of the Papacy find no foundation in the Written Word.

It is assumed that the Bible is the sole rule of faith; but proof of this position would greatly enhance the value of

the work. The Appendix contains, amongst other paragraphs, some very suggestive statistics as to the 'Comparative Moral Tendency of Romanism.'

While expressing a favourable opinion of this book, we would call its

author's attention to its numerous typographical and clerical errors. We

read, e.g., of 'the patients of the saints,' and frequently of the 'laity.'

The Parting Message of Moore Syku.

An Address to Young Men. By J. O.

BARNSTOW. London: Elliot Stock. 1877.

—An effective exhortation to religious decision, very suitable for senior Sunday-schoolers.

Free Trade, a Labour Question for Working Men. By JOHN WOOD. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1877.

—Mr. Wood contends that Free Trade is an egregious blunder, the disastrous effects of which England is

already beginning to experience; and that it is owing entirely to certain

fortunate accidents (e.g., the discovery of the Australian gold-fields) which we

cannot expect to occur again, that we have not suffered sooner and more

severely. He advocates a system of Commercial Treaties on the basis of

Reciprocity. He addresses himself specially to the artisan class, arguing

that our present policy is peculiarly inimical to their interests, while it is

injurious to the nation at large. Mr.

Wood writes intelligently and soberly, and states his views with a precision

and a facility of illustration that render any misconception of his meaning, or

line of thought, impossible. Upon the political question the 'Christian Miscellany' can pronounce no judgment.

Nestleton Magna: A Story of Yorkshire Methodism. By QUINTUS QUARLES.

London: Elliot Stock.—This book is powerfully written, and well deserves

attention. Opinions will vary on points of taste, but it will be admitted that the book is full of *life*. It is, in fact, a love-tale with a moral purpose, and with strong lights and shadows: there are bright and dark episodes which command strong interest in the reader. The bold outlines of the picture are drawn with a firm hand, but there are many delicate touches. The background is dark; but in the foreground are grouped some fine, manly figures, and one of singular grace, beauty and sweetness. Indeed, the thought may arise in some sceptical minds that the heroine is made too lovely, too perfect, for her position and surroundings. While we abhor such grim and hideous faces as Bill Buckley's, scowling like an incarnated demon, we love to linger over Nathan Blyth at his anvil, singing spiritual songs or expounding the Word of Life in the malt-

kiln at Midden Harbour; and over his charming daughter Lucy, the heroine of the tale. But the best-drawn character is old Adam Olliver, with his quaint utterances and simple trust in God. This poor, but noble and patriarchal cottager, illumines the whole picture, and is the most finished portrait of the group.

The book gives proofs of power; the hand which could paint the Squire and his lovable son, the fascinating Lucy, Black Morris and dear old Adam, is capable of producing yet more beautiful and solid work.

Congratulating the author on his success, we would venture to suggest that in another edition the type should be larger, and the printing more carefully done. These may be considered small matters, but they are not unimportant.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JUNE, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.
1877.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
May 31	3 49	8 6	3 52m	8 40a	0 39m	9 32a	1 16m
June 10	3 43	8 16	3 15	9 2	0 13	8 48	0 38
20	3 42	8 20	2 47	9 15	11 43a	3 55m	11 55a
30	3 46	8 20	2 36	9 19	11 14	3 11	11 16

PHASES OF THE MOON.

June 4th, Last Quarter.. 5h. 11m. morn. | 18th, First Quarter.. 6h. 24m. morn.
 11th, New Moon 2h. 32m. after. | 26th, Full Moon .. 4h. 53m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 2nd 3h. morn., Apogee; 251,325 miles.
 „ 13th midnight, Perigee; 225,990 „
 „ 29th 7h. after., Apogee; 251,879 „
 Mean distance for the month 238,796 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st	93,005,580 miles.
July 1st	93,214,570 "
Increase of distance for the month	208,990 "

The *Sun* attains his greatest northern declination, 23 deg. 27m. 26s., on the 21st, at 8h. in the morning, the moment of the summer solstice.

The *Moon* attains her greatest northern declination, 28 deg. 4m. 29s., on the 11th, at 11h. in the evening, eight hours and a half after conjunction with the Sun; and her greatest southern declination, 28 deg. 4m. 21s., about one o'clock on the morning of the 25th. The full moon will then be very low, the crescent moon high when on the meridian. She will be in the plane of the Earth's Equator on the 5th, between five and six in the morning, and on the 18th at four in the morning. To some regions of the earth, but not to us, she will occult Uranus on the afternoon of the 15th, Regulus on the morning of the 16th, and Antares on the afternoon of the 23rd.

Mercury is a morning star. Its apparent motion among the fixed stars will be retrograde till the evening of the 7th, after that time direct. On the 21st, just two hours before the summer solstice, it will be at its greatest western elongation from the Sun, but being lower in declination, it will rise only an hour earlier. Its apparent diameter diminishes during the month from 12s. to 6s. The shape will be crescent till the time of the greatest elongation, after that it becomes gibbous.

Venus is an evening star, but sets too soon after the Sun to attract

notice. On the morning of the 12th it will be near the Moon; on the 27th, at three in the afternoon, in perihelion. Seen with a telescope, it is very nearly full. The apparent diameter is only 10s.

Mars rises at midnight on the 14th. When it rises on the morning of the 3rd, half an hour after midnight, it will be near the Moon. It is approaching the Earth, and of course the apparent diameter increasing: it will be 14s. on the 1st, and 19s. on the last day of June.

Jupiter will be in opposition to the Sun at midnight on the 19th, and will be visible through the night. Being in the opposite side of the ecliptic from the Sun, it will be nearly as far south as the Sun is north of the Equator, or nearly where the Sun will be on the 21st of December. It will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the morning of the 25th.

Saturn rises at midnight on the 19th, only 13m. later than Mars. The earth is now nearly in the plane of the rings; and they, therefore, appear as a straight line bisecting the disc of the primary, the breadth of the line being less than half a second.

Uranus is an evening star. It sets at midnight on the 6th, and on the 22nd at 11h. in the evening. It travels eastward among the fixed stars 1 deg. 11m. during the month of June, a little more than the Sun travels in one day, or the Moon in two hours.



THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE earliest settlement of foreign artisans in England dates from the reign of Edward III. That monarch invited a large number of Flemish woollen manufacturers to this country, and located them in London, and in the counties of Kent, Norfolk, Devon, Somerset, Yorkshire, Lancashire and Westmoreland. British wool was renowned throughout the world; but the grower

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was compelled to send his produce to the Continent to be woven into cloth. During times of peace little inconvenience resulted from this arrangement, but when a war broke out in which England shared,—an occurrence by no means unfrequent,—the yeoman lost his market, and the manufacturer his material. The latter suffered even more severely than the former, and multitudes of workmen were left without any means of subsistence. The royal invitation to establish themselves in England was therefore accepted eagerly. Succeeding sovereigns followed the example so set; and not only fullers and weavers, but armourers, miners, brewers, ship-builders, etc., brought their arts into England. It cannot be doubted that the policy which welcomed skilled labourers to our shores was a wise one; by it was laid the foundation of England's manufacturing pre-eminence. But it is more than doubtful whether the policy would have achieved the success it did, had England not afforded an asylum for the persecuted Protestants of the Continent, specially the Huguenots of France.

The Huguenots were the offspring of the Reformation. The origin of the name is uncertain. It was probably bestowed at first as a nickname, and appropriated by the receivers in much the same way as the Oxford *Methodists* gained their appellation. Mr. Smiles, in his admirable work on 'The Huguenots, their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland,' says: 'Some suppose the term to be derived from *Hugon*, a word used in Touraine to signify persons who walk at night in the streets,—the early Protestants, like the early Christians, having chosen that time for their assemblies. Others are of opinion that it was derived from a French and faulty pronunciation of the German word *Eidgenossen*, or confederates, the name given to those citizens of Geneva who entered into an alliance with the Swiss Cantons to resist the attempts of Charles III., Duke of Savoy, against their liberties. The confederates were called *Eignots*; and hence, probably, the derivation of the word Huguenots. A third surmise is, that the word was derived from one *Hugues*.

To the town of Meaux belongs the honour of having given the first tokens of the presence of the new Gospel in France. Commercial intercourse with Flanders had brought the knowledge of Luther's doctrine, and Jacques Lefèvre's translation of the four Evangelists fanned the flame. The Bishop of Meaux entered heartily

into the work of reformation, distributed Bibles gratuitously, and preached justification by faith. The behaviour of the town changed, drunkenness was replaced by sobriety, blasphemy by pious conversation, and rioting by order. The ecclesiastical authorities could not allow so remarkable an alteration to pass unnoticed. The prelate was mulcted in a heavy fine, and thenceforth sank into silence. But his coadjutors were made of sterner stuff, and continued to preach and to circulate the Word of God, undeterred even by the fate of some of their comrades, who expiated their courage and zeal at the stake. Their doctrine spread; the recently-invented printing-press poured a ceaseless stream of Bibles into France. The Sorbonne, the highest church-court, burnt first the books and then the printers of them, and finally ordered the suppression of the printer's art—they might as well have commanded the trade-winds to cease to blow!

For a while the fire of persecution raged fiercely throughout France, but it did not check the progress of the 'New Evangel.' Men of all ranks and classes, 'from the least even to the greatest,' confessed themselves Protestants. The Duke of Vendôme, the Prince of Condé, and members of the powerful Coligny and Montmorency families, were not ashamed to be called Huguenots. 'The kingdom is already half Huguenot,' wrote a Cardinal to the Pope in 1561. And indeed at one time it seemed probable that France would assume the position afterwards taken by England as head of Protestant Europe. But the Queen, Catherine de Medici, was a niece of the reigning Pope and a bigoted Romanist, and her influence over her husband was uniformly evil and generally successful. When her son ascended the throne, she became the true ruler of the land, and worked diligently for the extirpation of what she called heresy. On his death, after a short reign of less than a year and a half, her grandson, a boy of eleven years, was proclaimed King, and she herself Regent of the kingdom. Her ability for mischief, however, was crippled by the appointment of Anthony de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, to the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the realm. Strenuous efforts at conciliation were made by him and the *Chancelier de l'Hôpital*, a liberal-minded and statesman-like Roman Catholic. A conference was held, which resulted, as is usual with such assemblies, in confirming both parties in their respective faiths. But though the Conference

failed, some compromise or scheme of toleration might have been agreed on, when the treacherous and cruel action of the Guises, the Romanist leaders, put an end to all negotiation. On the strength of a royal edict guaranteeing their freedom from molestation, the Huguenots of Vassy had met openly for public worship for a considerable time. But Vassy belonged to the Duc de Guise, though, as a vassal of France, he was bound by the edict. On Christmas day, 1561, the Protestants were warned that their religion was displeasing to their feudal lord. Despite the threat they continued to meet, and remained unmolested for fifteen months. On the first of March, 1562, the storm burst without further signal. The Huguenots, to the number of twelve hundred, were gathered together in a large barn, which served them for a church. The Minister had uttered only a few sentences of his first prayer, when two hundred men, armed with dagger and musket, under the command of the Duke and the Cardinal of Lorraine, rushed upon them, and shot and stabbed for an hour. Sixty persons were killed, more than two hundred were too seriously injured to quit the place, the rest, many of them slightly wounded, made their escape.

The massacre of Vassy was the prelude to similar scenes throughout France. After fruitless appeals to the Queen, the Huguenots reluctantly took up arms. In no one pitched battle were they successful; but Coligny, like the Prince of Orange, knew how to force defeat to yield the fruits of victory. The conquering army at last was barely able to keep the field against the conquered; the Protestant forces threatened the capital. With very ill grace the Catholic party yielded, and by the treaty of St. Germain (1570), the Huguenots obtained not only liberty of worship, but civil equality; and four towns, of which La Rochelle was the principal, were held by them as security for the fulfilment of the pact.

Contemporaneously with the wars of the religion in France, a similar conflict was being waged in Flanders, but less fortunately for the Protestants. The Duke of Alva, the ablest captain, sternest bigot and fiercest persecutor of his day, was desolating the Flemish provinces of Spain with fire and sword. Eighteen thousand persons were executed on account of their faith; we cannot attempt to estimate the number slain in conflict. It is not to be wondered at that both from France and Flanders emigrants poured forth in a

continuous stream. Many from both countries found a refuge in our Island. For two short years the Gallic Huguenots enjoyed a delusive tranquillity. But the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, upon the advice of the Duke of Alva, which chimed in most harmoniously with her inclinations, had resolved upon the treacherous destruction of their leaders. More than one plot failed from the caution of the doomed individuals, but at length they were ensnared. The titular chief of the Protestants was young Henry of Navarre. Queen Catherine offered him the King's sister in marriage. No one doubted that this was a sincere overture of peace, and the nation anticipated that henceforth the two religions would exist quietly side by side. Henry of Navarre and Margaret of Valois were married in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, August 18th, 1572. The chiefs of both parties witnessed the ceremony. Four days' festivity was decreed, and all Paris gave way to rejoicing.

But the very day after the wedding, Catherine de Medici summoned a secret conclave in her own chamber to decide definitely what advantage should be taken of the presence in the capital of so many Huguenot chieftains. The counsellors present included the Queen-mother herself, her son the Duke of Anjou, Henry of Guise, and an Italian bishop. They determined upon the slaughter of every Huguenot in Paris, the murder of the leaders only could not satisfy their thirst for blood. The plot was devised with diabolic dissimulation and cunning, and executed with diabolic ferocity and ruthlessness. All the world knows the tragedy that followed—from its preliminary note in the attempt to assassinate Admiral Coligny by the King's assassin (*le tueur du roi*), to the horrible echoes that surged over nearly every important town in fair France.* It is unnecessary, therefore, to recapitulate the sickening details,—to tell of the murder of the already hopelessly wounded Admiral by the Duc de Guise; of Huguenot officers called one by one to the King's presence, and cut down in his courtyard; of Charles firing with his own hand from the gallery of his palace upon his innocent subjects; of the streets of Paris running with blood of wholesale butchery of women and children. Europe

* There was at least one honourable exception, unnoticed by Mr. Smiles. The Governor of Bayonne replied to the royal mandate to massacre the Huguenots, 'Your Majesty has many faithful servants in Bayonne, but not one executioner.'

received the news of the massacre with an outburst of horror and execration, but the Pope dared to thank God publicly for its success and to coin a medal in honour of the auspicious event.

For upwards of twenty years from that eve of St. Bartholomew, France suffered furious civil war, till Henry of Navarre, after apostasy, became Henry IV. of France. During that score of years exiles for their faith were continually arriving on our shores. The Edict of Nantes, promulgated in 1598, gave to the Huguenots well-nigh everything they could desire. After the assassination of its author, twelve years subsequently to its proclamation, it was not strictly observed. Periods of persecution now and again overtook the Protestants, but, especially after Cardinal Richelieu had broken their political power to pieces, they were left for the most part in comparative peace.

But the greatest of the Huguenot persecutors was yet to reign. Louis XIV. ascended the throne in 1643, when he was but a child five years old. When he was twenty-three years of age his prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin, died, and he resolved henceforth to be his own prime minister. *L'état, c'est moi* ('the State, 'tis I'), was his asserted principle of government, and he stretched it to its utmost tension. His subjects should be all of '*his religion*;' to refuse could be only '*stupid vanity*' or rebellious disloyalty. Besides, to exterminate the heretics would purchase the papal indulgence for his personal vices; their blood would be so acceptable to St. Peter that he would admit its shedder to heaven spite of his heinous sins. The influence of Colbert, one of the wisest and best statesmen France ever knew, for a time restrained the absolute monarch's violence. Louis at first had recourse to direct and unblushing bribery, offering considerable sums of money to those who would forsake the Protestant faith; but that device failed miserably. Then one by one the liberties of the Huguenots were abridged, and all manner of petty and provoking persecutions heaped upon them, but no appreciable result followed. Colbert died in 1683, and the next year saw the commencement of the infamous *dragonnades*. Troops were quartered upon recalcitrant Huguenots, with license to insult and annoy and injure at pleasure. The laws against the heretics grew more and more severe; their worship was forbidden, their assemblies dispersed by the sword, their estates confiscated. The final stroke descended in 1685; the Edict of Nantes was

revoked, and the last vestige of protection for the Protestants swept away. Immediately the great exodus from France began.

We cannot recount the terrible sufferings of those of 'the religion' who did not contrive to flee before the fury of the storm burst. At first the Ministers were peremptorily ordered to quit the kingdom, and their flocks might follow them if they chose to expatriate themselves. Soon, however, Louis became alarmed at the extent of the emigration, and forbade it upon pain of death or the galleys. But the exodus went on, chiefly to England, Holland and Switzerland. The coasts and the frontiers were rigorously guarded, but people continued to escape. A species of 'Underground Railroad' was organized, by which multitudes travelled. All kinds of devices were employed. 'Many a tradition,' writes Mr. Smiles, 'is still preserved in Huguenot families of the hairbreadth escapes of their ancestors in those terrible times. Thus De la Rive (afterwards an officer under William III.) and his wife escaped across the frontier into Holland in the guise of orange-sellers, leading a donkey and panniers. The young D'Albiacs, whose blood now intermingles with the ducal family of Roxburgh, were smuggled out of the country in hampers. The sisters De la Cherois, whose descendants still exist in Ireland, fled in disguise on horseback, travelling only after dark, and concealing themselves in the woods in the day-time. The two La Condamine children, whose descendants still flourish in England and Scotland, were carried off in baskets slung across a mule, travelling only at night. The ancestor of the Courtaulds, now settled in Essex, was carried off, when quite a boy, in a donkey's pannier from Saintogne to the northern frontier, accompanied by a faithful servant, who, upon approaching any town where their progress was likely to be opposed, covered up the child with greens and garden stuffs.' The widow of a lord and daughter of a count passed into Switzerland through the very midst of the frontier-guards, disguised as a peasant and carrying her infant son in a shawl slung over her back.

But the sea afforded the readiest means of exit. It was impossible to keep vigilant watch over many hundred miles of coast. Multitudes crossed the channel in open boats, quite unfit for such a voyage, and landed exhausted with the exposure.

(To be continued.)

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAMP-MEETING.

EARLY on the Sunday morning of a Quarterly Meeting, on Goodwin's Circuit, all the roads were crowded with people. Everybody was on horseback, and almost every horse carried 'double.' At half-past eight o'clock the Love Feast began in the large school-house. No one was admitted who did not hold a ticket, and even of those who had tickets some were turned away on account of their naughty curls, 'artificial,' or earrings.

At the moment when the Love Feast began the door was locked, and no tardy member gained admission. Plates, with bread cut into half-inch cubes, were passed round, and after these, glasses of water, from which each sipped in turn—this meagre provision standing ideally for a feast. Then the speaking was opened by some of the older brethren, who were particularly careful as to dates, announcing, for instance, that it would be just thirty-seven years ago the twenty-first day of next November since the Lord 'spoke peace to my never-dying soul while I was kneeling at the mourner's bench in Logan's school-house, on the banks of the South Fork of the Roanoke River, in Old Virginny.' This statement the brethren had heard for many years, with a proper variation in date as the time advanced, but, now, as fervently as ever, they greeted it again with pious ejaculations of thanksgiving. There was a sameness in the perorations of these little speeches. Most of the old men wound up by asking an interest in the prayers of the brethren, that their 'last days might be their best days,' and that their 'path might grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.' Soon the elder sisters began to speak of their trials and victories, of their 'ups and down,' their 'many crooked paths,' and the religion that 'happifies the soul.' With their pathetic voices the fire spread, until the whole meeting was at a white-heat, and cries of 'Hallelujah!' 'Amen!' 'Bless the Lord!' 'Glory to God!' etc., expressed the fervour of feeling. Perhaps you, sitting out of the atmosphere of it and judging coldly, laugh at this indecorous fervour, but for my part I cannot. I know too well how deep and vital were the emotions out of which came these utterances of simple and earnest hearts. I find it hard to get over an early prejudice that piety is of more consequence than propriety.

About six weeks after the Quarterly Meeting, Morton rode up to

the New Canaan camp-ground on a pleasant Midsummer afternoon. He found a lodging in the Preacher's tent, where one bed, larger, transversely, than that of the giant Og, was provided for the collective repose of the Preachers, of whom there were half-a-dozen present. It was always a solemn mystery to me, by what ingenious overlapping of sheets, blankets, and blue coverlets the sisters who made this bed gave a cross-wise continuity to the bed-clothing.

It was customary for all the neighbouring Preachers to leave their Circuits and lend their help in a camp-meeting. All detached parties were drawn in to make ready for a pitched battle. Morton had, in his ringing voice, earnest delivery, unfaltering courage and quick wit, rare qualifications for the rude campaign, and, as the nearest Preacher, he was, of course, expected to help.

A presiding elder's order to Kike to repair to Peterborough Circuit had gone after the zealous itinerant like 'an arrow after a wild goose,' and he had only received it in season to close his affairs on Pottawottomie Creek Circuit and reach this camp-meeting on his way to his new work. His emaciated face smote Morton's heart. The old comrade thought that the death which Kike all but longed for could not be very far away. And even now the zealous and austere young man was so eager to reach his Circuit that he would only consent to tarry long enough to preach on the first evening. His voice was weak, and his appeals were often drowned in the uproar of a mob that had come determined to make an end of the meeting.

So violent was the opposition of the rowdies that the brethren were 'demoralized.' After the close of the service they gathered in groups, debating whether or not they should give up the meeting. But two invincible men stood in the pulpit looking out over the scene. Without a thought of surrendering, Magruder and Morton Goodwin were consulting in regard to police arrangements.

'Brother Goodwin,' said Magruder, 'we shall have the sheriff here in the morning. I am afraid he hasn't got backbone enough to handle these fellows. Do you know him?'

'Yes; I've known him two or three years.'

'Goodwin,' continued Magruder, 'I don't know how to spare you from preaching and exhorting, but you must take charge of the police and keep order.'

'You had better not trust me,' said Goodwin.

‘Why?’

‘If I am in command there’ll be a fight. I don’t believe in letting rowdies run over you. If you put me in authority, and give me the law to back me, somebody’ll be hurt before morning. The rowdies hate me and I am not fond of them. I’ve wanted such a chance at these fellows ever since I’ve been on the Circuit.’

‘I wish you *would* clean them out,’ said the sturdy old elder, the martial fire shining from under his shaggy brows.

Those pioneer Preachers did rough work occasionally. I only tell their story. Whether the resort to force were wise or not, the responsibility does not rest with me.

Morton soon had the brethren organized into a police. Every man was to carry a heavy club. Part of the force was mounted, part marched afoot. Goodwin said that his father had fought King George, and he would not be ruled by a mob. By such fannings of the embers of revolutionary patriotism he managed to infuse into them some of his own courage.

At midnight Morton Goodwin sat in the pulpit and sent out scouts. Platforms of poles, six feet high and covered with earth, stood on each side of the stand or pulpit. On these were bright fires which threw their light over the whole space within the circle of tents. Outside the circle was a multitude of wagons covered with cotton cloth, in which slept people from a distance who had no other shelter. In this outside darkness Morton, as military dictator, had ordered other platforms to be erected, and on these fires were now kindling.

The returning scouts reported at midnight that the ruffians, seeing the completeness of the preparations, had left the campground. Goodwin was the only man who was indisposed to trust this treacherous truce. He immediately posted his mounted scouts farther away than before on every road leading to the ground, with instructions to let him know instantly, if any body of men should be seen approaching.

From Morton’s previous knowledge of the people, he was convinced that in the mob were some men more than suspected of belonging to a gang of thieves. Others were allies of the gang—of that class which hesitates between a lawless disposition and a wholesome fear of the law, but whose protection and assistance is the right foot upon which every form of brigandage stands. Besides

these there were the reckless young men who persecuted a camp-meeting from a love of mischief for its own sake; men who were not yet thieves, but from whose ranks the bands of thieves were recruited.

About four o'clock in the morning one of the mounted sentinels who had been posted far down the road came riding in at full speed, with intelligence that the rowdies were coming in force. Goodwin had anticipated this, and he immediately awakened his whole reserve, concentrating the scattered squads and setting them in ambush on either side of the wagon track that led to the camp-ground. With a dozen mounted men, well armed with clubs, he took his own stand at a narrow place where the foliage on either side was thickest, prepared to dispute the passage to the camp. The men in ambush had orders to fall upon the enemy's flanks as soon as the fight should begin in front. It was a simple piece of strategy learned of the Indians.

The marauders rode on two by two until the leaders, coming round a curve, caught sight of Morton and his right-hand man. Then there was a surprised reining up on the one hand, and a sudden dashing charge on the other. At the first blow Goodwin felled his man, and the riderless horse ran backward through the ranks. The mob was taken by surprise, and before the ruffians could rally Morton uttered a cry to his men in the bushes, which brought an attack upon both flanks. The rowdies fought hard, but from the beginning the victory of the guard was assured by the advantage of ambush and surprise. The only question to be settled was that of capture, for Morton had ordered the arrest of every man that the guard could bring in. But so sturdy was the fight that only three were taken. One of the guard received a bad flesh wound from a pistol shot. Goodwin did not give up pursuing the retreating enemy until he saw them dash into the river opposite Jenkinsville. He then rode back, and as it was getting light threw himself upon one side of the great bunk in the Preachers' tent, and slept until he was awakened by the horn blown in the pulpit for the eight o'clock preaching.

When Sheriff Burchard arrived on the ground that day he was evidently frightened at the earnestness of Morton's defence. He was one of those politicians who would have endeavoured to patch up a compromise with a typhoon. He was in a strait between his

fear of the animosity of the mob and his anxiety to please the Methodists. Goodwin, taking advantage of this latter feeling, got himself appointed a deputy-sheriff; and, going before a magistrate, he secured the issuing of writs for the arrest of those whom he knew to be leaders. Then he summoned his guard as a posse; and, having thus put law on his side, he announced that if the ruffians came again the guard must follow him until they were entirely subdued.

Burchard took him aside, and warned him solemnly that such extreme measures would cost his life. Some of these men belonged to Harp's gang, and he would not be safe if he made enemies of the gang. 'Don't throw away your life,' entreated Burchard.

'That's what life is for,' said Morton. 'If a man's life is too good to throw away in fighting the devil, it isn't worth having.' Goodwin said this in a way that made Burchard ashamed of his own cowardice.

As there was every sign of an approaching riot during the evening service, and as no man could manage the tempest so well as brother Goodwin, he was appointed to preach. A young theologian of the present day would have drifted helpless on the waves of such a mob. When one has a congregation that listens because it ought to listen, one can afford to be prosy; but an audience that will only listen when it is compelled to listen is the best discipline in the world for an orator. It will teach him methods of homiletic arrangement which learned writers on sacred rhetoric have never dreamed of.

The disorder had already begun when Morton Goodwin's tall figure appeared in the stand. Frontier men are very susceptible to physical effects, and there was a clarion-like sound in Morton's voice well calculated to impress them. Goodwin enjoyed battle; every power of his mind and body was at its best in the presence of a storm. He knew better than to take a text. He must surprise the mob into curiosity.

'There is a man standing back in the crowd there,' he began, pointing his finger in a certain direction where there was much disorder, and pausing until everybody was still, 'who reminds me of a funny story I once heard.' At this point the turbulent sons of Belial, who loved nothing so much as a 'funny story,' concluded to postpone their riot until they should have their laugh. Laugh

they did, first at one fundy story, and then at another—stories with no moral in particular, except the moral there is in a laugh. Brother Mellen, who sat behind Morton, and who had never more than half forgiven him for not coming to a bad end as the result of disturbing a meeting in his wild days, was greatly shocked at Morton's levity in the pulpit, but Magruder, the presiding elder, was delighted. He laughed at each story, and laughed loud enough for Goodwin to hear and appreciate the senior's approval of his drollery. But somehow—the crowd did not know how—at some time in his discourse—the rowdies did not observe when—Morton managed to cease his drollery without detection, and to tell stories that brought tears instead of laughter. The mob was 'demoralized;' and, by keeping their curiosity perpetually excited, Goodwin did not give them time to rally at all. Whenever an interruption was attempted, the Preacher would turn the ridicule of the audience upon the interlocutor, and so gain the sympathy of the rough crowd who were habituated to laugh on the side of the winner in all rude tournaments of body or mind. Knowing perfectly well that he would have to fight before the night was over, Morton's mind was stimulated to its utmost. If only he could get the religious interest agoing, he might save some of these men instead of punishing them. His soul yearned over the people. His oratory at last swept out triumphant over everything; there was weeping and sobbing; some fell uttering cries of anguish; others ran away in terror. Even Burchard shivered with emotion when Morton described how, step by step, a young man was led from bad to worse, and then recited his own experience. At last there was the utmost excitement. As soon as this hurricane of feeling had reached the point of confusion, the rioters broke the spell of Morton's speech and began their disturbance. Goodwin immediately invited the penitents into the enclosed pen-like place called the altar, and the whole space was filled with kneeling mourners, whose cries and groans made the woods resound. But at the same moment the rioters increased their noisy demonstrations, and Morton, finding the sheriff inefficient to quell them, descended from the pulpit and took command of his camp-meeting police.

Perhaps the mob would not have secured headway enough to have necessitated the severest measures if it had not been for Mr. Mellen. As soon as he detected the rising storm he felt impelled to try the

effect of his stentorian voice in quelling it. He did not ask the permission of the presiding elder, as he was in duty bound to do, but as soon as there was a pause in the singing he began to exhort. His style was violently aggressive, and only served to provoke the mob. He began with the true old Homeric epithets of early Methodism. 'You are hair-hung and breeze-shaken over hell,' he cried.

One of the rioters responded, to the infinite amusement of the rest.

For five minutes Mellen proceeded to drop this kind of religious aqua fortis upon the turbulent crowd, which grew more and more turbulent under his inflammatory treatment. Finding himself likely to be defeated, he turned toward Goodwin and demanded that the camp-meeting police should enforce order. But Morton was contemplating a master-stroke that should annihilate the disorder in one battle, and he was not to be hurried into too precipitate an attack.

'They'll get enough of it before daylight,' said Goodwin. 'Do you get a club and ride by my side to-night, Brother Mellen; I am sure you are a man.'

Mellen went for his horse and club, grumbling all the while at Morton's tardiness.

Goodwin had given orders that his scouts should report to him the first attempt at concentration on the part of the rowdies. He had not been deceived by their feints in different parts of the camp, but had drawn his men together. He knew that there was some directing head to the mob, and that the only effectual way to beat it was to beat it in solid form.

At last a young man came running to where Goodwin stood, saying: 'They're tearing down a tent.'

'The fight will be there,' said Morton, mounting deliberately. 'Catchallyoucan. Keep closetogether. We have got torideallnight.'

He had increased his guard by mustering in every able-bodied man, except such as were needed to conduct the meetings. Most of these men were Methodists, but they were all frontier-men who knew that peace and civilization have often to be won by conflict. By the time this guard started the camp was in extreme confusion; women were running in every direction, children were crying and men were stoutly denouncing Goodwin for his tardiness.

Dividing his mounted guard of thirty men into two parts, he sent one-half round the outside of the camp-ground in one direction, while he rode with the other to attack the mob on the other side. The foot-police were sent through the circle to attack them in a third direction.

As Morton anticipated, his delay tended to throw the mob off their guard. They had demolished one tent, and, in great exultation, had begun on another; when Morton's cavalry rode in upon them on two sides, dealing heavy blows with their iron-wood and hickory clubs. Then the foot-men charged them in front, and the mob were forced to scatter and mount their horses as best they could. As Morton had captured some of them, the rest rallied on horseback and attempted a rescue. For two or three minutes the fight was a severe one. The roughs made several rushes upon Morton, and nothing but the sturdy blows that Mellen laid about him saved the leader from falling into their hands. At last, however, after firing several shots, and wounding one of the guard, they retreated, Goodwin vigorously persuading his men to continue the charge.

Then they fled; and this time, letting the less guilty rowdies escape, Morton pursued the well-known thieves and their allies through the country, until the hunted fellows abandoned their horses and fled to the woods on foot. For two days more Morton harried them, arresting one of them now and then until he had captured eight or ten. The orderly citizens of the county were so much heartened by this boldness and severity on Morton's part that they combined against the roughs and took the work into their own hands, driving some of the thieves away and terrifying the rest into a sullen submission. The camp-meeting went on in great triumph.

(To be concluded.)

A PENITENTIAL PRAYER.

See me, gracious Saviour, At Thy mercy-seat,	Hear my supplication, Grant my hum- ble claim :
Waiting still, though weary, Prostrate at Thy feet :	Let me know Thy nature, And Thy hidden name ;
Reach me out Thy sceptre, Let me see Thy face ;	All Thy saving fulness To my soul reveal,
Grant me now Thy favour, Let me now find grace.	Stamp me with Thine image, Seal me with Thy seal.

Wash me in the fountain Of Thy precious blood,
 Bring into my nature All the life of God;
 Subject all my being To Thy loved control,
 Reign and rule for ever In my vanquish'd soul.

Lead me, O my Saviour! Through the gloomy night,
 Let me see Thy glory In the realms of light;
 Worship and adore Thee With the angel throng,
 Sing with seraph sweetness The eternal song.

J. FINNEMORE.

MOOR PARK, NEAR RICKMANSWORTH.

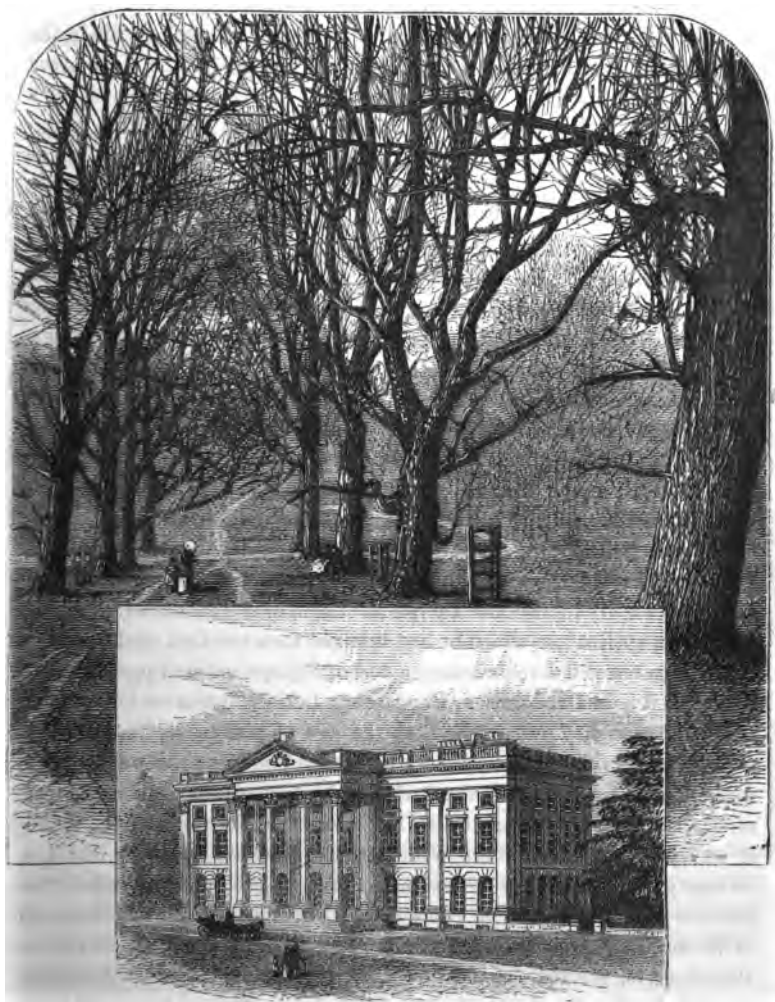
THIS magnificent park is one of the most charming spots in the county of Herts. It covers an area of five hundred acres, and is four miles in circumference. A sketch of its history, illustrated by several beautiful photographs, has been published by Mr. Robert Bayne.

The Manor of the Moor, before it was enclosed, was conferred on the monastery of St. Albans, by Offa, King of Mercia. In 1457, Ralph de Boteler, a statesman of the reign of Henry VI., obtained possession of it. It was first enclosed by Archbishop Nevil, then Lord Chancellor of England, who built on it a stately mansion. Here he lived in great magnificence, and here he invited Edward IV. to a banquet, intending to entrap him, but being warned by his friends of treachery, the King made his escape to Windsor Castle. Nevil died, it is said, of a broken heart, at the age of forty-one, and was buried in his own Minster at York, on June 8th, 1476.

In the reign of Henry VII. the estate was granted to John de Vere, Earl of Oxford; but he dying without issue in 1513, the Park reverted to the Crown, and was given by Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. He enlarged the mansion, and in 1529 entertained Henry VIII. and Queen Catharine of Aragon, for a month, in royal magnificence.

After Wolsey's fall and death, the forfeited estate was held by the Crown, and the Park was again visited by Henry VIII. in 1540. He brought with him his fifth wife, Catharine Howard. The second Earl of Bedford was then ranger of the property; and to the third Earl it was afterwards given by Queen Elizabeth, at an annual rental of £120. At an immense cost, he laid out one of the most beautiful gardens ever seen; but he lived to enjoy his possessions only ten years, his Countess following him to the tomb but a few weeks afterwards. The Park was next purchased by the third Earl of Pembroke, by whose heir it was sold to the Earl of Monmouth, who died at the Moor in 1639, at the age of eighty, and was buried in Rickmansworth Church.

The next occupant of this valuable property was the twelfth Earl of



Ormond, who was afterwards created a Duke, and who, in 1670, sold the Park to the Duke of Monmouth, who, for conspiracy, was committed to the Tower, and was beheaded, or hacked to death, at the early age of thirty-six. King James made a full grant of the Park to the Duchess, whom he had harshly treated. She showed her resentment at the execution of her husband by dwarfing all the trees, to prevent the building of a single man-of-war. Of her the estate was purchased by

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B. H. Styles, Esq., who, after laying out £150,000 on the house, garden and grounds, died, and was buried in the chapel which he built in the Park. The present mansion may be called his production. He cased the whole building with Portland stone, and added to the west front a magnificent portico with four lofty columns of the Corinthian order. He employed an Italian architect, named Leoni, and certainly the building is worthy of his fame. On entering the door you immediately find yourself in a superbly-decorated hall, in which are four large paintings by Amiconi, a celebrated Venetian artist, who imitated the Flemish masters. The subjects are Jupiter talking to Io; Io placed under the care of Argus; Argus slain by Mercury; and Juno seated on a throne of clouds receiving the head of Argus. Above the hall is a gallery, with gilt railings running all round, the dome of which is painted in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome. Five marble doorways in this hall, and five more in the gallery, lead into different rooms of the building. On the left below is the dining-room, a long and beautiful apartment; but the finest room in the house is the saloon, which is encircled with paintings by Sir James Thornhill, who also painted apartments in Hampton Court, the hall of Greenwich Hospital, &c.

The celebrated voyager Lord Anson was the next owner of the Park. He built in it 'The Temple of the Winds' of Portland stone, planted an apricot tree which he had brought from the East, and in many other ways beautified the estate at a cost of eighty thousand pounds. He entertained here Dr. Johnson, who wrote a Latin epigram on his temple.

Lord Anson died here in 1762, at the age of sixty-five, his 'Voyage Round the World' being his most fitting and only public monument. A Mr. Rous next purchased the Park, but he was a vandal, and destroyed much of the beautiful work which had been wrought by others. Then it was purchased by Robert Williams, Esq., whose son laid out the cottage gardens near the Rickmansworth entrance, and extended the boundary of the Park itself. It was afterwards bought by the Marquis of Westminster, who enlarged the garden, and laid it out afresh in the Italian style, erected the northern terrace, and made other valuable improvements. On Tuesday, June 16th, 1830, this nobleman gave a magnificent fête in the Park in honour of the visit of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. Twenty thousand people were present, including Princes, Dukes and Counts, and many illustrious foreigners, among whom was the celebrated Talleyrand, who said, 'My Lord Marquis, everything that can be desired to shed lustre on a fête is present on this occasion,—the King, the nobles and the people; and what, if your lordship will forgive me for remarking is not always the case in England, a glorious sunshine to crown the whole.'

The third and youngest son of the Marquis was Lord Robert Grosvenor, the present proprietor of the estate, to whom it reverted by inheritance. Lord Robert Grosvenor was raised to the peerage as Baron Ebury in 1857. Moor Park was never in the hands of one more worthy of respect than this nobleman, who has been for some years a steady advocate of civil, religious and commercial freedom.

MADAME FELLER AND HER CANADIAN MISSION.

BY THE REV. W. MOISTER.

SINCE the Marys, the Marthas and others of the fairer sex followed the Saviour and ministered to His necessities, and holy women laboured with the Apostles in disseminating the truths of the Gospel among heathen people, the Church of Christ has been much indebted to female influence for carrying on the work of God at home and abroad. In modern times incalculable good has been done among various classes by such zealous and devoted Christian ladies as Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Taft, Miss Robinson, Miss Weston and a host of others who might be named. But it is questionable whether any female worker in the Lord's vineyard, in any age or country, has been more earnest, self-denying and successful in her labours than MADAME FELLER, whose interesting Memoir has just been published, and of whose eventful history we propose to give a brief sketch. May many of the mothers and daughters of England be stimulated by her noble example to consecrate themselves to the service of the Lord in such departments of Christian labour as Divine Providence may open up before them !

Madame Feller's maiden name was Henrietta Odin. She was a native of Switzerland, having been born at Montagny, a small village in the Canton de Vaud, on the 22nd of April, 1800. This place is beautifully situated on the borders of Lake Leman. It is in the form of an amphitheatre, with the most splendid scenery on every hand.

Henrietta's parents belonged to the Protestant Church of Switzerland, in which they had been brought up; but that Church was in a state of great spiritual declension at the period of her birth, so that she and her brother and four sisters were not favoured with strictly religious training. Yet their moral and general education was carefully superintended by their mother, their father's attention being fully occupied by the duties of an important appointment which he held under Government. It is recorded of Henrietta that 'she was a general favourite in the family from her infancy,' and that 'she

loved all and all loved her.' Whilst yet in her childhood, she discovered a mind of a superior order, in the cultivation of which she was greatly aided by her elder sister, Catherine, to whom she was ardently attached.

There were some features in Catherine Odin's method of training her sister Henrietta, which are worthy of special notice. The little pupil was taught to discern and correct her weaknesses and faults. In early youth she manifested a strong sense of justice and an ardent love of the true and the right. The least appearance of injustice, whether it affected herself or others, the smallest deviation from truth and right, produced an exasperated state of feeling which surprised those who regarded her as a gentle and loving child. On such occasions her sister was accustomed to cause her to drink a quantity of cold water and to remain perfectly still till her passion cooled down, when she reasoned with her on the folly and danger of such outbursts. Catherine's great desire was to initiate Henrietta into all that was virtuous, noble and pure. She frequently repeated certain plain and pithy maxims, by which she aimed to mould her sister's character, such as, 'We can do whatever we will;' 'Happiness is in ourselves;' 'It is the will of our Creator that we should enjoy happiness, and He has placed it within our reach;' 'Happiness is especially connected with the exercise of virtue and the love of the true and the good.'

These maxims lack the truly evangelical elements of prayer and simple dependence upon God for the help of His heavenly grace in the discharge of our duties; but they contain much that is good, and are not to be too severely judged from our standpoint, considering the circumstances of the parties concerned. There is reason to believe that Catherine's wise and effective teaching produced a deep impression upon Henrietta's mind. In fact those impressions never left her, but increased in power as years passed on. To the latest period of her life, she was often heard to say, 'How much good my dear sister Catherine did me! What a noble sister she was!'

At an early period Henrietta Odin gave unmistakable indications of that spirit of philanthropy and self-sacrifice by which her after life was so remarkably distinguished. When only fourteen years of age, she began to visit the wards in the hospital, and to offer assistance to the sick and afflicted. She was specially attentive to those who were suffering from wounds or dislocated joints. They received from her such gentle handling that every one wished to be on her list of patients; and the physicians entrusted to her the necessary dressings after the most difficult operations. She enjoyed so much pleasure in these engagements that, young as she was, she actually entertained the project of

founding a hospital where she could devote herself entirely to the work. The hand of Divine Providence appeared to be in all this, for in the wards of the hospital at Lausanne, Henrietta gained an amount of medical skill and sick-bed experience which proved of the greatest advantage to her in her subsequent missionary life. It was a preparatory education and discipline, designed by the Lord Himself, in view of future labours, and many a poor French Canadian woman and her family had reason to bless God for the benefits which ultimately resulted to them from this course of training.

When she had completed her fifteenth year, Henrietta Odin received her first communion and became a member of the National Church of her native land. To many young persons in Switzerland this event is nothing more than entrance into society; to others it is a time of great seriousness; and to Henrietta it was especially so. During the time devoted to instruction before the communion, she was diligently employed in religious duties, studying courses of theology, reading the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' and treatises of examination of conscience, and constantly praying that she might become a true Christian. The day of communion was spent in fasting and prayer, and she experienced a powerful sense of the presence of God, by Whose grace she hoped to be able to live in accordance with the solemn obligations with which she had bound herself. 'O!' she exclaimed years afterwards, 'if the love of God in Christ Jesus had been made known to me, I should have embraced it with transports of gratitude and joy.' But that happiness was not given her. The Pastor under whose ministry she sat was a semi-rationalist, and having no clear views of evangelical truth himself, he failed to point his people to Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of poor perishing sinners. The consequence was that, notwithstanding her serious impressions on the occasion of her first communion, Henrietta Odin wandered in the ways of sin and folly for several years before she was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

But whilst indulging in worldly pleasure and enjoying every earthly comfort, the subject of our narrative was not happy. There was in her heart an aching void which the world could not fill,—an uneasiness, an agitation even, which no indulgence could quell. She knew not what it meant. 'What is this?' she would say, 'what more do I want?' She was surrounded by all the common elements of bliss; she was lovely and beloved; she lived in the practice of virtue; she never neglected the poor and distressed; she regularly attended public worship, and preferred the ministry of the most fervent Preachers, because her heart was more moved by such ministry. Still she was ill at ease.

In the year 1821, whilst in this state of unrest, Henrietta, Odin, received the addresses of M. Louis Feller, a widower forty-one years of age, and the father of three children, the oldest of whom had just reached fourteen. To the surprise of most of her friends she accepted the offer, and was united in marriage to the gentleman just named, who was a person of highly respectable position and family. Although this step was regretted by many, it evidently appeared in the sequel that the hand of God was in it, and that it was one of the mysterious links in that chain of Divine providences which bound the incidents of her eventful life together.

From the first day of her marriage, Madame Feller devoted herself entirely to the discharge of the duties imposed upon her in her double relation of wife and mother. She broke away from many of her social connections, judging it necessary to adopt a plainer and more retired mode of life. She shared her husband's labours, encouraged him in his difficulties and sympathized with him in everything. He, on his part, regarded her as an enlightened associate, relied on her sound judgment and warm sympathy, and found her ever an affectionate counsellor, a 'help meet for him' in whom he could always fearlessly trust.

Although neither Monsieur nor Madame Feller had experienced as yet the peace of faith in Christ, and had not really given their hearts to God, they had a profound respect for religion, and family worship was established in the house from the first. Nor was Madame Feller unmindful of the claims of suffering humanity in her new position. Whilst the cares of her family were necessarily her chief occupation, she found time to visit and relieve the afflicted, and to render valuable assistance to various benevolent institutions of the city.

The cup of happiness seemed to be filled to the brim so far as earthly comforts could contribute to such a result, when their fair daughter Eliza was born in the month of November, 1822. But that event, full of joy as it appeared, threatened to overwhelm the family with grief, for the life of both mother and child hung trembling in the balance many days. Contrary to all expectation, however, the Lord brought up Madame Feller from the very gates of death. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to leave the house, she repaired to the noble Cathedral of Lausanne to give thanks to God for her deliverance, and to pay to Him her vows. On this occasion she read again and again, with weeping eyes, the hundred and sixteenth Psalm, and endeavoured humbly and sincerely to consecrate herself afresh to the service of the Lord.

About this time a gracious revival of religion was experienced in Switzerland, which to a large extent was owing to the evangelical labours of the devoted Robert Haldane and other zealous Preachers of

the Gospel, from Scotland and other places. During this blessed visitation of Divine influence, both Monsieur and Madame Feller were led not only into the clearer light of the Gospel, but also into the experience of the full salvation of God. From this time the subject of our narrative regarded herself as not her own, but as 'bought with a price,' and endeavoured to glorify God in her body and spirit, which she acknowledged His. Having enrolled herself as a member of the Independent Church of Lausanne, that she might sit under a more evangelical ministry than existed at that time in the National Church, she laid herself out in every possible way to promote the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

The great Head of the Church had appointed Madame Feller a chosen vessel unto Himself. But the path by which she was led into the harvest field which awaited her was truly dark and mysterious. It was marked by the repeated visits of death to her peaceful dwelling, and by other events of a painfully interesting character. Her lovely and darling Eliza was first smitten down by the fell destroyer; and in a short time afterwards she was bereaved of her beloved husband, and of her attached sister Catherine, both of whom passed away to their eternal rest after a brief illness. She also suffered from other adverse circumstances, on which it is not necessary here to dwell. Being now stripped of all that she regarded as dear to her on earth, Madame Feller meekly bowed in humble submission to the will of God, saying, with one of old, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' But she did more than this; she resolved that the Lord her Maker should be her Husband, and that in His cause she would live, and labour, and suffer, and die; being sweetly assured in her heart that if found 'faithful unto death' she would live with Him for ever.

About a year and a half after the death of her husband, a favourable opportunity of disposing of his business was presented; and Madame Feller, taking advantage of it, wound up the affairs of the concern, paid all the debts, and invested the surplus of the proceeds for the benefit of the children. By these transactions her great loss was brought afresh to her mind, and her wounds of grief were re-opened. But she was enabled to look to Him Who makes all things work together for the good of His children. Her inward peace was not disturbed; on the contrary, 'I see the will of God,' she said, 'in all that has taken place, and I am happy and submissive. Whatever He does, I can say, "It is well." It is true that my earthly bonds are broken; yet I retain the tenderest affection for the husband I have lost, and I know that there will be an eternal and glorious reunion. My only wish is so to love the will of God, to adore His dispensations towards me, and to watch over my own soul, that it may cleave to Him with strength of purpose.'

In addition to the arrangement of temporal matters already mentioned,

some of the fatherless children were placed at school and others in suitable situations, so that the mind of Madame Feller was in a great measure relieved from worldly care. But the bodily and mental exertion involved in these transactions had made a serious inroad upon her health, so that the physician advised her to pass the summer months in the country, at a distance from the scene of her sorrows. On his recommendation she repaired to one of the elevated valleys of the Jura, just beyond the French border, in the Department of Doubs. It was a healthy district, covered with immense firs, many of which were several centuries old, and it was somewhat rugged in its general appearance, being destitute of the smiling meadows which were found in the neighbourhood of Montmirail.

But Madame Feller was most painfully struck by the moral and spiritual condition of the country. It was a moral desert, overshadowed with the darkness of Popery, which no ray of Gospel light had penetrated. Some efforts to introduce Evangelical truth had been made at the time of the Reformation and afterwards, but without success. A dead, ignorant, superstitious Catholicism reigned supreme. Having never lived among Roman Catholics before, Madame Feller had not had the opportunity of studying closely the Romish system, nor of observing it in practical operation. She was now in a farm-house where the inmates did everything in their power to contribute to her comfort by supplying her with abundance of choice fruit, and in various other ways. But in regard to religion they were satisfied with their own church and their priests, in whom they placed full confidence. Their chambers were adorned with pictures of the Virgin and the saints, which were the objects of their veneration. 'I was moved with compassion,' said Madame Feller, 'when I thought of their spiritual state. I spoke to them of the love of God to sinful men, and of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus. Sometimes they seemed to listen to me with pleasure. "That is fine! How touching it is!" they exclaimed. But the prevailing prejudice against Protestants soon effaced these impressions. "Our religion," said they, "is the oldest and the best; it was founded by our Lord Jesus Christ on St. Peter and his successors." Then the door of controversy was opened, and that is seldom followed by good results.'

(To be continued.)

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER XI.—AFLOAT AGAIN.

'Now, here is the forest, George,' cried Willie, eagerly, anxious to turn the subject; 'I know a place where we can get plenty of fine moss. Come along.'

For their object in visiting the forest was to get moss for nests. George had told Willie that the forest moss would not be suitable for his Arctic eggs and fowl, but Willie declared it would please his mother, and in time he would have a place fitted up like an iceberg, with the nests arranged as he had seen them in Greenland; but at the present all he wanted was to give pleasure to his mother. There was a closet in George's bedroom which the two were making the receptacle of the curiosities Willie had brought home. He had not yet showed them to his mother, intending to give her a surprise on the last day of his stay at home, thinking it would tend to divert her thoughts from his departure. George entered into his wish, and assisted him, and also gave him some trifles that he had obtained from the Esquimaux; so that when their arrangements were complete, the closet presented a very respectable collection of curious things. Willie was wild with delight, and danced about the room, quite forgetting that he should alarm his mother, until Mrs. Jacques knocked at the door and asked if anything had happened. Willie rushed to the closet, banged to the door, and hastily locked it; while George opened the outer door to Mrs. Jacques, who stood pale and trembling.

'Nothing is wrong, Mrs. Jacques, only Willie was letting off a little steam before he leaves.'

'Then Willie is glad to go?'

'O no! I did not mean that.'

'O, mother, how could you think such a thing!' cried Willie, throwing his arms round her neck and kissing her cheek. 'You dear old mother! I wish you could go with me. No I don't, for you would be frozen to death; but I should like to have you always, and I will some day; but you must not think I am glad to get away; I was only glad at something George has done for me. Come and see. George, I may as well tell mother now.'

But George had left the room when Mrs. Jacques entered.

'Come, mother;' and Willie threw open the closet door, and revealed the source of his excitement in sundry shelves of beautifully-arranged curiosities.

Mrs. Jacques was as surprised, pleased and full of admiration as even Willie could desire, and that is saying much. But everything was new to her. The pretty little Esquimaux slippers especially pleased her, they were so artistically worked; the large duck-like bird next attracted her attention, sitting just as though it were alive, only, as Willie observed, instead of being among snow and ice, it was seated on green moss in a nice warm closet, which he thought it would enjoy so much that it would never go back to its old quarters. Of course the farmer and

Bessie Luke must be called to see, to admire, and to ask innumerable questions, which even Willie could not answer, so that they had to go down to George for further information.

Altogether, Willie's commencement of a museum was a great success, and gave an impetus to the further development of his natural taste; it also did what he had hoped,—diverted for a time the minds of his parents.

At last the happy holiday came to an end, the last walk taken, the last good-byes said; but not before George had found an opportunity of asking pretty Bessie if she could consent to exchange her happy country life for a town residence and sailor husband; and Bessie thought she could, for she believed that, as George's wife, she would be the happiest woman in England. Thus this visit was to George a most eventful one; and as he took his seat on the coach-box, he could not but think what a different aspect his life bore from what it had done when he last sat there. Then he had scarcely realized that he was a responsible being, with hopes and aspirations which earth could not satisfy. He had been content, because he had not then known the power of true religion to sweeten trial and turn it into blessing. Now he was learning lessons from the 'Book of Life,' slowly but surely; and he did know that his greatest desire was to be God's child, to have Christ say of him, 'He is My brother.' These thoughts led to the enquiry, 'What, if I am a child of God, must my life be?' There could be but one reply, 'God-like'—a word, how big with meaning! which expressed every grace that could adorn frail humanity. Why, if men were God-like, what a world this would be; every one animated by untiring love, seeking only to do good, and by his actions showing his kindred to his Almighty Father.

George's silence lasted the first stage, but it was unnoticed; for Willie and the coachman had been talking so fast that they forgot everybody but themselves. Jipstone was wearing the warm fox-skin gloves that he had found in the brown-paper parcel thrust into his hand by Willie on the former journey. The cap he had in his pocket, as he assured Willie he could only wear it in the dark—a hat being the proper head-gear for a respectable coachman who had been on the road ever since he could drive four-in-hand. Then Willie had to relate his home adventures, which recalled his friend's proximity; and with shame he turned to George to apologize, but George would not allow him to make excuses, saying, what in his case was quite true, 'that his thoughts had been good company.'

Captain Winter smiled to see his young apprentice return so cheerful,

and praised him for 'being back to time, without writing for extension of leave, which so many did. Then he complimented George on his hearty looks; said the country had agreed with him, and hoped he had seen green fields, as he had never seen *Green-land*, often as he had gone to the country, which Willie called a very 'wintry joke.'

However, business began in earnest; and in due time Willie was again on the broad ocean, trying to do his duty to both God and man in a hearty, healthful, loving spirit. His love to God was a real principle; not taken up with the Bible and put away when he had finished reading,—but pervading his whole life, influencing his every action. Yet Willie was not without his temptations, both from within and from without. He heard bad language, he saw many things opposed to the purity of the Gospel, he had strong passions, and often had to check his hasty temper. But his 'I'll try' to master myself was crowned with success, because he tried in dependence upon God; he fled to the Strong for strength.

What wonder, then, that he improved his knowledge and gained the approbation of his captain. This voyage was a success, as had been his first. Indeed it was said that the 'Bonnie Sarah' had always returned full, and that both owners and captain were getting rich from the proceeds of her valuable cargoes.

Willie had added to his stock of curiosities several birds and Esquimaux implements, and a coat, cap and trousers of seal-skin; but he valued most the ivory horn or tusk of a narwhal that Captain Winter had given him. All these his friend George had carefully packed ready to be taken home, to give pleasure to those as dearly loved as loving.

CHAPTER XII.—THE WEDDING.

This time George did not go home with Willie, but was to follow in a few days. Why, Willie did not know until his arrival at home, when he found that his friend and Bessie Luke were to be married as soon as George came down; that George had furnished a house ready for his wife; that her friends were delighted with the match; and lastly, that his mother had engaged another maid. For a moment Willie was angry that George had not told him; but this feeling did not last. He recalled George's remarks, and ceased to feel annoyed. Then he was made glad by his mother telling him that she had arranged with Bessie for him to lodge with her and George during his stay in town.

In due time, George came down. Mr. Jacques gave the wedding breakfast, and Willie was the best man. The newly-married pair

were to spend a week at the neighbouring city, and then go to their own home, where Willie would join them at the expiration of his holiday.

That home George had determined to dedicate to God—‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord,’ was his resolve; and Bessie was like-minded. Had she not been, much as he loved her, George would not have married her. But during his long visit he had seen that her neatness, quickness and intelligence were not her highest qualities, but that her actions were the result of principles implanted and regulated by the Word of God. She served a Master in heaven in all her earthly services, and George believed that in her he had found the wife which the wise king declared to be ‘a crown to her husband.’ From an union thus formed happiness might be expected; and, we may add, that the expectation was fulfilled.

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

IT is no easy task to look with favourable Protestant eyes upon an acknowledged saint of the Romish Calendar; still less easy is it to divest such an one of all the associations of a damaging nature with which her so-called friends have surrounded her. To regard Elizabeth of Hungary as a pious, sensible Queen and woman is very difficult. The absurd and untrue tales which Roman Catholic writers have composed to adorn her memory have greatly injured her in the estimation of right thinkers; yet we must confess to a feeling of great admiration for her character, and, regarded simply as a pious Queen, we find much that is truly estimable in her. We may state here that the best-known legend concerning her, the weak and lying subterfuge about the loaves miraculously turned into roses, is an invention of comparatively late date, and is, in common with other miracles ascribed to her, as much opposed to common sense as to true saintliness. We shall leave these puerile absurdities alone, to look more narrowly at the *real* beauties of her life and character.

In the year 1207, in the princely courts of Hungary and Thuringia, two children were born, a boy and a girl, whose lives, for a few short years, were to run side by side. The Prince of Thuringia was Lewis, eldest son of the Landgrave Herman; and the Princess was Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew II., King of Hungary, and his Queen, Gertrude of Carinthia. Almost as soon as the journey could be accomplished, ambassadors waited on her father, asking the hand of the tiny babe for the equally infantile Lewis; and after the betrothal the little Princess was transplanted to the Thuringian court, to be trained near her future husband.

Until her marriage, the little *fiancée* was allowed a liberal supply of money by her father, with the expectation that she would keep up a court of suitable magnificence. But Elizabeth knew only one use for money,—to make others happy; so the sum which should have been expended in courtly pomp and show, was quietly dispensed to the poor who surrounded the castle. Her devout habits, and her meekness and charity, were very remarkable in so young a child, and unfortunately were quite unappreciated by her mother-in-law, the Landgravine Sophia, who taunted her bitterly and scoffed at her piety. Her conversion must have taken place very early, for she was barely five years of age when she left her good and exemplary father's dominion to live in the gay and profane court of Thuringia. Stung by the reproaches which were heaped upon her, for a time she moderated her outward show of religion, but indulged in private prayer and closet exercises the more freely. But as her heart still glowed with love to God, she became ashamed of thus temporizing, and renewed her public profession of Christ, Who was dearer to her than life itself. Amongst other instances of the humble disposition of this born-princess, is an anecdote which is related of her when she was only ten years of age. As she accompanied the Landgravine and the young countesses to church, she was observed to take her jewelled coronet from her forehead, and when questioned, answered, that she 'could not bear to wear jewels when Christ had worn thorns.'

Of course her gentleness and consistency were an open rebuke to the entire court; and, from the Landgravine downwards, all revenged themselves upon the unoffending Elizabeth by innuendoes and false aspersions. It was a melancholy position for a young girl. Friendless and solitary, surrounded by the most uncongenial society, what wonder that she was driven the oftener to her knees, and that each fresh trial of her patience made her character shine the brighter! But perhaps the greatest humiliation was inflicted while the young Landgrave was finishing his education abroad. She was told that his affection for her was gone, that on his return he would be disappointed in her appearance, and in all probability would refuse to marry her, and would send her back to Hungary. Elizabeth once more had recourse to prayer, and the words of the much-injured Princess have been preserved as a memorial of her gentle and resigned spirit:

'O, Sovereign Spouse of my soul! never suffer me to love anything but in Thee and for Thee. And as love requires a union and entire resignation of all things into the hands of the beloved, I give up my whole self to Thee, without reserve. O, Spouse of my heart! so great is the love I bear Thee. . . . that with joy I leave all that I am, that I may be transformed into Thee.'

When Elizabeth was fourteen years of age, the young Landgrave Lewis returned home, perfected in his martial education, and not less distinguished for vital piety. With great coolness and prudence, the young monarch made no demonstration of favour to Elizabeth; and the court, in ignorance of his own changed life, continued to heap contumely on the apparently neglected Princess. Lewis never saw her privately, and rarely spoke to her in public, but watched her conduct narrowly. Gradually he became aware of the unhappy life she led, and of the inward peace which sustained her. All that was noble and chivalrous in the young Prince was aroused, and a storm of indignant wrath burst upon the courtiers. Sending her presents of costly magnificence, Lewis declared his intention of marrying her immediately, not wishing to delay his possession of 'one whom he valued above mountains of rubies,' and whom he treated with a gentleness and affection well calculated to efface the bitter memories of the past. The wedding was solemnized with great pomp. After the manner of the world, the tide of public favour set in the opposite direction to that in which it had been running. All followed the example of the Landgrave; all honoured and caressed the now fortunate Elizabeth, and instead of insults and hardships, she received adulation and flattery.

For six happy years Lewis and Elizabeth walked hand in hand on their heavenward journey; the wife abounding in piety and good works, obedient to her husband, and loving to her subjects; while he joyfully aided her in her charities, and by his private devotion and public benevolence earned for himself the name of 'The Pious Landgrave.' Elizabeth's almsgiving formed no small item in the royal expenses. During the famine of 1225, loud complaints were made by the nobles of the profusion of her alms. Lewis took these complaints to his wife, and having ascertained that no public property had been alienated, and that her disbursements were not unreasonable in his judgment, he dismissed the complainers with a calm rebuke, saying: 'Her charities will entail a Divine blessing upon us; we shall never want because she gives so liberally to the poor.' Happy Elizabeth! the heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She built two large hospitals, founded an orphanage, and daily relieved nine hundred poor at the palace gates. Yet she did not encourage idleness, but strove to find honest employment for the indigent who flocked to her for assistance.

The even tenour of her peaceable and self-denying life was interrupted in September, 1227, by the death of her beloved husband. Lewis had followed the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to the Crusades, but being seized by a malignant fever at Otranto, he expired before a single stroke could be struck by his strong right arm in the sacred cause. Elizabeth was

overwhelmed with grief; and amid bitter tears, she devoted herself to permanent widowhood, determining to end her days in works of charity, and in the careful education of her three children.

But if the good Landgravine hoped to pass her life in the peaceable discharge of these duties, she was grievously disappointed. One sorrow was quickly followed by others, till she was well-nigh crushed by the accumulated weight of her afflictions. The envy and jealousy which had been smothered during the last few years on account of the love and respect which her husband bore her, now burst forth, and the vilest accusations were levelled at the virtuous Princess. These culminated in a charge of appropriating public moneys for her private charities; and the rage of her enemies exceeding their justice, she was deprived of the Regency, which she was exercising during the minority of her infant son, Herman, and the reins of government given to her brother-in-law, Henry.

Henry was a man of inhuman feelings, and the first use he made of his power was to turn Elizabeth and her helpless children out of the Castle, forbidding any of the people to assist the homeless and penniless Princess.

After a night's refuge in a church, and a week's shelter in a room belonging to the monks, she was forcibly driven away from the neighbourhood of so much happiness and so many sorrows. But Elizabeth's faith never faltered. Her religion was no fair-weather piety, and her love to God shone as brightly in sorrow and poverty, as when she was the beloved wife and honoured sovereign in Thuringia. Impressed by the number of her misfortunes, her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg, offered her a home in his city; thither she went, and found a brief rest from some of her sorrows. But she was still very young, and to an exquisitely graceful figure added an intelligent and beautiful face. It is no wonder, therefore, that offers of marriage were pressed upon her. They were steadily rejected, and she busied herself in obtaining her husband's remains from Otranto, and transmitting them with regal honours to Thuringia. The performance of this pious conjugal duty brought its own reward. The princes who came to conduct the corpse to its resting-place, were so struck by the goodness of the exiled Landgravine, that on their return to their native country they loudly spread her praises. For very shame, and perhaps for fear, Henry was compelled to recall the children and reinstate the mother in her palace.

For the remainder of her short and saintly life Elizabeth lived in affluence, but her religious persecutions were renewed from time to time. Her faith now was too firmly fixed to be shaken by outward blows. She prayed much, spoke little except upon religious topics, and when seized by her final illness, her thoughts, even in delirium, were all

of the life, sufferings and death of Christ. Speaking with cheerful hope of the final judgment, she sank peacefully asleep, November 19th, 1231, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. Hers was a short life, crowded with trials and sufferings, but bright with piety and benevolence.

A.

TRUE GREATNESS.

I KNEW a man—men call'd him great,
 So large, so splendid his estate;
 His mansion-home, a castle fair,
 Adorn'd by works of art most rare;
 He sumptuously fared each day;
 Within, without, the world was gay.
 But, lord of castle and domain,
 All gave to him no lasting gain,
 For slave was he to self and sin,
 That ruled his evil heart within,
 That took the glory from his name,
 And gave him an unenvied fame.
 No joyous hope his soul possess'd,
 He was not, could not be, at rest.
 Full rich was he in worldly store,
 And yet, with all his wealth, was poor.

I knew a man—men call'd him poor,
 So scanty was his worldly store;
 His home, a peasant's humble cot,

And wearying toil his daily lot;
 Men said that life to such as he
 Must be perpetual misery.
 They never thought to call him great
 Who own'd no mansion or estate.
 But he had wealth—a nobler dower
 Than gave the rich man pride and power:
 His was the princely opulence
 Of heirs to heaven's magnificence—
 A trusting heart, a mind at rest—
 These made the poor man's portion blest.
 And when he died, the angels came
 (For well they knew his honoured name)
 And raised him to a mansion fair,
 The riches of the King to share.

Be mine the lowlier lot on earth,
 If, conscious of a better birth,
 I may eternal treasures have
 In brighter worlds beyond the grave!

JULIUS BRIGG.

THE FUH KIEN MISSION:

A STORY OF HUSBANDMEN WHO HAD 'LONG PATIENCE.'

(Concluded from page 246.)

THE year 1860, the tenth fruitless year of the Mission in Fuh-Chow, was a time of redoubled effort and prayer; and ere its close the first tokens of the long-expected harvest appeared. The Rev. W. H. Collins, who, like many Chinese Missionaries, was also a qualified surgeon, paid a visit to Mr. Smith at Fuh-Chow, and during his temporary residence there opened a dispensary. As before, they had no lack of patients, and were not slow to avail themselves of this fresh opening for pressing the claims of the Great Physician; and to their great joy, three natives were thus led earnestly to seek the healing of their souls, one of them, Sing Puo Sieng, being a literary graduate. Yang, another enquirer, procured a house for Mr. Smith to preach in; but this open espousal of the 'Foreign Child's' cause could not be suffered by the authori-



ties; and both Yang and the owner of the house were imprisoned. The third enquirer, Sing Siu Kieng, obtained leave to visit them, and with the glowing ardour of his first love, preached Christ to the other prisoners, one of whom gladly received the message of salvation. These four men were, after some months of satisfactory probation, baptized. No wonder that their spiritual father rejoiced over these babes in Christ 'with joy unspeakable,' and yet with trembling.

But the tide had now fairly turned. Other converts were rapidly added to the little Church, and soon the authorities yielded permission to open preaching-places and schools. Multitudes thronged to hear the Word, and Mrs. Smith ventured to begin a school for girls. She had a few boarders, but no day-scholars, for the poor little things with their crippled feet could not get up and down the hill. The same cause kept many women from attending the services who would otherwise have been willing hearers. Yet here, as in every Church and all ages, some honourable women were numbered among the early disciples.

A year or two afterwards, one noble girl who was betrothed to a heathen, became, with her father, Lo Ling, a believer in Jesus, and

wished to break off her engagement. But the bridegroom and his friends were infuriated, and hastened the marriage, hoping afterwards to be able to force the poor girl to renounce her faith. The wedding-day was no time of rejoicing to her. She was dragged from her father's house amidst a torrent of abuse, and taken to a heathen home, where she was commanded to fall down and worship the domestic and ancestral idols. She at once refused, saying she had learned to worship the one living and true God. But this did not satisfy her cruel husband, who stood ready to enforce his commands with threats and blows. But he could not prevail over her faith, and all he did elicit from her was the exclamation, 'I am a Christian, I am a Christian.' Not long, however, was the faithful Pastor spared to share the trials or the triumphs of the infant Church. In October, 1863, he was called to exchange the reaper's sickle for the crown of life. Another Missionary, Mr. Wolfe, had just entered into his labours, but he was brought very low by dangerous sickness, and was forced to leave his post for a time to seek health and rest at Hong Kong.

But the little flock were not left quite without a shepherd, for two faithful native Christians preached daily, and ably acted the part of pastors. One of these was Sing Siu Kieng, who, it will be remembered, was the first to preach Christ to the prisoners. The other, Wong Kiu-taih, had also proved the sincerity of his faith by steadfastness in trial. Wong was a young landscape-painter, and had first heard of the religion of Jesus from a friend who was a member of the Church formed by the American Methodist Episcopal Missionaries. They read the Bible together, and Wong began to pray. His mother could not bear to hear him continually praying, 'Lord, bless my mother.' 'Son,' she said, 'you must stop this praying.' 'Mother, I have always obeyed your commands, but this I cannot do.' 'But the noise disturbs me.' 'Then I will pray silently.' 'You shall never pray in this house again.' 'Mother, I cannot stop praying.' 'Leave the house then,' exclaimed the infuriated woman; 'I disown you for ever as my child, and when I die, do not dare to join with the family in celebrating my funeral obsequies.' This was a fearful curse to a Chinaman; would it not be so, indeed, to any true son? Yet Wong was willing to forsake his mother and his house for Christ's sake. For a while he lived with his friend, who was also a painter. At length a message came from home: his mother wished to see him. He felt sure some plot was laid to take his life, yet could not bear to refuse his mother. 'I will go,' he said to the Missionary, 'pray for me.' His mother asked if he was still determined to be a Christian. 'I am,' he answered firmly, though fully prepared for some outbreak of violence. 'Then,' said she, 'if you will not change

your mind I will change mine; you may be a Christian, and you may live at home.' Could he help falling down on his knees at once to thank God for the unexpected deliverance? Soon afterwards Wong gave up painting, and entered the service of the American Mission as an Evangelist. Eventually he joined the Church Mission, and was, after a time, ordained as the Rev. Wong Kiu-taih, the latter being the name he assumed at baptism, and meaning 'seeker of virtue.' He was long a devoted and successful labourer in this field.

Other native helpers were subsequently raised up. The utmost care and vigilance were bestowed in order to train them mentally and spiritually for the work of the ministry. Yet even among these candidates as well as the other members, there were some who endured but for a time. The refusal to admit these disorderly walkers to the Lord's Table had, however, a salutary effect on the rest of the Church. Yet in spite of, or more truly because of, this weeding process, and the constant testing by the fire of persecution, the Church grew and was multiplied. Two other Missionaries were sent out from England, the Revs. A. W. Cribb and J. E. Mahood. Their labours were not confined to Fuh-Chow alone, but they would often take protracted tours among the towns and villages of the province of Fuh Kien. These journeys involved no small amount of physical discomfort, and of difficulties which can hardly be appreciated by those who labour at home. Often the simple and superstitious mountaineers would fly in terror from the 'foreign ghosts.' On one occasion two men on the road were startled by the appearance of a strange object walking towards them. As it approached they became much alarmed. To their great surprise it addressed them, and wished them peace, and told them something about a strange religion, and a Saviour who died for the world. The villagers told them that the 'Foreign Child' had been there also, and had 'eaten rice,' and 'talked book.' But though they tried to pay no attention to the strange message, one of their number, Ling Chung-Te, could not forget the words. Some time afterwards a Christian basket-maker from Lo-Nguong, another town which had heard the Word through the itinerant Missionaries, came to live in the village, and Chung-Te heard again the strange doctrine and gladly received it. Seven years after the roadside preaching, he learnt that the Missionary, Mr. Wolfe, was to preach at Lo-Nguong. He walked a distance of several miles to hear him, and then, to Mr. Wolfe's amusement as well as thankfulness, related his singular experience.

Generally, however, the curiosity of the natives overcame their terror. 'They ventured frequently,' writes Mr. Wolfe, 'to touch our noses, and examined very closely our eyes. Our hands and finger-nails also

underwent a close examination. Our clothes were not overlooked, they were handled by thousands of fingers.'

The Missionaries were not suffered either to eat or to sleep in peace. Mr. Wolfe gives an amusing description of a supper at a little 'Yong-taing,' or hotel, in Sang-tu-kau: 'Our sudden appearance in the dining-room acted like an electric shock. Chopsticks were thrown down, and instantly the house was in a high state of excitement. The villagers crowded in, and filled up every available corner... The small table in this room looked so filthy, that in order to obviate the disrelish which it was likely to impart to any food placed upon it, we covered it with a copy of the "Times," which served admirably as a table-cloth. This amused the villagers beyond description. They looked on in surprise as we handled the knife and fork, making all sorts of remarks on the manner in which we ate, how clean our plates, etc., were. They discussed among themselves the probable object of our visit, and at length decided that we were tea merchants, going to the Bohea hills to buy tea. One asked why we closed our eyes and repeated words before and after meals. I told them I was a disciple of Jesus, and we were taught by Him to thank God, the great Heavenly Father, for giving us food to eat and clothes to wear. I endeavoured by God's help to lay before them the leading truths of Christianity, no doubt in an imperfect manner; but I am sure they understood all I said, from the attention they paid and from the questions they asked.'

Yes, however dull of hearing those ignorant Chinamen might be, the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the simple, earnest words of the Missionary caused them to understand with their heads, and in many cases to believe with their hearts. In one city where a preaching-place had been erected, and the pulpit supplied by native Catechists from other towns, a young man, who even in that heathen community had rendered himself so odious by evil living, that his father felt forced to disinherit him, was brought under the power of the truth, and at once began to wrestle with God for his father's soul. The old man yielded also after a time. On a subsequent visit, Mr. Wolfe found both father and son still walking in the truth. But old Sieh, the father, had grown in grace more rapidly than his boy. 'Song To,' asked Mr. Wolfe of the son, 'why is it that your father has gone so far ahead of you in the doctrines, when you were before him in the truth?' 'Ah, Sing-tung,' was the answer, 'my father is *continually praying*.' They both had discovered that continual prayer was the great means of growth in spiritual life.

It was no small comfort, too, to their spiritual father to find that so many of these Chinese converts stood the last great test. They 'died well.' In one case a heathen doctor, who had acknowledged the truth

of the doctrine, though he refused to give his heart to God, could 'hold out no more,' as he witnessed that solemnly subduing sight,—a Christian falling asleep in Jesus.

But the great drawback to the itinerant work, was the simple fact that it was only itinerant. The little flocks were left, to a sad but unavoidable extent, to guard themselves as best they could. It must have been a bitter disappointment to the Missionary who had left a flourishing little church, to return in a few years and find only one or two steadfast souls who were,—

'Not lost or wandered back.'

The work has to depend very much upon the faithfulness of native agents and volunteer helpers. On Easter Sunday, 1876, Bishop Burdon, of Hong Kong, ordained four of these Chinamen, who have now churches and congregations of their own in the city of Fuh-Chow, which at that date contained one thousand four hundred and forty-three adult native Christians. The kingdom of the Cross in that city and throughout the province is still advancing. The story of the Fuh Kien Mission is, as the writer says, 'still to go on till time shall be no more, till the great Voice out of heaven shall say, "It is done!"'

We have given these few scattered details of the work for two reasons: first, that those who can only read the story at home, and are providentially prevented from personally joining in the great war with foreign heathenism, may yet gladly take up Aaron and Hur's position in the conflict, and by effectual, fervent prayer bring down blessings which shall avail much for the soldiers of the Cross in distant lands: and, secondly, that other workers, who, though they may not have such fallow ground to break up, are perhaps feeling faint and discouraged because of the unproductiveness of the soil which they till, as they read this story of husbandmen who had 'long patience,' may by their example be strengthened to wait 'for the precious fruit of the earth,' till they, too, 'receive the early and latter rain.'

G. E. S.

'PEACE ALWAYS BY ALL MEANS.'

'FOR thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee,' this is one of those striking utterances with which the Book of Job abounds. Like many others, it bears indirect evidence of the kind of country in which it was written, and of the state of society which prevailed at the time. Petty chiefs were wont to collect the scattered fragments of rock and stone, and build them into rude towers of strength. Here they could better defend themselves from the attacks of robbers, and, thus pro-

tested, they often became robbers themselves. In harmony with this interpretation, Coverdale's Bible reads: 'The castles of the land shall be confederate with thee.' From the depredations of these lawless neighbours, the good man shall be preserved. His ways please the Lord, and He shall make eyes his enemies to be at peace with him. Yea, even the natural ferocity of the beasts shall be restrained.

Here we have the germs of thoughts that grew and expanded as the mind of God was revealed in His Word. Similar blessings are promised to the Lord's people, and are linked to the same class of beautiful imagery. The assimilating power of Christ's religion, and the triumphs of His grace, are thus set forth: 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.' Upon every dwelling-place of His Zion, and upon all her glory, there shall be a defence.' 'And in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground: and I will break the bow and the sword, and the battle out of the earth, and will make them to lie down safely.' Such is the peace and security in which the Church of Christ will repose, under Jehovah's guardian care. He who treads the highway of holiness shall encounter neither lion nor ravenous beast. How rough soever the road trodden by the heaven-bound pilgrim, angels shall bear him up in their hands lest he dash his foot against a stone. He shall 'tread upon the lion and adder'; yea, 'the young lion and the dragon' shall he 'trample under' his feet. God will so order the dispensations of His providence, and so control all the creatures of His hand, in relation to His saints, that creation, animate and inanimate, shall be in league with them, and shall be made to subserve the purposes of His grace and love. *Yea, true religion brings the soul of man into happy harmony with the whole creation of God, and makes it a source of hallowed enjoyment to him.*

We say this is the case with the *good*, the *holy* man of God. For we are not now speaking of the mere man of taste and sentiment. There are those who have a sort of intuitive perception of order, harmony, design, beauty and grandeur. He Who made their souls has given to them powers of perception and appreciation of more than common vigour. They came into the world with taste and poetry in their very nature, and with a capacity for feeling the finest impulses and emotions that can stir the human soul. The beautiful creations of the painter, the magnificent monuments of the architect and engineer, fill them with ecstasy. And when they walk forth into the Temple of Nature, as they call it, they enjoy with exquisite gusto its manifold scenes of enchant-

ing loveliness. The savage grandeur of the mountains, the soft and luxuriant verdure of plain and valley, the ever-varying tints of the forest, the thundering roar of the cataract, 'the liquid murmur of the limpid brook,' and the thrilling melody of the echoing woods, O! with what rapt delight their souls drink in such sights and sounds as these!

But, mark you, these people go no farther than the *temple*, the *Builder* is ignored. There is not a particle of true religion in all their sentimental musings and revellings. Strange to say, their hearts are at enmity with God, while their intellects are filled with admiration of His works. Alive they may be to all that is beautiful in art and nature, and yet unrenewed in the spirit of their mind. For there is no religion in mere poetry or music, or taste or sentiment. Religion may be associated with these, and when such is the case she refines the taste, and gives to every object of beauty a tinge of heavenly dye. But it is possible for a man to be an enthusiastic adorer of the works of God, an ardent lover of beauty and glory and grandeur and harmony in all the forms in which they can regale the senses, and yet a slave of the vilest passions, and a hater of God in his heart.

The man to whom God gives 'peace always by all means,' is himself at peace with God. To him the Lord Jesus has fulfilled His promise, 'My peace I give unto you.' The disquietude of fear and the burden of sin are gone. A sweet sense of the Lord's favour, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart, like a heaven-kindled fire, fill and warm his soul. Now the God of peace opens up to him sources of peace on every hand. To him the way of righteousness is 'peace,' while the effect thereof will be 'quietness and assurance for ever.' So long as the grace of God rules the heart, there will be a reign of peace. The troubled elements are hushed. The storm of passion subsides. The Ishmaelite, whose hand was 'against every man,' is now a peaceful citizen of Zion. With a heaven of love glowing in his heart and beaming from his eye, he feels no difficulty in saying to every fellow pilgrim he meets, 'Peace be on thee, and on the whole Israel of God.' Feeling the peace of God enthroned in his heart, he can greet the whole world with a smile of benignity.

Such a man is at peace *with all created beings*. To him, in the highest and most spiritual sense, those remarkable promises will be fulfilled which we have already quoted. When guilt terrified his conscience, he saw God's universe in arms against him; now all wears an aspect of peace and love. Even the tempestuous elements are divested of their avenging nature. The thunder which shakes the earth is the voice of his Almighty Father. The rockings of the earthquake proclaim the

power of the Arm in which he trusts. He knows that the God Who loves him,

— plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

Wherever he goes, he is perpetually drinking in large draughts of delight. Every scene of beauty has been spread out for him to gaze upon and enjoy. His religion creates within him a capacity for enjoying God in His works and ways, as well as in His Word. The felt presence of the Deity throws a living beauty and a holy lustre over the whole creation. All nature ministers to the tranquil enjoyment of the son of peace. For him welkin and wood are made to resound with melody. For him the pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys covered over with corn. For him the river of God, which is full of water, rolls its fertilizing streams, while the little hills rejoice on every side. 'Those heavens,' says he, 'are radiant with my Father's glory. That sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom. Those worlds on worlds are bubbles floating on the sea of His power. And His work is perfect. Not a worm that crawls, not a spire of grass, not a leaf, not a bud, not a twig, but proclaims His skill. The delicate wings of the insect, the far-stretching pinions of the eagle, the joints of the reptile, and the 'fearfully and wonderfully made' human frame, the feathers of the humming-bird, and the wings of the archangel,—all bear the impress of the hand of my Father in heaven.'

Yes, it is the privilege of God's children to find themselves in league with all nature. Our Father made it all, and has made nothing in vain. When Sambo, the negro, tasted of pardoning mercy, he thought the fields and the woods and the birds and the sun were all glad, because his heart was glad. And when grace reigns in the soul, peace rides in triumph on the wings of the storm, peace echoes in the thunder's roar, and in the tempest's howl; peace swells in the songs of the bird, and whispers in the summer's breeze; peace smiles on every landscape, and utters notes of tranquillity and harmony in all that is vocal in the works of God.

'Peace always by all means,' for all things are ours, while we are Christ's. Peace with God through Jesus, lays the foundation for perpetual peace. Then, whether we walk through the crowded city or plunge into nature's deepest solitudes, in every place, in every scene, in every company, we partake of a happiness akin to that with which archangels glow as they tread the sapphire pavement which encircles the eternal throne.

'A Christian is the highest style of man.' He is so everywhere, in the temple of nature as well as in the temple of grace. It is fitting that

he bow with deepest reverence before God in His house, and worship there in spirit and in truth. But walking forth amid the ever-varying scenes of the Lord's creation, we may also say, 'Here again I can see and enjoy my God. In the fruits of the earth, in the fragrance of the flowers, in the hum of the insect, in the song of the bird, in the ripple of the tiny brook, in the rush of the mighty flood, in the hoary mountain, in the majestic oak, in the variegated landscape, in the dew-bespangled meadows, in the white-crested billows that garnish the storm-lashed ocean, in the tiniest form of life that skims its surface, and in the hugest behemoth that makes it hoary with foam,—in all I see and enjoy my God.'

We thus see that the world is our Father's temple, and that it is our privilege to enjoy God in every thing and place and scene. It is true external objects possess no power in themselves to bless us or to do us good. Dr. Kitto has said, 'I find that the benefit to be derived from travelling through different countries depends upon the amount of information you take with you.' Most travellers have felt the truth of that utterance. And the happiness we derive from *external sources* depends upon the *measure of religion we have within us*. When we rusticate among the scenes of nature, when we take a rural ramble or a sea-side stroll, we shall get benefit to both body and soul in proportion as we find in all the presence and the peace of God.

In this way we may enjoy God in our journeys and recreations. We may make a means of grace of every walk we take, a sanctuary of every tree under which we repose, a closet of every nook into which we enter. Grace and peace will flow after us along lanes and woods and fields, in vale and mead and mount. Everywhere and at all times we may—

'Drink the living streams of bliss.'

The very same Spirit that made us new creatures, also garnished the heavens. He Who produces within us things true and just, pure and lovely, spreads out all those varied forms of beauty and grandeur which grace creation. Yes, He Who writes the Name Divine on every star that sparkles, on every worm that crawls, on every stone and plant and living thing, also writes pardon on our hearts, and impresses on our regenerated nature His 'new, best name of Love.' G. A. PAGE.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

'A RIGHT judgment in all things' is a great boon; and 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, Who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith.' Respecting dreams, whether to take notice of them or not, this right judgment is necessary; and it would be as silly to disregard *all*, as in

general to attach any importance to them. Sometimes we believe they are sent or used by the Father of our spirits as warnings—indications of our right course, or preparation for coming events. As to the one we are about to relate, there will be no question on the mind of the reader that it was much more than merely a *happy coincidence*.

The lady who is the subject of the following account was, in her young days, a friend and follower of the Rev. John Wesley. Her mother was one of the first in the province of Ulster to open her house to him and his adherents, and gather her friends and neighbours together to hear the Gospel. She and her daughter are named in Mr. Wesley's Journal as having had the privilege of nursing him in a fever. When the fever abated, and consciousness returned, he saw them standing beside his bed, as he expressed it, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief.' The old lady did not long survive him, but her excellent daughter lived to a great age, and brought up a large family in the fear and love of God.

When quite an old woman, she dreamed one night that a person in a certain street in Dublin was in great want of a small sum of money. She did not know the number of the house, and though very familiar with that city, she did not know any one in that street. However, she felt it laid on her to do something in the matter, and so wrote to a gentleman in Dublin, and told him the substance of her dream, asking him to prosecute the enquiry, and if he found it according to her dream, to give a ten-pound note (which she enclosed) to the distressed person.

Her friend was surprised, and greatly puzzled, for the only person he knew in the street named, was a gentleman apparently in easy circumstances, whom he should fear to offend by offering money. He determined, however, to call on this gentleman, read his friend's letter to him, and ask his advice in this delicate affair. He did so; and what was his astonishment to see the gentleman burst into tears! 'Sir,' said he, 'God alone knew how I was situated, and He must have inspired your generous friend to act as she has done to a stranger. I never expected to want ten pounds, but for some time my affairs have been out of order, and just now I am at my wit's end for ten pounds to help me to meet a pressing engagement.'

The lady's friend at once put the ten-pound note into his hand, and wrote to Mrs. W—, telling her that without the number of the house, he had found the person of whom she dreamed as in want of the sum she had sent him. She was of course very thankful to God for making use of her to help any of His children.

R. B. T.

'THOU HAST DEALT WELL WITH THY SERVANT.'

THE late Rev. George Wagner, of Brighton, when he could preach no more, wrote the following short sermon on the text, 'Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant:' You will be able to say in the retrospect,—

- 'Thou hast dealt well in seeking me when I sought not Thee;
- 'Well, in giving me what I have not asked;
- 'Well, in refusing what I have asked;
- 'Well, in calling me to the service of Thy Church;
- 'Well, in calling me to suffer, instead of serve;
- 'Well, in succouring me in temptation;
- 'Well, in guiding my wandering feet.
- 'Thou hast dealt mercifully with me when I have sinned;
- 'Bountifully with me when I have been brought low;
- 'Gently with me when I have been in trial;
- 'And faithfully with me at all times.'

'HIS RIGHT HAND, AND HIS HOLY ARM, HATH GOTTEN HIM THE VICTORY.'

THE winter winds swept wildly o'er the hills,
The sky was dark and lowering; and the sun
Set in a bank of clouds, foreshadowing
Approaching tempest; when a gentle tap
Aroused the Minister. His family
Had long retired to rest: his wife alone
Remained to comfort him: for he was sad
At heart, and sore dispirited, because
His preaching seemed to bear so little fruit.

He opened wide the door, and saw a man
Haggard and wild, who anxiously enquired—
'Are you the Minister? O! come and see
My dying lad.' The rain was falling fast,
And when his wife heard that the lonely hut
Was out upon the mountains, miles away,
She urged him not to go. Her timid heart
Suspected mischief. 'Tis a plan to rob,
Perhaps to murder you.' He buttoned up
His coat, and said: 'Fear not, my Father's hand
Hath kept me hitherto from injury,
And I will trust in Him.' For many miles
He followed his strange leader. On the way
He heard, with thankful heart, that months ago,
One cold, dark night, the feeble youth had crept
Into the village chapel where he preached,
Attracted by the warmth and light; and there
Sat spell-bound, while the Minister proclaimed—
His own right hand and His own holy arm

Hath gotten Him the victory. The scales
 Fell from his eyes; he saw his sinful state;
 And, with amazement, heard that Christ had died
 Upon the cross to save his guilty soul.
 The service ended: the heart-burden'd youth
 Retired to his straw pallet; not to sleep,
 But, through the long, dark night, to think that he,
 Well-nigh abandoned by the world, with few
 Who cared for him, save his wild, wicked sire,
 Had still an interest in the Saviour's blood.

When daylight came, he went from house to house
 Until he found a Bible; thenceforth read
 With eagerness and faith the Sacred Page,
 And found the peace the world can never give,
 The holy joy it cannot take away.
 Consumption long had marked him for its prey,
 His feeble frame grew feebler; till at length
 He knew that he was dying, and besought
 His father to find out the man of God,
 And tell how anxiously he wished to see
 And thank him ere he died. At length they reached
 The humble cabin: by the flickering flame
 Of the turf-fire, he saw a wasted form
 Stretched on the straw. But, O! how brightly burned
 His flashing eyes, contrasting with the pale
 And sunken cheeks, as, with a smile of joy,
 He strove to raise his head to welcome him.
 Vain was the effort; he sank back, but ere
 His spirit passed away, he waved his hand
 In triumph, and exclaimed with ecstasy:
 'His own right hand and His own holy arm
 Hath gotten Him the victory.' Awhile
 The Preacher knelt beside him, thanking God
 For this seal to his ministry; then clasped
 The father's hand; and, as they mingled tears,
 Pointed him to the Lamb of God, Who died
 For him as well as for his sainted son.

The father's heart was deeply touched, and when
 The Minister departed, bathed in tears,
 He thanked him, in warm words, for visiting
 His dying son. Back to his home again
 He went, with strength renewed; praising the Lord
 For showing him how groundless were his fears;
 Resolving, with fresh vows, to dedicate
 Himself to His sweet service; and to leave,
 Without repining, the results to Him.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

'Nyon, February 11th, 1779.

'To Mr. Wase, Broseley, Shifnal, Shropshire.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just received yours, dated January 24th. I rejoiced to hear of the welfare of your friends, whom I long much to see; but there is no blessing *here*, without some alloy of grief; and such was to me the account of the poor state of dear Mrs. Wase. The Lord be with her as a Sanctifier and Comforter, if He does not choose to be with her as a Physician. Tell her I should be glad to hold up her hands in her fight of affliction, but if the poor, unprofitable, weak servant is far off; the Master, Who is rich in mercy, Who fills the whole world with His goodness and patience, and Who has all power given Him (as our Brother, Son of man) both in heaven and upon earth,—this kind Master is near to her and to all His afflicted ones: bid her from me, intreat in my name, or rather in *His* dear name, Jesus, *salvation, resurrection, life, light and love*, to look to Him, to make a free and constant use of Him in all His offices. I recommend to her two remedies. The one is, a cheerful resignation to the will of God, whereby her animal spirits will be greatly raised, or sweetly refreshed. The other is, four lumps of heavenly sugar to be taken every half-hour, day and night, when she does not sleep; I make a constant use of them to my great comfort, they have quickened my soul when I was dying, and I don't doubt but they will have the same effect upon hers.

'Our Church has already extracted that Divine sugar from the Scriptures and has put it in the common Prayer-Book, as the heavenly bait which is to draw us to the Lord's table. Tho' they have often past through my mouth, when I have called her there, they have lost nothing of their sweetness and force. "God so loved the world, etc." "If any man sin, etc." "It is a faithful saying, etc." "Come unto Me, all, etc." God grant her abundance of the faith which rolls these heavenly pills in the mind,—much of the love, which sucks their sweetness into the heart. Tell her they go down best, if they are taken in the cup of thanksgiving, into which a tear of desire, of humility, of repentance, or of joy might be dropt occasionally. That tear is to be had by looking simply to Him Who sells oil to the virgins, offered a springing well to the woman of Samaria, and opened a fountain flowing with heavenly blood and water, when He hung for us on the cross. To Him be praise and glory for ever! Amen. Tell my little god-daughter Paty Cartwright she is big enough and bad enough to take them, and that the Holy Child Jesus came on purpose into the world to make them up for her. Tell her mother to take them regularly with her. What a shame it is to have such a remedy so near and not to make more use of it! Lord help our unbelief and cure us of our ingratitude. Remember me in much love to dear Mr. Hatton. Thank brother Costerdine and his fellow-labourer for their occasional help; and may He Who gives the increase abundantly bless it to them and to our friends. May the Lord vouchsafe to consecrate our little Zoar, by calling one sinner and establishing another saint.

'How abundantly shall we be repayed for our little expense and trouble: Thank the brethren you have mentioned, salute them kindly from me, not forgetting John Tranter and our friends at the Fore Bank, Thomas Pool and....Thomas Banks and our friends at Dawley Green. You may see in the enclosed that I am not without hopes of telling you in May, how much I am yours,

'J. FLETCHER.'

'TO THE BRETHREN,

'My dear companions in tribulation! Peace and mercy—Faith, hope and love be multiplied to you all in general, and to each in particular from the Father of mercies through the Lord Jesus Christ by the Spirit of grace. I thank you for your kind remembrance of me in your prayers. I am yet spared to pray for you. O that I had more power with God! I would bring down heaven into all your hearts. Strive together in love for the living faith, the glorious hope, the sanctifying, perfect love, once imparted to the saints. Look to Jesus; move on, run yourselves in the heavenly race, and let each sweetly draw his brother along; till the whole company appears before the Redeeming God in Sion, adorned as a bride for the Heavenly Bridegroom. I hope God will in His mercy spare me yet to see you in the flesh, and if I cannot labour for you, I shall gladly suffer with you. It will put health in my flesh, marrow in my bones, joy in my heart, and life into my whole self. Be of one heart and soul. Count nothing your own but your sin and shame. Bury that dreadful property in the grave—the bottomless grave of our Saviour. Let all you have and are be His that bought you, and His members, for His sake. Dig hard in the Gospel mine for the hidden treasure. Blow hard the furnace of prayer with the bellows of faith, till you are all melted into love, and the dross of sin is purged out of every heart.

"There is a river which makes glad the city of God :
It is the grace which flows from His Throne :"

Jesus is the vessel—the heavenly Ark; get together into Him and sweetly sail down into the ocean of eternity; so shall you be true miners, furnace-men, and barge-men. Trust well in Jesus.

'My love to my god-son, to your father, to all the fam: . Tell Mrs. Cound I shall greatly rejoice if she remembers Lot's wife.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Northern Lights: Pen and Pencil Sketches of Modern Scottish Worthies.

By REV. JABEZ MARRAT. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.

—This volume contains nineteen brief biographies of eminent Scotchmen, illustrated in most cases with a portrait, and generally with an additional engraving. The memoirs are pleasantly written, and give as comprehensive an idea of their subjects' careers as their shortness will allow. Here we have examples of scientific research, literary success, missionary zeal, and pulpit power, while every man portrayed deserves record for his piety. Many similar collections to Mr. Marrat's have issued

from the press, but this stands on a level with the best of them; indeed we know but one or two to which it is not decidedly superior.

The Messiah. By J. R. ROBINSON, LL.D.—The life of Christ written in blank verse. Dr. Robinson preserves as much as possible the very words of Scripture, forming them into metre by changes of order the slightness of which is a frequent surprise. Occasionally he indicates the true significance of a statement with remarkable precision and brevity. Very suggestively the poem does not end with the ascension, but with the Day of Pentecost; the work of Christ in heaven is a continuation of His work on earth.

Heavenly Love and Earthly Echoes.

By H. K. WOOD. Improved Edition. Ninth Thousand. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1877.—A commendatory notice of the Fourth Edition of this excellent-spirited little book appeared in the 'Miscellany' for September, 1873. Its popularity is shown by its large sale, and its success is not beyond its merits. The improvement in this edition consists in better binding and paper and larger type.

Hattie and Nancy; or, The Everlasting Love.—*Michael Faraday.* By W. R. BURGESS. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.—Two first-

class Sunday-school reward-books, the former exactly suitable for little girls, the latter addressed to the more thoughtful boys.

Preachers and Hearers.—*The Forgotten Truth.*—*A Voice from the Mine.* By the REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. London: 'Hand and Heart' Publishing Office. 1877.—Three tracts in book form: the first appealing to preachers; the second to hearers; the third of more general interest. They enforce evangelical truth earnestly and attractively. They deserve wide circulation and perusal.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JULY, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
1877.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
June 30	3 46	8 20	2 36m	9 19a	11 14a	3 11m	11 16a
July 10	3 55	8 15	2 57	9 14	10 44	2 26	10 37
20	4 7	8 5	3 17a	9 4	10 12	1 42	9 58
30	4 20	7 51	8 26	8 48	9 39	1 0	9 18

PHASES OF THE MOON.

July 3rd, Last Quarter 9h. 2m. after. | 17th, First Quarter 1h. 13m. after.
 10th, New Moon 10h. 6m. after. | 25th, Full Moon.. 7h. 20m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 12th 2h. morn., Perigee; 223,362 miles.
 „ 27th 5h. morn., Apogee; 252,331 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,846 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st 93,214,570 miles.
 August 1st 93,023,980 „
 Decrease of distance for the month 190,590 „

At midnight on July 3rd, the Earth will be at its greatest distance from the Sun, 93,215,890 miles, adopting for the mean distance, as we have done in these calculations, 91,677,410 miles. This

value, depending on the Sun's parallax and the dimensions of the Earth, is only provisional, and will most probably undergo considerable modification when the investigations connected

with the late transit of Venus are completed. Even then the result cannot be regarded as final. The transit of 1882 must have considerable weight in the determination; and besides this, observations of Mars and some of the asteroids when nearest to the Earth have been employed with good effect in the solution of this difficult problem. It may be observed that the difficulty is not in finding the *form* of the Earth's orbit, but the actual value of the Earth's mean distance from the Sun. This being known, Physical Astronomy gives us the means of finding the relative distances of the Sun, Earth and Planets at any moment. When farthest from the Earth, the Sun's apparent diameter is least; its value is then 31m. 32s. At perigee, about 1st January, it is 32m. 37s.

The *Moon* will be at her highest point above the Equator, or farthest northward, on the morning of the 9th, about a day and a half before the change; and farthest southward on the morning of the 22nd., three days before full moon.

Mercury will be in the superior part of its orbit throughout the month. On the morning of the 20th it will be in superior conjunction with the Sun. It crosses the ecliptic on the 8th, and on the 23rd will be at the highest point of its orbit with reference to the ecliptic.

Venus sets every evening in the month almost exactly an hour after the Sun. On the morning of the 12th it will be very near the Moon, but below our horizon. On the 19th it will be at its greatest distance from the ecliptic northward. It is in the part of its orbit remote from us, and of course gibbous, nearly full.

Mars is half an hour westward of *Saturn* on the 1st, but being five and a half degrees farther south, they rise at almost the same moment. The coincidence is curious and the effect very striking. Mars will be in con-

junction with the Moon on the 1st at noon, Saturn 18 hours after. Mars will overtake Saturn on the 27th at 9h. in the evening, and will pass it four deg. to the southward. One hour before noon on the 29th they will both be again in conjunction with the Moon.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 22nd; but, though the planet is very low, 23 deg. southern declination, the Moon will then be five deg. lower. On the 5th at 11h. in the evening the satellites will all be on the west side of the primary in the order of their actual distances. On the 20th, at the same hour, the first satellite will be close to the primary on the east side; the second, third and fourth in order on the west. The first satellite may be seen emerging from the shadow of the primary on the 14th at 10h. 38m. 15s., and on the 30th at 8h. 56m. 37s. in the evening; the second satellite on the 10th at 10h. 19m. 39s. in the evening; and the third on July 1st at 0h. 37m. 27s. in the morning. The first satellite and its shadow may both be seen on the disc of the planet on the evening of the 6th from 9h. 9m. to 11h. 0m.; 13th from 11h. 4m. till 45m. past midnight; and on the 29th from 9h. 22m. till 10h. 45m. The second satellite and its shadow will be on the disc from 10h. 49m. on the evening of the 1st till 1h. 1m. next morning. The first satellite will be occulted by the planet on the evenings of the 5th, 21st and 28th at 11h. 38m., 9h. 35m., and 11h. 22m. respectively; and the third will be occulted on the morning of the 8th at 0h. 10m.

Saturn will be stationary on the 2nd, after which the apparent motion becomes retrograde. The breadth of the rings is still less than a second, the length from 41 to 42s.

Uranus is an evening star, but sets soon after the Sun.

Neptune rises on the 9th at midnight, and on the 25th at 11h. in the evening.



(Huguenot Sanctuary, Canterbury.)

THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

(Continued from last Number.)

THE Frenchmen and Flemings who escaped to England found themselves in a Protestant country, but their modes of worship and methods of church-government were altogether different from the Anglican, nor did they understand the English language. Exiled Ministers of their religion abounded; the only difficulties were to obtain permission to conduct services after their own manner and to procure sanctuaries. But neither difficulty was serious; the first requirement was met almost without asking, and both ecclesiastical and civil authorities exerted themselves to supply the second. The earliest church in England granted for the use of the refugees was situated in Austin Friars. The charter is dated July 24th, 1550, and is signed by King Edward VI. The same deed constituted John A'Lasco, a Pole, a zealous Protestant, superintendent of the refugee churches. The building in Austin Friars was the joint property of the Huguenots and the Walloons, each owning it for a part of the day. But the place speedily became

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too strait for the French Protestants, and the church of St. Anthony's Hospital, in Threadneedle-street, was assigned to them. This became, says Mr. Smiles, 'the cathedral church of the Huguenots;' and its Pastors appear to have exercised some indefinite authority over all the French churches in the metropolis, except those—of which that in the Savoy was the chief—who preferred the Lutheran to the Calvinistic theology. As we have already seen, the influx of immigrants into this country was greatly accelerated by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A large number of refugees repaired to London, and in the first instance generally applied to the Threadneedle-street Church to be acknowledged as members. This was especially the case with such as had been induced by terror to abjure their faith with their lips while they kept it in their heart. These were not received as a matter of course, nor was their flight from their own land accepted as conclusive evidence of the sincerity of their repentance. Each applicant was examined carefully by the Consistory, and only those were accepted who were adjudged 'worthy.' Yet the number of receptions was enormous; the Consistory sat once a week, if not oftener, and at a single sitting in May, 1687, four hundred and ninety-seven penitents were again enrolled upon the church register.

Soon after the Revolution of 1688, several additional Huguenot churches were founded in London; some in the more aristocratic regions, but the majority east of Bishopsgate-street, in Spitalfields, Wapping, etc., where the foreign artisans congregated. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the metropolis, with not more than one-fourth of its present population, contained thirty-five French Protestant churches, and their number continued to increase for another quarter of a century. Other French churches were scattered over the country, some of them vying in antiquity with the mother-church of Austin Friars. The first non-metropolitan church was formed at Glastonbury, in the year 1550. At Rye, the refugees were permitted to use the parish church at stated times. At Sandwich and Norwich churches were granted for their use. At Yarmouth they worshipped in an old mansion. Other congregations assembled at Winchelsea and Dover; and about the year 1685, churches were established in 'Bristol, Plymouth, Stone-

house, Dartmouth, Barnstaple, and Thorpe-le-Soken in Essex.' Of these, that at Bristol was undoubtedly the most important. A colony of Huguenots had settled in that city some years previously, and the Corporation had generously proposed to support them by fines levied upon the English Dissenters. It does not seem to have occurred to them that to persecute the Nonconformists of England, was to follow in the footsteps of the execrated persecutors of France.

'Two of the most ancient and interesting of the churches founded by the refugees, are those of Southampton and Canterbury, both of which survive to this day.'* Southampton owed its Huguenot settlements to the neighbourhood of the Channel Islands. Easily accessible from the Continent, large numbers of refugees fled to them, some to make them their permanent abode, but more on their way to England. The only convenient port from Jersey or Guernsey was Southampton, and many who landed there sought no further asylum. The first instalment of foreign Protestants arrived there while Edward VI. was king. In Winklestreet, near the harbour, stood a disused chapel called *Domus Dei*, 'God's House,' originally built for the accommodation of pilgrims to Netley Abbey. When the monasteries were suppressed, it ceased to be of service, till it was handed over to the Huguenots. The church-register is still extant. It begins in the year 1567, and contains the names of fifty-eight communicants, of whom eight are marked 'Anglois.' Every fresh accession from the Continent is entered, and the words '*avec attestation*,' '*témoignage par écrit*,' or '*témoignage*' (with attestation, testimony by writing, or testimony), added to very many of the names, evidence a careful discipline. To a similar effect is the following, dated July 3rd, 1574: 'Tiebauf de Béfroï, his wife, his son and his daughter, after having made their public acknowledgment of having been at the mass, were all received to the Sacrament.'

Other entries relate to the fasts which were held. Here is the first: 'The year 1568, the 3rd day of September, was celebrated a public fast; the occasion was that Monseigneur the Prince of Orange had descended from Germany into the Low Countries, to

* Smiles.

try with God's help to deliver the poor churches there from affliction; and now to beseech the Lord most fervently for the deliverance of His people, this fast was celebrated.' The Huguenot defeat at the battle of Jarnac, 1569, occasioned another fast. On the 25th of September, 1572, was another day of humiliation, again to pray that the Lord of Hosts would vouchsafe success to the armies of the Prince of Orange, who was fighting the Duke of Alva, 'that cruel tyrant; and also, principally, for that the churches of France have suffered a marvellous and extremely horrible calamity—a horrible massacre having been perpetrated at Paris on the 24th of August last, in which a great number of nobles and of the faithful were killed in one night, about twelve or thirteen thousand; preaching forbidden, and all the property of the faithful given up to pillage throughout the kingdom. Now for the consolation of them and of the Low Countries, and to pray the Lord for their deliverance, was celebrated this solemn fast.' An earthquake caused a fast in 1580, and the appearance of a comet another a year later. The former entry reads: 'The 28th of April, 1580, a fast was celebrated to pray God to preserve us against His anger, since on the 6th of this month we have been appalled by a great trembling of the earth, which has not only been felt throughout all this kingdom, but also in Picardy and the Low Countries of Flanders; as well as to preserve us against war and plague, and to protect the poor churches of Flanders and France against the assaults of their enemies, who have joined their forces to the great army of Spain for the purpose of working their destruction.'

The plague occasioned several fasts: in 1538 it well-nigh destroyed the entire settlement. Scarcely less virulent was it in 1665; every one fled the town who could, and the Huguenot minister was the only clergyman who dared to remain. He saw his flock die one by one, till but a very small remnant was left. He enters death after death, but another writes on September 21st, 1665, '*Monsieur Courand, notre pasteur—peste* (plague).'

Now and again public thanksgivings were appointed; the following is interesting: 'The 29th of November, 1588, thanks were publicly rendered to God for the wonderful dispersion of the Spanish fleet, which had descended upon the coast of England with the object of conquering the kingdom and bringing it under

the tyranny of the Pope.' Grateful to God for the destruction of the Armada, the Southampton refugees were grateful also to the Queen for her protection, and presented her with an address when she visited their town the same year.

In later times—after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—'God's House' became remarkable for the number of Huguenot nobility and gentry who, residing at or near Southampton, habitually attended it. Foremost among them was that distinguished soldier, the Earl of Galway.

The date of the earliest Huguenot settlement in the city of Canterbury cannot be positively ascertained. Tradition ascribes it to the reign of Edward VI., but there is no actual evidence of its existence previous to the time of Elizabeth. Then eighteen families removed to Canterbury from Winchelsea, the latter place being too small to afford remunerative employment for their industry. They were led by Hector Hanon, 'Minister verbi Dei' (Minister of the Word of God). In 1564 they presented a petition to the Corporation of Canterbury, briefly recounting their persecutions and their poverty,—they had escaped with little but bare life,—and beseeching an asylum. They asked only permission to dwell in the city, and a burial-ground and a sanctuary. They would maintain their own Pastor, their own teacher, and their own poor. They claimed to be skilful in the manufacture of 'Florence serges, bombazine, Orleans silk, bayeses, mouquade, and other stuffs.' Every request was readily granted, and they were speedily joined by other refugees.

Every visitor to Canterbury Cathedral is conducted through the Crypts,—gloomy, chilly, vaulted passages,—under which lie buried many dignitaries of the English Church. Their most interesting associations, however, are connected with the Huguenots. Here they worked their looms and made the grim arches echo with their songs of thankfulness as they sat and wove. Here they held their schools and conducted their worship. The Chapel of the Virgin in the Crypt had been one of the richest shrines in England. Erasmus wrote of it: 'There the Virgin-mother hath a habitation, but somewhat dark, inclosed with a double sept or rail of iron, for fear of thieves. For indeed I never saw a thing more laden with riches. Lights being brought, we saw a more than royal spectacle.

In beauty it far surpasseth that of Walsingham. This chapel is not showed but to noblemen and especial friends.' Its glories did not endure long after Erasmus had wondered at them. Henry VIII. seized the gold image of Mary, and the silver lamps that hung before her, and melted them into coin; while the jewels that adorned her canopy, doubtless were worn by the court favourites. The Under-Croft was deserted, and Archbishop Warham willingly allowed 'the gentle and profitable strangers' to appropriate it and the despoiled Lady Chapel.

The colony increased until the Crypt grew too small for school and worship. Writing in 1689, Somner, the antiquarian of Canterbury, says, 'Let me now lead you to the Under-Croft;—a place fit, and haply (as one cause) fitted to keep in memory the subterraneous temples of the Primitives in the times of persecution. The west part whereof, being spacious and lightsome, for many years hath been the strangers' church: a congregation for the most part of distressed exiles, grown so great, and yet daily multiplying, that the place in short time is likely to prove a hive too little to contain such a swarm.'

Would that we could say that the Huguenots had been absolutely free from religious persecution even in Protestant Britain! For a brief period it seemed as though they would be driven from our shores; many families did emigrate, some to Holland, but the majority to North America, where they found, like the Puritans, 'freedom to worship God.' The persecutor was Archbishop Laud, who summarily forbade their Presbyterian worship throughout the land; but even he respected the gift of his predecessor, and allowed foreign-born Huguenots to serve God in the metropolitan cathedral after their own fashion.

What has become of all the Huguenot churches in England? It was inevitable that the descendants of the exiles should lose their nationality. They intermarried with English families, and the children grew up to know no other language than our own. Separate churches were no longer needed; some of the buildings were converted into schools or storehouses, etc.; some were transferred to the Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Jews; the largest is now the Wesleyan-Methodist chapel in Spitalfields. A very few survive, one in Norwich, another in Southampton, and

one or two in London, where there is a considerable French population. The French church at Canterbury still exists, supported by an endowment of two hundred pounds a-year, with about a score members.

Our Illustration, from a recent photograph, shows the present condition of the interior of the Huguenot sanctuary in that city. There is nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary old-fashioned Nonconformist chapel, except, perhaps, the long table at which the communicants sit to receive the Lord's Supper. Curiously enough, the principal altar of the Cathedral stands almost directly above the communion-table; the full choral service of the Anglicans proceeds but a few feet from the spot where the simple ritual of the Huguenots is celebrated: 'a noble and touching occurrence,' says a German traveller, 'the parallel to which cannot be met with in any other cathedral church in England.'

(To be continued.)

PIONEER METHODISM IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER VIII.—AN ALABASTER-BOX BROKEN.

WHEN Kike had appeared at the camp-meeting, as we related, it was not difficult to forecast his fate. Everybody saw that he was going into a consumption. One year, two years at farthest, he might manage to live, but no longer. Nobody knew this so well as Kike himself. He rejoiced in it. He was one of those rare spirits to whom the invisible world is not a dream but a reality, and to whom religious duty is a voice never neglected. That he had sacrificed his own life to his zeal he understood perfectly well, and he had no regrets, except that he had not been more zealous. What was life if he could save even one soul?

'But,' said Morton to him one day, 'you are wrong, Kike. If you had taken care of yourself you might have lived to save so many more.'

'Morton, if your eye were fastened on one man drowning,' replied Kike, 'and you thought you could save him at the risk of your health, you wouldn't stop to calculate that by avoiding that peril you might live long enough to save many others. When God puts a soul before me I try to save that one if it costs my life. When I

am gone, God will find others. It is glorious to work for God, but it is awful. What if by some neglect of mine a soul should drop into hell? O! Morton, I am oppressed with responsibility! I will be glad when God shall say, "It is enough."

Few of the Preachers remonstrated with Kike. He was so full of the Methodist zeal; they admired him while most of them could not quite emulate him. Read the Minutes of the old Conferences, and you will see everywhere among the brief obituaries, head-stones in memory of young men who laid down their lives as Kike was doing. Men were nothing—the work was everything. Methodism 'let the dead bury their dead'; it could hardly stop to plant a spear of grass over the grave of one of its own heroes.

But Pottawottomie Creek Circuit was poor and wild, and it had paid Kike only five dollars for his whole nine months' work. Two of these he had spent for horse-shoes, and two he had given away. The other one had gone for quinine. Now he had no clothes that would long hold together. He would ride to Hissawachee and get what his mother had carded and spun, and woven, and cut, and sewed for the son whom she loved all the more that he seemed no longer to be entirely hers. He could come back in three days. Two days more would suffice to reach Peterborough Circuit. So he sent on to the Circuit, in advance, his appointments to preach, and rode off to Hissawachee. But he did not get back to camp-meeting. An attack of fever held him at home for several weeks.

To reach his Circuit Kike had to go through Morton's great diocese. He could not ride far. Even so intemperate a zealot as Kike admitted so much economy of force into his calculations. He must save his strength in journeying, or he could not reach his Circuit, much less preach when he got there. At the close of his second day he enquired for a Methodist house at which to stop, and was directed to the double-cabin of a 'located' Preacher—one who had been a 'travelling' Preacher, but, having married, was under the necessity of entangling himself with the things of this world that he might get bread for his children. As he rode up to the house, Kike gladly noted the horses hitched to the fence as an evidence that there must be a meeting in progress. He was in Morton's Circuit; who could tell that he should not meet him here?

When Kike entered the house, Morton stood in the door between the two rooms preaching, with the back of a 'split-bottomed' chair for a pulpit. For a moment the pale face of Kike, so evidently smitten with death, appalled him; then it inspired him, and Morton never spoke better on that favourite theme of the early Methodist evangelist—the rest in heaven—than while drawing his inspiration from the pallid countenance of his comrade.

'Ah! Kike,' he said, when the meeting was dismissed, 'I wish you had my body.'

'What do you want to keep me out of heaven for, Mort? Let God have His way,' said Kike, smiling contentedly.

But long after Kike slept that night Morton lay awake. He could not let the poor fellow go off alone. So in the morning he arranged with the located brother to take his appointments for awhile, and let him ride one day with Kike.

'Ride ten or twenty, if you want to,' said the ex-preacher. 'The corn's laid by and I've got nothing to do, and I am spoiling for a preach.'

Kike's Circuit lay off to the south-east of Hickory Ridge, and Morton, persuaded that he was unfit to preach, endeavoured to induce the dying man to turn aside and rest at Dr. Morgan's, only ten miles out of his road.

'I tell you, Morton, I've got very little strength left. I cannot spend it better than in trying to save souls. I want to make one or two rounds at least, preaching with all the heart I have. Then I'll "cease at once to work and live," and who knows but that I may slay more in my death than in my life?'

But Morton feared that he would not be able to make one round. He thought he had an over-estimate of his strength, and that the final break-down might come at any moment. So, on the morning of the second day, he refused to yield to Kike's entreaties to return.

Now it happened that they missed the trail and wandered far out of their way. It rained all the afternoon, and Kike got drenched in crossing a stream. Then a chill came on, and Morton sought shelter. He stopped at a cabin.

'Come in, come in, brethren,' said the settler, as soon as he saw them. 'I 'low ye're Preachers. Brother Goodwin I know. Heerd him down at camp-meetin' last fall,—time Conference met on the

Ridge. And this brother looks mis'erable. Got the shakes, I 'low? Your name, brother, is——'

'Brother Lumaden,' said Morton.

'Lumaden? I kinder recollect that you were sick up at Dr. Morgan's, Conference time, hey?'

Morton looked perplexed.

'How far is Dr. Morgan's from here?'

'Nigh onto three quarter 'round the road, I 'low.'

'How did we get here? We aimed at Lanham's Ferry,' said Morton, bewildered.

'Tuck the wrong trail ten mile back, I 'low. You should've gone by Hanks' Mills.'

Despite all protestations from the Methodist brother, Morton was determined to take Kike to Dr. Morgan's. Kike was just sick enough to be passive, and he suffered himself to be put back into the saddle to ride to the doctor's.

It did not require very great medical skill to understand what must be the result of Kike's sickness.

'What is the matter with him, Doctor?,' asked Morton next morning.

'Absolute physical bankruptcy, Sir,' answered the physician, in his abrupt manner. 'There is not water enough left in the branch to run the mill seven days. Wasted life, Sir, wasted life. It is a pity but you Methodists had a little moderation in your zeal.'

When the doctor came in to see Kike after breakfast the next morning, the patient looked at him wistfully.

'Doctor Morgan, tell me the truth. Will I ever get up?'

'You can never get up, my dear boy,' said the physician, huskily.

A smile of relief spread over Kike's face. At that word the awful burden of his morbid sense of responsibility, the awful burden of a self-sacrifice that was terrible and that must be lifelong, slipped from his weary soul. There was then nothing more to be done but to wait for the Master's release. He shut his eyes, murmured a 'Thank God!' and lay for minutes, motionless.

When Saturday morning came, Kike was sinking. 'Doctor Morgan,' he said, 'do not leave me long. I am looking for my mother to-day.'

Saturday passed and Kike's mother had not arrived. On Sunday morning he was almost past speaking.

'Splendid life wasted,' said the doctor, sadly, to Morton, pointing to the dying man.

'Yes, indeed. What a pity he had no care for himself,' answered Morton.

'Patty' (for Patty had found a refuge at Dr. Morgan's, and was earning her bread as a schoolmistress), said Kike, opening his eyes; 'Patty, the Bible.' Patty got the Bible.

'Read in the twenty-sixth of Matthew, from the seventh verse to the thirteenth, inclusive,' Kike spoke as if he were announcing a text.

Then she read about the alabaster-box of ointment, very precious, that was broken over the head of Jesus, and the complaint that it was wasted, with the Lord's reply.

'You are right, my dear boy,' said Doctor Morgan, with effusion; 'what is spent for love is never wasted. It is a very precious box of ointment that you have broken upon Christ's head, my son. The Lord will not forget it.'

When Kike's mother rode up to the door on Sunday morning, the people had already begun to gather in crowds, drawn by the expectation that Morton would preach in the Hickory Ridge church. Hearing that Kike, whose piety was famous all the country over, was dying, they filled Doctor Morgan's house and yard, sitting in sad, silent groups on the fences and door-steps, and standing in the shade of the yard trees. As the dying Preacher's mother passed through, the crowd of country people fell back and looked reverently at her.

Kike was already far gone. He was barely able to greet his mother.

A white pigeon flew in at one of the windows and lit upon the bosom of the dying man. The early Western people believed in marvels, and Kike was to them a saint. At sight of the snow-white dove pluming itself upon his breast they all started back. Was it a heavenly visitant? Kike opened his eyes and gazed upon the dove a moment. The dove plumed itself a moment longer, looked round on the people out of its mute and gentle eyes, then flitted out of the window again and disappeared in the sunlight.

A smile overspread the dying man's face, he clasped his hands upon his bosom, and it was a full minute before anybody discovered that the pure heroic spirit of Hezekiah Lumsden had gone to its rest.

He had requested that no name should be placed over his grave. 'Let God have any glory that may come from my labours and let everybody forget me,' he said. But Doctor Morgan had a slab of the common blue limestone of the hills—marble was not to be had—cut out for a head-stone. The device upon it was a dove, the only inscription: 'An alabaster-box of very precious ointment.'

Death is not always matter for grief. If you have ever witnessed a rich sunset from the summit of a lofty mountain, you will remember how the world was transfigured before you in the glory of resplendent light; and how, long after the light had faded from the cloud-drapery, and long after the hills had begun to lose themselves in the abyss of darkness, there lingered a glory in the western horizon—a joyous memory of the splendid pomp of the evening. Even so the glory of Kike's dying made all who saw it feel like those who have witnessed a sublime spectacle which they may never see again. The memory of it lingered with them like the long-lingering glow behind the western mountains. Sorry that the suffering life had ended in peace, one could not be; and never did stormy day find more placid sunset than his.

The only commemoration his name received was in the Conference Minutes, where, like other such heroes, he was curtly embalmed in the usual four lines:

'Hezekiah Lumsden was a man of God, who freely gave up his life for his work. He was tireless in labour, patient in suffering, bold in rebuking sin, holy in life and conversation, and triumphant in death.'

The early Methodists had no time for eulogies. A handful of earth, a few hurried words of tribute, and the bugle called to the battle. The man who died was at rest, the men who stayed had the more work to do.

And what could Morton do but ask Patty to share his itinerancy? And does the reader wonder that she was unfaithful to her resolve never to marry a Methodist?

There rise before me, as I write these last lines, visions of Circuits

and stations of which Morton was afterward the Preacher-in-charge, and of Districts of which he came to be presiding elder. Are not all of these recorded in the Minutes of the Conferences? But the silent and unobtrusive heroism of Patty and her brave and life-long sacrifices are recorded nowhere but in the Book of God's Remembrance.

GONE HOME.

Gone home so soon! to live in endless
light,
Where sin and pain and sorrow
cannot come;
Where not a shadow dims the rap-
tured sight;
Gone safely home.

Thou art not far away; the spirit-
world
Is nearer now to those who wait on
earth,
Already on each mourning heart is
scroll'd
Thy heavenly birth.

Gone home so soon; thy loved ones
thought thy way
On earth was far too brief, too quickly
trod;
But One look'd down and saw thy
spirit pure
Was meet for God.

The time had come; it was a loving
voice
That called the labourer to his reward,
And made him in eternal light rejoice
With Christ his Lord.

God is our Father, and His chosen
ones
May trust Him with the dearest and
the best;
And with the sorrow still upon our
lives,
Christ gives us rest.

Rest, in the peace submission always
brings;
Rest, in the knowledge that His way
is best;

Rest, in the shadow of the sheltering
wings,
Eternal rest.

Say not the family is broken now,
Only, one member has gone out of
sight,

Only, we cannot penetrate the veil
That hides the light.

The boundless heaven of heavens cannot
contain
The great Creator of the skies and sea,
Yet nearer than the friend who loves
me most,
He comes to me.

Then those we love are also with Him
too,
They see His face, they hear His
holy voice,
Feeling the stay of His eternal love,
They too rejoice.

Say not the family is broken now,
Perchance the happy spirit hovers
near,
Looking with wonder on the troubled
brow
And falling tear;

Knowing how brief the separation-
time,
How soon the union where none ever
part,
Loving, as in the days he linger'd
here,
Each faithful heart.

No, only hidden from the mortal sight,
Still one, in true affection's noblest ties,
Still, still, one family; God will unite
Beyond the skies.

ETHELWYN.

SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, 'the beloved physician,' was born at Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, on June 7th, 1811. His father, the son of a small farmer, was a baker, and though a worthy man, was unable to conduct the business so as to make it support his family. At the time of James' birth the drawings in the shop were so small that he could no longer conceal the state of affairs from his wife, who hitherto had kept strictly within the sphere of domestic duty. She was a sagacious, energetic woman, and at once devised means by which he was able to get rid of his most pressing difficulties. Under her prudent management the business prospered, and her husband was not again haunted by fear of ruin. James was her youngest child, and in the weary weeks of sickness preceding her death, which took place when he was about nine years old, was often with her while the older members of the family were busy in the bake-house or the shop. To the latest hour of life he retained the memory of her appearance as she sat reading her Bible, or as she knelt in frequent prayer; and there was always a deep, sweet melody for him in the metrical version of the twentieth Psalm, 'Mother's Psalm,' as it was called, on account of her repetition of it in every dark and trying hour. When about four years old, James was sent to a school kept by a man who, having lost a limb, was popularly known as 'Timmerleg.' He soon acquired all the learning 'Timmerleg' could impart, and was removed to the parish school, where he remained until he began his college course.

In boyhood, as in manhood, he was bright and blithe, and an old woman described him as 'a rosy bairn, wi' laughin' mou' and dimpled cheeks.' His brothers spoke of him as 'the wise wean,' and 'the young philosopher,' and proudly anticipated the day when his name would be acknowledged as one of the glories of his native land. Their earnings were put into a common purse, and freely bestowed on his education. But though he knew he was to be the gentleman of the family, he was, in his school-days, a cheerful helper of his father and brothers in their trade. His brother Alexander wrote of him: 'James was ever so loving, gentle and obliging, that though I, like most hard workers in a warm atmosphere, was rather quick of temper, I do not recollect ever to have been angry with him. He was aye at the call of the older members of the house, running with rolls to Balbardie House, where, as "the bonnie callant," he was a great favourite; or ready to keep the shop for a time, when he always had a book in his hand.' Alexander watched over him with affectionate tenderness, and in warning him against the temptations to looseness

of life which prevailed in the town, would put his arm round his neck; and say, 'Others may do this, but it would break a' our hearts, and blast a' your prospects were you to do it.' One night when he had been out later than usual, and had been spoken to in that manner, he 'was greatly troubled, and cried a' the night like to break his heart.'

It was well for him that he had such warnings ringing in his ears, when at the age of fourteen he left the homely scenes of Bathgate for the excitements of college life in Edinburgh. He was kept from vice and indolence by the thought of the anguish which any blemish in his character would cause to the loving hearts at home. Notwithstanding the generosity of his father and brothers in supplying him with means for his university training, he was economical in his expenditure, only varying his plain diet with the occasional luxury of four pennyworth of fruit. To make the cost still lighter to them, he competed for and won a bursary of the yearly value of ten pounds, which he held for three years. In classics, mathematics and moral philosophy, he scarcely rose above mediocrity, but excelled in medical studies. He officiated as surgeon's dresser in the Royal Infirmary, and was so affected by the terrible agony of a Highland woman while undergoing an operation, that he decided to give up all thought of a profession in which he would have to witness so much suffering, and went to the Parliament House to seek employment as clerk to a writer. Happily, the right instinct prevailed, and he returned to the study of medicine, asking a question, which he was afterwards able to answer in the affirmative in a masterly and practical manner, 'Can anything be done to make operations less painful?'

In the fifth year of his university course, his father was stricken by fatal sickness, and he attended him with unwearying affection to the day of his death. He was at that time about to pass the examination for surgeon's degree, but his reading having been interrupted, he was apprehensive of failure, and was disposed to wait another year. Encouraged, however, by his good brother Alexander, he went forward, passed with ease and credit, and was instituted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, before he was nineteen years old. Being too young to take his degree as Doctor of Medicine, he returned to Bathgate, and spent his time, partly in wandering over the hills in search of stones and plants, and partly in assisting a local practitioner, who in later years pointed with pride to the labels on his bottles as having been written by the famous physician. But he wished for work, and was a candidate for the situation of surgeon in a small village on the Clyde. The decision of the village folk was against him, and many years after he said, 'When not selected, I felt, perhaps, a deeper amount of disappointment and chagrin than I have

ever experienced since that date. If chosen, I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still.' The gratification of his wish might have been a calamity to himself and to the world, and he gratefully confessed the goodness of God in the frustration of his youthful ambition. Still receiving pecuniary aid from his brothers, he resumed his studies in Edinburgh, and took his medical diploma in 1833. An eminent physician engaged him as his assistant, and at the beginning of his practice, as well as in his more brilliant days, he endeavoured to work out his own ideal of professional activity: 'To give, as humble agents under a Higher Power, ease to the agonized, rest to the sleepless, strength to the weak, health to the sick, and sometimes life to the dying; to distribute everywhere freely a knowledge of those means that are fitted to defend our fellow-man against the assault of disease, and to quench within him the consuming fire of sickness.' In 1835, Dr. Simpson visited London and Paris. He was not without the poetic sensibilities which are excited by beautiful scenery and works of art. The landscapes of England and France were rich and lovely to his eyes, and he wandered with delight through gorgeous cathedrals, and galleries luminous with the pictures of the great masters. But the principal object of his tour was to ascertain the management of patients in different hospitals, to inspect anatomical museums and schools of medicine, and to obtain personal knowledge of the men who were at that time most eminent in the various branches of medical science.

Returning to Edinburgh with his note-book and his memory full of newly-acquired facts, he was elected, though still a young man, Senior President of the Royal Medical Society, and found scope for all his powers in private practice, in professional dissertations, and in lectures to medical students. He married Miss Jessie Grindlay, of Liverpool, in December, 1839, but there was no honeymoon; for at that time he was engaged in an eager canvass for a vacant chair in the medical department of the university. The appointment was with the Town Council, and each of the candidates competed to the utmost for the favour of its members. Testimonials were accumulated, friends were solicited for their influence, and so spirited was the contest, that Dr. Simpson spent five hundred pounds in printing and postage. Formidable interests were set in array against the baker's son, but the council acknowledged his fitness for the office, and he was able to write to his mother-in-law, 'Jessie's honeymoon and mine is to begin to-morrow. I was elected Professor to-day by a MAJORITY OF ONE. Hurrah!' He received many congratulations on his appointment, but the one he valued most was from his sister Mary, who had been as a mother to him in his boyhood, and who at the time of the election was with her husband on board a ship in the



channel, about to sail for Australia. 'My dear, dear, and fortunate brother, I have taken up my pen to wish you joy, joy; but I feel I am scarcely able to write. I never believed till now that excess of joy was worse to bear^{it} than excess of grief. I cannot describe how, but I certainly feel as I never did in all my life. I hope we will still be here to-morrow to learn all the particulars of this happy event. My dear, dear James, may God Himself bless you and prosper you in all your ways.'

Dr. Simpson's lectures drew many students to the class-room, and the
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first year his fees amounted to six hundred pounds. His private practice also increased with his increasing renown, and aristocratic families began to seek his advice. For a number of years he had struggled with pecuniary embarrassments, but at length his income exceeded his expenditure, and he was able to repay the amounts which had been advanced to him by members of his family. Though an enthusiast in all that related to his own science, he was at the same time passionately addicted to archaeological and other kindred pursuits. When he could snatch an hour from professional duties, it was devoted to the examination of ancient buildings and monumental stones, or to researches in antiquarian literature. His attention at one time was directed to the ancient leper-houses in England and Scotland, and by consulting old registers and monastic and municipal chronicles he traced the history of one hundred and nineteen hospitals founded for lepers. To those who have only thought of leprosy as an Oriental disease, it is startling to find that in past centuries it was so prevalent in Britain. We may well be thankful to God that no lazaret-house is now needed in any part of the country, and that the sad cry, 'Unclean, unclean!' is not heard in any of our streets. Dr. Simpson was also deeply interested in relics of the pre-historic inhabitants of the land; and friends and grateful patients often gratified him by sending accounts of graven rocks, or by augmenting his store of 'auld nick-nackets,' with fragments of antique pottery, flint spear-heads, and rude ornaments for the person, found in caves or turned up by the plough. He wrote and published works on archaeology as well as on surgery and medicine; and, considering his many engagements, evinced astonishing thoroughness and acquaintance with detail in all his books. As a writer, he had not the graphic lines, the gleams of sunny splendour, and touches of gorgeous colour, which came so freely from the pen of Hugh Miller; nor had he the brilliant imaginativeness which enabled George Wilson and David Brewster to throw into scientific disquisition the glow and enchantment of poetry; but he set his facts and theories in clear light, and gave a charm to them by grouping about them abundance of historical and biographical references.

In 1847, Dr. Simpson said, 'I can think of naught else.' This was in allusion to the use of sulphuric ether for the purpose of inducing unconsciousness in surgical operations, and in the line of practice to which he was specially devoted. Confident 'that the proud mission of the physician is distinctly twofold, namely, to alleviate human suffering as well as to preserve human life,' he was thankful beyond measure to see how, under the influence of ether, the patient, who otherwise would have been frenzied with pain, calmly slept while the surgeon was ampu-

tating a limb or removing an excrescence. But he saw some objections to ether, and experimented on himself with other volatile fluids, in the hope of finding one that would be thoroughly efficacious, and at the same time free from all injurious effects. The anæsthetic properties of chloroform were discovered by him almost accidentally. Some of the liquid, which had its origin in French chemistry, had been beside him for several days. 'But,' he said, 'it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind, that it was laid aside; and on searching for another object among some loose paper, after coming home late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it, and I poured some of the fluid into tumblers before my assistants, Dr. Keith and Dr. Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper, we all inhaled the fluid, and were all "under the mahogany" in a trice, to my wife's consternation and alarm. In pursuing the enquiry, perhaps thus rashly begun, I became every day more and more convinced of the superior anæsthetic effects of chloroform as compared with ether.' Chloroform was soon in extensive use both in surgery and obstetric practice, and Dr. Simpson was eulogized by many as a philanthropic discoverer; but there were some who, on religious grounds, objected to the triumph over pain which had been won by the new anæsthetic. In replying to them he adduced the fact that Christ has removed the curse under which man had fallen, and that the Gospel not only gives assurance of salvation for the soul, but also by its general spirit and tendency encourages all attempts to alleviate the sufferings of the body. He also quoted in illustration and support of his principle, Genesis ii. 21: 'And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.'

Though satisfied with chloroform, the Professor went on trying the effect of other fluids by personal inhalation of their vapours. One day his butler found him in his room in a state of unconsciousness, and said, 'He'll kill himsel' yet wi' thae experiments; and he's a big fule, for they'll never find onything better nor chlory.' Chloroform was in such demand that it was even kept in village shops, and Dr. Simpson was able to attest that in one place at least its sale was guarded with praiseworthy care. He was on an antiquarian excursion, and was accompanied by his youngest son, who had a sudden attack of toothache. Going into a druggist's shop he asked for a little chloroform, but the lady who had charge of the drugs, said, 'Na, na; we dinna sell chloroform to folk that kens naething about it.'

Dr. Simpson was spoken of by one who knew him as realizing the ideal of a perfect Esculapius, having the brain of an Apollo, the heart of a lion, the eye of an eagle and the hand of a lady. As his quick

judgment and amazing skill became more widely known, his services were in such request, and it was thought such a favour to obtain them, that his position in Edinburgh was more like that of a prince than a medical man. His reception rooms were crowded with patients; letters and telegrams were forwarded to him in swift succession, imploring his help, and many noble families were proud and thankful to have him as their physician. Nor was his reputation limited to the British Isles, for people came to consult him from almost all parts of the world, and a host of strangers visited Edinburgh, not to tread the stately gallery of Holyrood, or to see the regalia of the Scottish kings in the castle, but with the hope of receiving benefit from the famous doctor. He was one of the great notabilities of the city; and with a head resembling that of Professor John Wilson, and a countenance expressing intellectual power, yet beaming with kindly feeling, was looked upon as an embodiment of medical genius, and as a benefactor of mankind. Wealth flowed in upon him: he received as much as three hundred pounds in one fee, and his professional income was estimated as being not less than ten thousand pounds a year.

But magnificently conspicuous as he was among the medical brotherhood, it was not until 1861 that he sought and obtained that which was needed as the perfecting crown of his gifts and honours—the grace of God. It does not appear that at any time of his life he was inclined to scepticism, or that he was in captivity to any of the grosser forms of dissipation. He was so far in sympathy with the evangelical Ministers of Scotland, that after the Disruption he became a member of the Free Church, but he had no experience of religion as a joy for his inner life; for though when under the pressure of domestic sorrow or professional troubles he felt the need of Divine support, he did not throw himself in simple faith on the atonement of Christ. He held the Gospel more as a venerable relic of the past, than as a vitality more pervasive than that which makes the tree laugh with all its leaves in response to the voice of Spring. But in 1861 he yielded to a number of godly influences that were pressing upon him, and submitting himself to the Scriptural method of salvation, could say on the Christmas-day of that year, ‘My first happy Christmas; my only one.’ His joy was great, and it was heightened by conversions in his family. To a friend he wrote: ‘Of late the love of God to me and mine has been perfectly transcendent. Christ seems to have taken one and all of my family to Himself for the children of His kingdom.... The world seems quite, quite changed; all “old things” now are “passed away.”’ Family prayer was conducted not simply as a decent ceremony, but as a service abounding in sacred pleasure. Strangers felt themselves to be on holy ground when the hymn was sung by the children and the servants,

and the Doctor read a chapter in the Bible, and then sought the blessing of God on the various pursuits of the day. He was not only intent on doing good to those of his own household, but had tender and gracious words for many of his patients, and also took part in evangelical meetings.

To a company of medical students convened by request of the Committee of the Medical Missionary Society, he said: 'I feel as if it were scarcely fitting that I should stand up to speak upon the subject on which I am expected to address you,—I, who am one of the oldest sinners and one of the youngest believers in the room. When I got a note requesting me to do so, I was in a sick-bed, ill of fever, and I at once said, "I cannot do this." But when I came to reflect further, I felt I must do it. I cannot speak earnestly, or as I ought, *for* Jesus, but let me try to speak a little *of* Him—His matchless love, His great redemption which He offers to you and me.' The doctrines of the Gospel were presented in a forceful manner, and with professional allusions which would be thoroughly appreciated by the audience, and the address was concluded with the following exhortation: 'Many kind friends are trying to awaken you to the momentous importance of these things, and calling upon you to believe in Christ. If any of these, or anything you have heard here, has stirred you up, do not, I beseech you, put aside your anxiety. Follow it up; follow it out. If in your own lodgings, in the dark watches of the night, you are troubled with a thought about your soul—if you hear some one knocking at your heart—listen. It is He Who said, eighteen hundred years ago upon the sea of Galilee, "It is I; be not afraid." Open the door of your heart, Say to Him, Come in. In Christ you will find a Saviour, a Companion, a Counsellor, a Friend, a Brother, Who loves you with a love greater than human heart can conceive.'

In 1866 Dr. Simpson received a letter from Lord John Russell, informing him that he had received Her Majesty's command to offer him a baronetcy, as a recognition of his professional merits, and with special reference to his application of chloroform in surgical practice. The death of a son of great promise caused him to hesitate in accepting the offer, but the arguments of his friends prevailed, and with some violence to his own feelings he was invested with the honour. When it was known that he had received the patent, many letters of congratulation were sent to him, and the Edinburgh people shook hands with him until his arm was weary and sore. But there was no one so proud of the title as his brother Alexander at Bathgate. It was to him gratifying beyond expression that the Jamie who had carried out hot rolls and waited in the baker's shop had been raised to the rank of a baronet of the United Kingdom. Sir James Simpson did not long enjoy the distinction awarded to him. His strength was broken by excessive labours, and he

died on May 6th, 1870. In his last sickness he said, 'I have not lived so near to Christ as I desired to do. I have had a busy life, but have not given so much time to eternal things as I should have sought. Yet I know it is not my merit I am to trust to for eternal life. Christ is all. The hymn expresses my thought:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

I so like that hymn.' The words 'Jesus only' were frequently repeated by him; and in hope and thankfulness he passed away, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. There was a proposal to give him a tomb in Westminster Abbey, but his family, having regard to his own wish, buried him in Warriston Cemetery. His funeral was magnificent in the numbers who attended it, and the tears of the poor showed how generously he had befriended them. Glowing testimonies were given to his genius as a physician, and his nobleness as a Christian, among which were the following verses from one of his fellow-workers:

- 'Great in his art and peerless in resource,
He strove the fiend of human pain to quell;
Nor ever champion dared so bold a course
With truer art, or weapons proved so well.
- 'Yet greater was he in his own great soul,
A brimful fount of pity, warm and pure,—
Which, as the quiv'ring needle for its pole,
Panted to soothe the pains it could not cure.
- 'On such emprise his ardent heart was bent
While, walking by faith's holy light, he trod
The Shepherd's path, with tears and blood besprent,
Which leads the flock up to the hills of God!'

LESSONS FROM UNDER THE SURFACE.

How rich are the underlying lessons of truth which sometimes crop up to the spiritual observer from beneath the surface of Old Testament history! To the spiritual observer, it is said, for such lessons escape the eye of all but the spiritual mind. The deepest lessons of Holy Writ open themselves to man just as his heart is opened to Divine teaching by the Spirit of Truth. What a learned and pious Jew once said of the Canticles, may be said with much truth of the plainer and more historic parts of the Old Testament: 'None but a spiritual man can understand Solomon's Song so as to realize its design.' It is the more important to keep this in view during times when there is a danger of over-valuing mere intellectual culture, and of expecting too much from it as a qualification for interpreting Inspired Truth. High Biblical

culture is of great value when found in combination with pure spiritual discernment; and to a mind and heart thus prepared, the richest spiritual teachings of the Sacred Text will be happily unfolded. And while the balance is fairly kept between the well-disciplined, well-furnished intellect, and the spiritual sensibilities of the pure heart, the true underlying lessons of the hallowed page will be held precious, while there will be a guard against the danger of becoming over mystical, allegorical, or visionary. But while uncultured spiritual sense may be liable to betrayal into fantastic and unintelligible modes of interpretation, mere scholarship will be likely to find nothing but words and meanings, spiritless grammatic forms, or cold critical subtleties. Both miss the mark. Both fail of true edification. To the one, Old Testament History loses its substance; to the other, it is spiritless. Where the one finds dry, bare chronicles, the other sees everything but plain fact. Happy the man who keeps to the Divinely-recorded fact, and yet has his spiritual senses exercised to discern its deepest significance and its manifold instructiveness.

The necessity of spiritual-mindedness, in order to the discovery of what is spiritually instructive in the Word, is strikingly shown in the recorded experience of Christ's first disciples. It was only as the continued presence and daily teaching of the Master raised and spiritualized their thought, and opened on their expanding hearts the spiritual purposes of His manifestation, that they became alive to the spirit of Old Testament truth respecting Messiah's character and work. They had heard Moses read in the synagogue every Sabbath; they had probably read for themselves the prophetic passages on which Israel's hope was founded; they had learned the interpretations of Messianic truth as given by their great Doctors; and yet they had not known the deeper meaning and the higher allusions of Moses, the Psalms, and prophets respecting Jesus, the Cross and the Resurrection, until Jesus Himself opened their understanding, that they might thoroughly comprehend the Scriptures, and made their 'hearts burn within' them while He talked with them by the way, and while He opened to them the Scriptures. They had not as yet been spiritual enough to look into the Spirit's meaning, and were 'slow of heart to believe' His words. Nor was their standard of spiritual-mindedness equal to the clearer apprehension and richer enjoyment of 'all truth,' until the Spirit Himself had come to guide them into its heavenly secrets, and show them 'the deep things of God.' Then their Lord's discourses unfolded their profounder meaning to them, and they were prepared to draw from what had seemed but mysterious words the high lessons which were to hallow them, and bring the world to a spiritual

knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Now, the testimonies of the Scriptures to Christ, for which they had searched in vain, came breathing life from every page; and doubtless the Master's own interpretations of Moses and the Prophets, brought fresh to them by the Holy Ghost, became their Divine treasury of material for preaching the spiritual kingdom of God. Now, prophets' words had new meanings. Life now issued from dead facts. Now, tabernacle and temple, altar, blood and incense, table and candlestick, veil, cherubim, and mercy-seat, all gave out lights and voices, and revealed the long-hidden mysteries of their relation to the 'grace and truth' which 'came by Jesus Christ.' The Epistle to the Hebrews stands as a rich and beautiful illustration of that 'manifold wisdom' which the Old Testament writings disclose to the reverent and spiritually-minded man under the grace and government of the Holy Ghost.

The meanings which Apostles and inspired Evangelists found in Old Testament facts and symbols were true. The meanings were given on the Lord's authority. They could not have been discovered by the Apostles; but when discovered to them by the Author of the truth Himself, they could safely disclose them to others. Their interpretations were Divine. They were not at liberty to attach significations to any facts or symbols but such as the Spirit of Truth approved. With them, no prophecy was 'of any private interpretation.' They were not to explain a prophecy in any way but as the Spirit taught them. They could exalt nothing into the importance of a Divine symbol, but such as their Lord and His Spirit had marked as significant. They were to give no meanings to facts but such as were certified to them from above as Divine. Their teaching, therefore, both in letter and spirit, was always wholesome. Their interpretations of Scripture were always within safe limits. This cannot be said of all those who almost immediately followed them. They were spiritually-minded, it may be, but their spirituality was so influenced by Rabbinical tradition, or Eastern philosophy, or Western culture, that it too often became visionary, and lost its clear, healthy discernment.

Earlier examples might be quoted; but Origen, with all his learning and force of character, fell into the snare, and became an unenviable, if not pitiable, example of devotion to the allegorical mode of interpreting sacred history. Though he admitted that 'the passages which hold good in their historical acception are much more numerous than those which contain a purely spiritual meaning,' still, enslaved by his system, he would turn into allegory every fact that he found difficult to understand in its literal sense, or which was not agreeable to his morbid spiritual taste. His spiritualizing faculty was exercised not merely on

historical facts, but upon inspired promises and proverbs, not sparing Divine doctrinal decisions. Even his clearest, severest and most argumentative pages 'Against Celsus,' afford an illustration or two of the mildest colouring. 'When the letter of the law,' says he, 'promises riches to the just, Celsus may follow the letter which killeth, and understand it of worldly riches; but we say that it refers to those riches which enlighten the eyes, and which enrich a man in all utterance and in all knowledge.' And again, 'The precepts of our Lord, "Take no thought . . . what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink," and those which follow, are not inconsistent with the promised blessings of the law, which teaches that the just "shall eat bread to the full." For we must consider the food promised in the Law as the food of the soul, which is to satisfy not both parts of man's nature, but the soul only.' Thus, though he does not entirely ignore the literal sense, which he seemed unwilling to explain, he so exalts what he would call the spiritual meaning as to throw confusing shadows upon the simple primary sense.

In his Commentaries, however, where he deals with plain historical records, he appears most strikingly as the subject of what has been called the '*Furor allegoricus*,' a rage for expounding plain records of fact in an allegorical fashion, the distemper of a man never content with the clearly obvious and natural sense of the record, but ever seeking for some more profound and mysterious allusion. Origen, highly imaginative as he was, may the more easily have fallen into this unprofitable mode of interpretation, under the notion that he might thus more easily gain credit with the parti-coloured world of heathenism, by which the plainness and simplicity of the Scripture narratives were despised. However that may be, wherever his ingenuity could prevail, he subjected the Sacred Text to this spiritualizing process, much to the confusion of weaker minds, and often to the amusement of keen, unbelieving intellect. It was not that he fairly admitted the plain historical sense, and having placed it in a clear light, then suggested to the devout spiritual reader the moral and spiritual lessons which might be said to underlie the recorded facts; but he gave the primary place, if not the exclusive right, to his allegorical shapings of the narrative, until doubts gathered over the recorded events, and it became questionable whether there ever was any groundwork of real fact. Here was the mischief. Nor was this unhealthy fashion to die with Origen.

Augustine followed in the same style, with a little variation. He did the more to recommend it, as he was the more pure and deep in his spiritual-mindedness. Thus, in his 'Lectures on St. John,' he makes a 'mystery' of the statement that at the 'marriage in Cana of Galilee' there 'were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the

purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.' 'This prophecy of the six waterpots,' says he, 'extended to all nations....But how do we show that all nations belong to the "two or three measures apiece" ? It was a matter of reckoning, in some measure, that he should say the same waterpots contained, "two apiece," which he had said contained "three apiece;" evidently in order to intimate to us a mystery therein. How are there "two measures apiece" ? Circumcision and uncircumcision.. What the "three measures" but all nations, on account of the three sons of Noah ? Therefore the "six waterpots.. containing two or three firkins apiece," are six periods of time, containing the prophecy relating to all nations, whether as represented in two sorts of men, namely, Jews and Greeks, as the Apostle often mentions them, or as three sorts on account of the three sons of Noah. For the prophecy was represented as reaching unto all nations. And because of that reaching it is called a measure, even as the Apostle says, "We have received a measure for reaching unto you." For in preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles, he says, "A measure for reaching unto you."'

This style of comment or exposition has continued to be fruitful; and the results may be seen in the dreamy teachings of such Pietists and mystics as Madame Guyon, Jacob Boehm, and Emanuel Swedenborg; as well as in the incoherent professions of some peculiar sects which exist in our own times. These results show that such modes of dealing with the Sacred Text, however consistent they might be with the spirit of love, are not in keeping with the spirit of power and of a sound mind. The opposite extreme principle of interpretation is that of the severe school of criticism which will admit of nothing but the bare grammatical or historical sense of Old Testament records; carefully excluding all spiritual meaning, Christian dogma or evangelic allusion. It may, by some, be thought difficult to say which of these extremes lead the farther from the true and only safe course of the devout Christian student of God's will; though, on the whole, most people would be rather disposed to favour the spiritual and warmer style as being truer and safer than the severely scholastic and cold. There is, however, 'a more excellent way.'

The reverent, truth-seeking Christian is not to lose himself in mysteries until he is lost to plain facts. Type-making is not his business. Nothing is to be exalted into the character of a type, but what has been marked as typical by the Holy Spirit. Forgetting this, we may fall into the error of those who in their reverence for patristic literature, follow the imagination of the fathers far beyond the clear limits of inspired authority. Whatever lessons may be drawn from the historic records of Holy Writ,—moral, spiritual, social or political,—they

will prove lessons of practical wisdom only while they rest on legitimate interpretations of the record, while the facts of the case are left in their integrity, and the Scriptural statements respecting them are understood in the plain, obvious sense which agrees with the design of the writer. Why twist, distort or torture the record to bring out of it lessons for good? The inspired story may be held sacred and be enjoyed as a genuine story; and yet, underlying lessons, as we have remarked, will crop up to the spiritual observer, rich and powerful enough to make the story pleasant to his spiritual taste. One illustration may make our meaning more clear. Our space will allow but one. But one will be enough.

In the first Book of Samuel, Chapter ix., the 27th verse says, 'And as they were going down to the end of the city, Samuel said to Saul, Bid the servant pass on before us, (and he passed on,) but stand thou still a while, that I may show thee the word of God.' The eye of some would pass over this, seeing nothing, not even the simple beauty of the sketch, a sketch to the life of the venerable prophet, side by side with the noble stalwart figure of the king-elect, going aside out of the city thoroughfare to speak a Divine word in Saul's ear. Others might make a mystery of this, and spiritualize it until it had lost all historical reality. But it is truer to the Holy Spirit's purpose, and more pleasant, to realize the scene as the historian pictures it, and, at the same time, to catch the lessons which take form within us as we follow Samuel and his companion, and watch the prophet's mode of securing privacy, and fulfilling his secret mission to Saul. The lessons shape themselves thus :

There are times when God has things to say to us which He will not say, and which we cannot hear, except under certain prepared conditions. If the Divine word is to be effectually spoken to us, we must go 'down to the end of the city'—be in the condition of distance from the rush and whirl and din and strife of the crowd. We must, awhile, be away from the midst of common and mixed life and action. Even the servant must be bid to 'pass on before us.' We are to be alone with God. Yea, more; we must 'stand still awhile' that 'the word of God' may be shown to us. 'Stand still,' so that the inmost soul may be most deeply hushed; hushed into a stillness that will allow the 'still small voice' of the Divine Speaker to be heard, understood and felt.

It is only when in spirit we are far from the world, when we are free from every presence but the Divine, and when the inner man is in perfect rest and peace, that we can take in 'the deep things of God,' as they are shown to the quiet, susceptible soul by the Holy Ghost. The deep mysteries, the hidden riches of God's will, are made known, as to Abraham, only in 'the place afar off,' when the 'young men' are left

to tarry behind, or in the silent, lonely 'field' of meditation 'at the eventide,' as to Isaac; or when far away from all kindred among the solitary stones of Bethel, with Jacob; or on the lone side of Jabbok in the deep night; or in the desert 'cave' away in 'Horeb, the mount of God,' with Elijah; or amidst the solemnities of wakeful hours on the bed, the times of sweet communings 'in the night watches.' Blessed Redeemer, Whose example would sometimes lead us 'into a mountain apart to pray,' that, like Thee, 'when the evening is come,' we may be 'there alone,' and yet with Thee, teach us this lesson of preparation for Thy sweetest inspoken words of love, this lesson of distance from the world, distance from the vain help of man, distance from the hindrances and interruptions of self.

S. W. C.

THOUGHTS ABOUT JESUS.

BY THE REV. JOHN BATE.

JESUS is the 'brightness' of the Father's 'glory, and the express image of His Person.' But what mortal eye ever saw the *full* manifestation of either? A *few rays* of the 'brightness,' and a *few lineaments* of the 'image' were seen through the veil of His flesh: but the FULL REVELATION is reserved until we have a *heavenly* vision. Then shall we 'see Him as *He is*.'

Jesus did not regard His humiliation finished when He 'took upon Him the form of a servant,' and lived as such. The lowest step in His humiliation was reached when He 'became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross,'—the worst and basest kind of punishment for wrong-doing. He did this that He might atone for the vilest sins, and reach human nature in its deepest depths of depravity and guilt.

As Jesus descended to the lowest depths of humiliation on earth to reach man in his deepest depravity and guilt, so He afterwards ascended to the highest place of exaltation in heaven, that He might lift man up to His own dignity and holiness. 'Where I am,' He says, 'there shall also My servant be.' 'He became poor' that we 'through His poverty might be rich.'

The priest, when he saw the poor man who had fallen among thieves, went on the other side; the Levite did the same: but the Good Samaritan came, saw, had compassion, mollified his wounds, and made provision for his full restoration. Thus, while man in his uncharitableness and self-righteousness, acts heartlessly towards his fellow in want and misery, Jesus, heaven's incarnate Benefactor, comes to Humanity

in its poverty, ruin and wretchedness; sees, pities, helps, blesses, and provides for it *a salvation to the uttermost*.

Jesus, like the sun, is beautiful, glorious, and full of blessings to our earth, in Himself; but His saints are like the moon, only beautiful and useful as they derive light from Him.

Although Jesus rebuked Martha, He did not rebuke industry, order, cleanliness and hospitality in the household. He rebuked that *spirit* which places them as hindrances in the way of access to Him and His word. Excellent as these are, He and His word are more excellent; necessary as these may be, He and His word are more necessary. Therefore these should be secondary, He and His word should be first. Mary-like, we should make choice of the 'one thing,' of the 'good part,' although in so doing we incur the censure of the lovers of the world. This we can meekly endure, if we sit, where we ought, at the Master's feet, receive His word, His approval, and His blessing.

Jesus in *pictures* does not save a man any more than fire in pictures warms him. Jesus in *history* blesses him no more than Julius Cæsar in history. Jesus in the *Gospels* is no more a source of good to him than Peter, James, or John. Jesus in the *imagination* is of no more benefit to his life than the archangel Gabriel. He must dwell as a *reality of Life and Truth in the heart*. Then is He to a man more than all they and all the universe besides. And how is He thus to be realized? By His own Divine Spirit coming as a Personal Effluence from Himself, piercing, permeating, subduing, melting the heart, and filling it with Himself.

A great deal that is taught in these days as the doctrine of Jesus, is His in the same way that the water in the Thames near London Bridge is the same that came forth from the clear springs of the beautiful vales of Oxfordshire,—much has been added in bulk and quality from human resources, making it muddy and unusable for human life, except after a process of *filtration*.

The other day I visited a Christian, eighty-five years of age. He was sinking under infirmities and sickness. He had lost almost all memory of persons and things around him. He did not know me, although he had seen me frequently, nor did he seem to know anything I said to him. I finally asked him, 'Do you know Jesus and love Him?' He lifted in an instant his sinking head and clasped his feeble hands, and cried out to the utmost strength of his voice, 'O yes! I do know Him and love Him; my blessed Jesus!' Thus, Jesus abides with His own, when all things and all persons besides fade and vanish from knowledge and memory.

Jesus hated no man as man, but loved him with the love of His

Divine heart. What He hated was in man as extraneous and ruinous to his nature. He hated hypocrisy, self-righteousness, pride, cant, injustice, oppression, pharisaism, unbelief, dishonesty, untruthfulness, meanness. These things, and such like in man, He hated with all the intensity of His Godhead.

There was no more Divinity manifested in the miracles of Jesus than in His life and teachings. When He said to the man, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee,' He showed Himself Divine as when He said, 'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.' He was Divine in the calm, as in rising and saying to the stormy winds, 'Peace, be still.' He was God in taking infants in His arms and blessing them, as in casting seven devils out of Mary Magdalene; God in forgiving His enemies, as in raising to life the dead body of His 'friend' Lazarus.

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

The noble women of Weinsberg,
As long as the world shall stand,
Shall find a place in the minstrel lays
Of the German Fatherland.

Bravely the citizens held out against
O'erwhelming numbers. Not for many a day
Had they partaken food in quantity
Sufficient for their need. Their choicest men
Had fallen at the outposts; or, were stretch'd
On beds of sickness, wounded, spirit-crush'd,
Despairing of success; for well they knew
That Conrad was preparing, with a host
Of troops well-disciplined, and all elate
With hope of victory, to push the siege
With greater vigour; and had sworn by all
He held most sacred that the morning light
Should be the last their eyes would ever see.

How slowly pass'd the hours until the dawn,
Though, through the long dark night, unceasingly
They heard a thousand nameless sounds which told
Of active preparation in the camp
For the great final conflict. When, at last,
The darkness disappear'd, and the bright sun
Rose, radiant from his slumbers, scattering all
The gloom of night, and lighting up the sky
With beams of splendour; everywhere they saw
Advancing troops cheering each other on.
Resistlessly they scaled the walls, and seized
The city gates; and though the burghers fought
With all the energy of dire despair,
'Twas fruitless, and in vain. The German troops
Drove all before them; and ere long the town
Lay at the mercy of the conqueror.

Victorious Conrad, terribly enraged
That such a handful of brave men had held
His troops so long at bay, gave strict command
To set the women and the children free
To go where'er they chose ; but bind the men,
And, without mercy, put them to the sword.

In vain the women sought with tears to move
His heart to pity. All in vain they held
Their infants in their arms, and for their sakes
Besought his pardon for the citizens.
The edict had gone forth that they must die,
And could not be recall'd. Yet he would grant
This boon to them : Each woman might convey
Upon her shoulder, or her arms, whate'er
She held most dear, and none should hinder her.

Dejectedly they left his presence—all
That they possess'd seem'd valueless, compared
With their dear husbands' lives. But when they reach'd
The open square, one noble Norman stood
A moment in deep thought. Then cried aloud,
'Women of Weinsberg ! cast aside your grief ;
Take courage, for your conqueror hath said,
Let each one take that which she holds most dear
Upon her shoulders, or within her arms :
What in the whole wide world is worth a thought
Compared with those we love ? I shall attempt,
God grant me strength to do it, to convey
My husband on my shoulders to the place
Appointed us beyond the city gates.'

No argument was needed, they dispersed
To their own homes, and when the time arrived
To quit the city, every noble wife
Bore her doom'd husband on her back ; the host
Murmur'd at such an unexpected sight,
And called it an evasion : but although
Severe in war, the Emperor was struck
With their heroic conduct, and forbade
His soldiers to molest them. So the men,
Their wives, and children, all were saved alive.

And the noble women of Weinsberg,
As long as the world shall stand,
Shall have a place in the minstrel lays
Of the German Fatherland.

JOHN RILEY ROBINSON.

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER XIII.—A NARROW ESCAPE.

WILLIE had been four years at sea. He had learned his duties thoroughly, knew every rope and spar, could strike a whale, when

allowed to try, with scientific precision, had studied navigation, and bade fair to become a master at no distant date. At the termination of this, Willie's fourth voyage, Jack's apprenticeship would end. He had never ceased to be jealous of Willie, but had refrained from showing his dislike, as he had done at first. The 'Bonnie Sarah' was again full, and they were about to leave the country. One day the men went for an expedition on the ice. Willie did not go with the larger party, he and one or two others wanted a fox, and they took a different direction. They had not proceeded far when they saw three bear's cubs playing on the ice. Willie thought of Jipstone, and shot one of the cubs. He caught it up, and ran off towards his ship, for the report of the gun had alarmed the mother, who came bounding over the ice. She saw Willie with her young one in his arms, glanced at him a moment as though she were calculating the distance between him and the ship, then caught up a young cub in her teeth, and rushing to an open space, threw it into the sea, fetched the other and treated it in like manner: this was the work of a minute—then she bounded towards Willie. Jack saw her, and knew that Willie could not escape, for his gun was not charged; yet he took no step forward, raised not his gun, but waited to see the result.

Willie had reached the ship's side, thrown the dead cub on the deck, and was climbing up when the bear reached him. Another instant, and he would have been torn down, but at that moment, when Willie could feel the breath of the enraged bear, a ball pierced her head and she rolled over on the ice.

Who had saved him? Not Jack, for he was creeping out of sight; no, he owed his life to his friend. George had set out with the larger party, but from one of those sudden, unaccountable impulses which sometimes move the mind without any apparent reason, he had turned back, and came in sight just in time to save the youth from a horrible death. He had also seen Jack, but he thought it well not to mention that circumstance. Jack was about to leave them, he was not clever, never would be anything more than a man before the mast; he would say nothing to prejudice others against him, to make life worse for him.

When George came up, a strange, unwonted moisture dimmed his usually brilliant dark eyes.

'Willie, boy, are you hurt?'

'No, thanks to you, old fellow, or now I should be a meal for that huge monster, or perhaps thrown into the water, as she treated her cubs.'

'Don't talk of it, Willie, it makes me shiver.'

Captain Winter came up, and was told by Willie how George had saved him from the bear.

'You are a brave fellow, George, and a capital shot, or you could not



(A Narrow Escape.)

have killed the creature from that distance; you must have her skin as your trophy of merit.'

'Thanks, Captain, that would be too much, you must have that.'

'Not I! I am not so fond of bears; no, you must take it, to remind you of this day's work, for I believe you are the only one likely to forget it; Willie will not, neither shall I.'

George took the skin for a rug, and the skin of the head he made into a cap the fac-simile of a bear's head, with the ears upright and the eyes open, and lined it with oil-silk. When completed, he put it on and went to Willie, when he knew that he should find him alone. Hearing a peculiar noise, Willie looked up and saw a bear's head nodding at him in the crevice of the doorway; he jumped up, exclaiming, 'George!'

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'So you are not afraid of bear the second, Willie?'

'No! because I knew no bear would come down here.'

'How do you like my new-fashioned cap?'

'Very much, it is ~~so~~ uncommon.'

'Do you think it will satisfy Jipstone's taste?'

'Yes, he would be delighted with it; but, George, it is yours and you must wear it.'

'What! to frighten all the good folks who may chance to see me; no, I made it for you to give Jipstone, if you will; any how it is yours; there,' tossing the cap on to Willie's head, for which it was much too large, so it covered his face. He only needed the skin to make him a veritable bear, George declared, laughing.

Disencumbering himself, Willie thanked his friend for remembering his wish, as well as for the present itself. The cap was beautifully made and would have done credit to a professed furrier.

CHAPTER XIV.—'A MAN OVERBOARD.'

As the 'Bonnie Sarah' neared the Orkneys she encountered rough weather, and one morning, just as it began to be light, arose the cry, 'A man overboard!' Willie was on deck, and to jump after the man was the work of a second. The sea was rough, but he could swim well, and had a brave heart, and tried to reach the man whose head he had just seen at a distance. He succeeded in seizing him by the hair as he was sinking a third time, and kept his head above water until the boat, which was now lowered, reached them, and friendly hands rescued them from their perilous position. Willie changed his garments and was no worse for his adventure. Not so the other; it was some time before the doctor could restore him to consciousness. It was happy for him that a medical man was on board, which was not always the case. But this gentleman wished to make a northern voyage, and his uncle being an old friend of Captain Winter, the nephew was engaged as medical officer. Had it not been for his exertions, the man would not have recovered. How he had fallen into the sea was not exactly known, but it was well known that Willie's promptitude and the doctor's skill saved him. And the man knew that also, when he became well enough to hear how he had been rescued from a watery grave.

Some curiosity was evinced to see how the man would act, for all knew that he had no kindly feeling for Willie.

Could they have looked into his heart, they would have seen a curious mixture of pride, repentance and shame, for the rescued man was Jack. Pride forbade him to own himself in the wrong; repentance said, 'Own your fault and amend;'; shame said, 'How can I when I have done

such injuries?' He felt quite relieved when he made his first appearance on deck to find that Willie was not there. His self-gratulation did not last long. Willie saw him, and came up to congratulate him on his recovery. Jack muttered some indistinct thanks, and turned to the side of the vessel and leaned over as if to watch the fish.

Willie was rather disappointed; he did not want thanks, he would rather be without them; but he did wish for a better feeling to exist, and had hoped that Jack's narrow escape from death would have taught him charity.

Willie was on watch and walking the deck between eleven and twelve that night, when some one came up to him. At first he did not see who it was, but soon found that it was Jack.

'Jack, you here? It is not your watch; besides, it is not time to relieve yet.'

'I know that, Willie; indeed, that is the reason I came now. I want to ask you a question, Willie.'

'With all my heart. Ask away.'

'Why did you save me?'

'Why! why, how could I have let you go down without a try to keep you up? You cannot swim, although you ought to learn.'

Jack turned away, walked a few paces, then rejoined Willie.

'I say, Willie, I can't understand you risking your life for mine, when, without any risk, I would not save you from the bear!'

'Jack, how can you think that I should remember that when you were in danger?'

'It would have been natural.'

'I don't know; I think not. It seems to me more natural to help a fellow in distress, than to run away.'

Jack again walked away, but, as before, came back.

'Willie, can you look over the past and let us be friends?'

'Why, Jack, the past never troubles me, and I shall be very glad to be friends with you; it is what I have wanted ever since we sailed together.'

'You don't mean that, Willie?'

'Indeed I do, Jack. I never was angry with you.'

'But I gave you plenty of reason to be vexed with me.'

'Well, if you did, you see it was of no use; for I always said to myself, I'll try to be just to Jack, and not to worry about trifles'

'Willie, did that come of reading "the Book" ?'

'I think it did, Jack.'

'Willie!' and Jack's voice was scarcely above a whisper, 'Willie, I thought a great deal when I was in bed, more than ever I did in all

my life before, and I should like to know more of that "Book." Will you tell me?'

Willie was silent,—silent with a thankful awe that filled his heart with joy. How good God was to him! he had barely done his duty.

Jack said, 'Willie, you don't believe me!'

'Indeed I do, Jack, and you shall have "the Book" to read whenever you like. Here it is, take it with you; you can give it me to-morrow.'

Jack took 'the Book;' and this time shaking Willie's hand, he went below.

Willie continued his walk to and fro, so happy that he forgot the time, and kept the watch for another as well as his own, and did not discover his mistake until that one came on deck half-dressed, and muttering excuses about having overslept himself.

'Never mind, old fellow; you will take my watch some night, then we shall be even.'

'I never saw such a fellow as you are, Willie, to make excuses for one.'

MADAME FELLER AND HER CANADIAN MISSION.

(Continued from last Number.)

As soon as she was strong enough, Madame Feller spent her mornings in the open air, seated at the foot of a gigantic pine, and engaged in reading and prayer; the Bible on her knees, with a hymn-book, or such a work as the 'Life of Henry Martyn,' the perusal of which filled her soul with earnest longings for missionary life. In this great temple of nature she beheld the glory of the Lord Almighty, and studied the works of His hands. Her thoughts were engaged upon that eternal life which 'eye hath not seen.' She held communion with Jesus. His love was 'shed abroad' in her heart, and her aspirations, her emotions and her desires ascended to heaven and to God. She would often exclaim with the Psalmist, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' During this precious season of retreat from the busy world, the Word of God was such a treasure of light and life to her soul as she had never found it before. It seemed to her quite a new book. She read it over and over; she prayed over it; she under-scored, in the copy that was in daily use, the statements and promises which peculiarly interested her. More than that, she enjoyed at the same time sweet and holy fellowship with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, realizing the truth of the Saviour's promise, 'He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.'

This sojourn in the mountains was an epoch in Madame Feller's life. She was revived and sanctified; her faith and love were strengthened and developed. It was a renewal of her covenant with God and of her consecration to Him, and it exerted a blessed influence on her whole future. The Lord was fitting her for His service. She always spoke of this period of her experience with reserve, except to those who understood 'the deep things of God.' When she met with fellow Christians who had received a similiar baptism of the Spirit, she was ever ready to declare with gratitude what the Lord had done for her soul.

Madame Feller's health being now fairly restored, on her return to Lausanne she resumed her benevolent activities, and entered on a career of enlarged charity. In addition to the usual objects of her kindness, she became particularly engaged on behalf of distressed persons, not reckoned among the common poor, who suffered in silence, and who lived in barns, lofts and places of that description, where they were unnoticed and unknown. She sought them out in their hiding-places, and administered such help and relief as were needed. These visits were generally paid in the evenings, and often prolonged far into the night, her affectionate sympathy making her unobservant of the lapse of time. When she returned home, all was silent in the city. She seldom met any person but the watchmen who were going their rounds. They recognized her by her little lantern, and sometimes walked behind her to guard her till she reached her own house.

Madame Feller was thus diligently pursuing her 'work of faith and labour of love' in her own native Canton, when her way opened to a new and distant sphere of Christian enterprise. The revival of religion in Switzerland had resulted in a revival of the missionary spirit. The 'Lausanne Missionary Society' had been resuscitated, and the directors were casting about for suitable agents and appropriate fields of labour. As they wished more especially to promote the spiritual welfare of nominal Roman Catholic and destitute peoples of French descent, they first thought of the island of Mauritius, or the Cape of Good Hope. They ultimately fixed upon Canada, however, as the scene of their first efforts, and the Rev. M. Olivier, who had been labouring for some time with acceptance at Lausanne, was sent out as their first Missionary. Between Madame Olivier and Madame Feller there had long existed a close and sacred friendship, which had been cemented by their frequent intercourse and united efforts in the various works of charity in which they were both engaged. This intimacy was kept up by correspondence after their separation from each other. Madame Olivier's representations of the spiritual destitution of the French Canadians, among whom her lot was cast, and the field which was opening up for the beneficial

employment of female effort and influence, produced such an impression upon Madame Feller's mind that, after serious consideration and prayer for Divine direction, she made up her mind to join her friend in the distant land to which she had gone, and unite with her in the blessed work in which she was occupied.

It was not without difficulty that Madame Feller severed her connection with her beloved Switzerland, with all its tender associations. Many of her friends doubted the wisdom of the step she was about to take, seeing she was so usefully employed in various works of Christian charity in her own country. But the person who most strongly opposed the enterprise was her aged father, whose family she had rejoined in her widowhood, after settling her worldly affairs, her mother having died several years previously. When made acquainted with the state of affairs, Madame Feller replied, 'All my father's objections, and many more, have been long under consideration; but I feel sure that the Lord will provide for filling up my place in the family, and that my departure will not weaken our mutual affection or our confidence in each other. My family will understand me, and approve my course. I had contemplated a Missionary life before I knew Monsieur and Madame Olivier, and I had thought of Canada before they went there. I have thought and prayed much on the subject, for I was afraid of doing my own will. But my convictions have been continually strengthened and confirmed, and now I am certain I am answering God's call.' When this reply was reported to M. Odin by M. Fivaz, who had been requested to reason with Madame Feller on the subject of her projected mission, he reluctantly acquiesced, saying, 'We can do nothing: when she once makes up her mind to anything, it is impossible to divert her from it. What shall we do without her?'

The necessary preparations for the voyage having been completed, and a solemn valedictory service having been held, amid many sincere regrets at parting and fervent prayers for her success, Madame Feller left Lausanne on the 17th of August, 1835, accompanied by M. Rousey, a young student who had been selected from the academy to be sent forth by the Society on the same blessed errand. The Missionaries were detained some time at Havre, and did not embark for America till the 20th of September. They arrived at New York on the 23rd of October, after a rather boisterous passage, and with as little delay as possible proceeded to Montreal, where they met with a cordial reception from M. and Madame Olivier, who had for some time been anticipating their arrival.

The first letter which Madame Feller wrote on reaching her destination was addressed to her beloved father. It is so full of affectionate kindness

and earnest solicitude for his spiritual welfare, that we cannot refrain from extracting a few sentences from it as a specimen of the general tone and style of her correspondence. After giving an interesting account of the voyage, she says, 'Count me still a member of the family, I beseech you. Associate me in all your affairs. O do not think that I left you because my love was feeble! No! God is my witness that you are all very dear to me, and I should not have had courage to leave you, if I had not been convinced, as indeed I was, that it was the will of God. If you had known all that was passing in my mind, and how I was consumed by the desire to serve God, you would have said, "Go." My dear father, I entreat you not to accuse any one of having drawn me into the course I have taken. It was not in the power of any human being to fill my soul with love to the Lord. No power but that of the Spirit of God can form in a poor weak creature like me those desires and affections which have so long prevailed in my soul. Do not think that I have lightly entered upon this path. For years I have closely observed what was passing in my own mind. O, my dear father, do not accuse me of fanaticism! I conjure you, as on my bended knees, have pity on your soul. Judge yourself by the Word of God, which will soon judge us all, and then you will see, as I have seen, that you are a poor sinner, and you will accept as a guilty man, the grace which Jesus in His love offers you. Hasten to be reconciled to God. There is but one way of reconciliation,—faith in the Lord Jesus. O that God would give it you! Then, with your heart filled with love to the Saviour, you will comprehend how it is that your daughter, who ten years ago obtained the forgiveness of her sins, enjoys the sweet peace of Jesus, and has been led to desire to live only for Him Who died for her; and far from blaming her, you will rejoice. Farewell, dear father! Always think of your daughter Henrietta, and continue to love her; and may God hear your prayers, and pour upon you His richest benediction.'

Madame Feller spent her first winter in Canada in earnest efforts for the enlightenment and salvation of the French-speaking Canadians, by domestic visitation, by the instruction of children and by the distribution of the Scriptures. She went from house to house to read the Word of God and to converse with the inmates on its truths and promises. But her endeavours were strenuously opposed by the priests, who commanded the members of their flocks to commit the Bibles to the flames, and discountenanced all intercourse with the Missionary. A small school was opened, which encountered the same difficulties and discouragements. On the 29th of June, 1836, Madame Feller writes as follows:

'In the midst of many difficulties and much opposition, we have been

enabled by the favour of God to commence a school, with seven children. Many others came for a short time, and then left; but the first seven, who persevered notwithstanding the threatenings of the priests, give us joy and hope. Only one of them can read. These children are remarkably rough in their manners; yet they are so happy in coming to us that they seem rather like children going to two mothers than to two mistresses; and we on our parts receive them with the warm affection of motherly love. The parents of our dear little Canadians receive us with pleasure, and listen to the reading of the Word of God. In all the houses which I visit, they allow me to speak freely of the Gospel. But we meet with violent opposition. Wherever the priests learn that there is a Testament, the owner is commanded to burn it. These wretched enemies to God have been much disconcerted by our visits to their flocks, and have forbidden them from the pulpit to receive me or to listen to me. This makes my path a little more difficult, but I look to the Lord and resolve to hold on; the Lord is able to give efficiency to His holy Word, though sown by one so weak and contemptible; and certainly if He will deign to do so, His glory will be more manifest than if there was any attempt to attribute worthiness to the poor instrument He has chosen to employ.'

Whilst Mesdames Feller and Olivier were thus engaged in teaching and visiting, Messrs. Olivier and Roussy were employed in preaching the Gospel as they had opportunity; and notwithstanding the difficulties with which they had to contend, their labours were 'not in vain in the Lord.' In the month of March, 1837, writing to her sister in Switzerland, Madame Feller was enabled to report two hopeful converts as the result of their united efforts. Even this small measure of success was encouraging to the zealous servant of the Lord, but she was much exercised in her mind as to the future course of action that should be adopted by the little band of faithful Missionaries. In reference to this she writes:

'We do not yet know what our gracious God will do for us. Our condition here is altogether provisional. We hold the house in which we are living till the end of April. If we are spared till then, a new course will be marked out for us. M. Olivier's state of health points out the desirableness of leaving the city and going into the country. We are thinking of a populous village, where we may be able, according to the strength that shall be given to us, to carry on our labours as Missionaries. But "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" therefore we are looking as servants to our Master, expecting that He will command us to go to the right hand or to the left; by His grace we are ready to do whatever He shall appoint. He has put into our hearts

a sincere desire to do His will, and His grace will give effect to the desire.'

The apprehension expressed in reference to M. Olivier's state of health was not without cause. In the course of a few months it became worse and worse, and eventually he and his wife returned to Switzerland, where he soon afterwards finished his course in peace. Meanwhile, M. Roussy remained at his post, and proved himself to be an earnest and faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, both as a teacher of youth and as an Evangelist. But henceforth the main burden and responsibility of the Mission devolved upon Madame Feller. For this charge she was well adapted both in body and mind, and for the long period of thirty-two years she discharged the important duties of matron of the Mission, visitor of the sick, collector and treasurer of the funds, and general superintendent of the Institution.

For some time after Madame Feller and M. Roussy were left to themselves, they laboured at St. John's, where one commenced a little school and the other began preaching in the Methodist chapel, which was kindly placed at his disposal. The impression made was very feeble, however, owing to the determined opposition of the Romish priesthood and the consequent backwardness of the French Canadians to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the religious services or of obtaining education for their children. The prospect of the future being far from encouraging, a more eligible place for the head-quarters of the Mission was sought for. After much enquiry and sincere prayer for Divine direction, it was decided to remove to a place called Grand Ligne, a long, straggling village in the centre of a considerable rural population, which had for some time been one of M. Roussy's out-stations, and where a good impression had been made by his preaching.

(To be concluded.)

NOW AND THEN IN JERSEY.

THE Society founded by John Wesley has been essentially a pioneer Church. Wesley himself was a Pioneer, and his successors have followed his great example in taking the Gospel to all the world. From the ancient and imperial city of Rome, where is reared a monument of Methodist enterprise and zeal, to the far-away banks of the Red River, where Dr. Punshon gathered in a first conference the Missionaries of the Rocky Mountains and the Saskatchewan, the Methodist churches dot the landscape, at once memorials of pious zeal and evidences of the living power of the Cross.

This progressive work has been attended by persecution. All Chris-

tian effort has involved persecution, and the Wesleyan has had this cross to bear like the rest.

From a French writer on the history of Jersey we gather much that is interesting in relation to its religious progress; and much that throws light on the extent and tendency of the Methodist persecution. The earliest form of Protestantism there—that which had taken root in the time of the Reformation—was Presbyterian and Calvinistic; but in the course of years this was succeeded by the Established Church of England. Anglicanism in Jersey assumed a character of intolerance. The mass of the people became Anglican, but unenlightened, as our authority says, on the doctrine of gentleness and tolerance. They conserved the worst features of Calvinism, and readily enacted the English laws against all Nonconformists; and so, like Saul of Tarsus, they imagined they were doing God's work, and aiding in establishing His kingdom upon earth, in proportion as they persecuted those who walked in the faith, no matter how consistently, in a manner differing from their own. 'We only have the truth,' said they; 'and therefore all others must necessarily be in error.'

Such was the doctrinal condition of Jersey a hundred years ago. But a gentler and more tolerant creed, first promulgated in Holland, soon spread into England, and found its way to the island, and inaugurated a happier epoch. Wesley was among the most earnest disciples of the more loving faith, and he soon began to preach holiness, faith, gentleness and tolerance; and sought to form, as he himself said, a holy people by regeneration.

Methodism, as is well known, grew rapidly, and spread from the Old even to the New World. In America it was found by two natives of Jersey, who, returning to their home in the Channel Islands, brought the new principles with them, and succeeded in establishing a little Society, to which Wesley, at their request, sent a Preacher—Robert Carr Brackenbury. In 1787 the Society numbered two hundred members; and in August of that year the great apostle of the eighteenth century, John Wesley, himself visited the island, preached in various parts, and established centres, which prospered greatly, in spite of strenuous persecution on the part of the Anglicans. The persecution was long and bitter; but with few exceptions it was met with a passive resistance. In few instances were the Methodists provoked into retaliation; and even in rare cases, when irritated beyond endurance, the pious souls used no more offensive weapon than their tongues. There is a good story told of one M. F. Bailliau, a Preacher, which illustrates the attitude of the Wesleyans towards their persecutors. He was preaching in the little chapel at La Ville à l'Évêque, in the parish of

Trinity, away towards Rozel, when an attack was made on the building by some ruffians, countenanced and encouraged by the Anglican clergy and people of the better class; and the glass of the windows was broken. The good man's wrath was enkindled, and he cried out in the vernacular:

'Si Paul "a combattu, selon l'homme, contre les bêtes à Ephèse," nous avons à combattre, selon l'homme, contre celles de la Trinité.'

'If Paul "fought, as a man, against the beasts at Ephesus," we have to fight, as a man, against those of Trinity.'

This was but an instance of the continual annoyance to which the Methodists were exposed when they assembled together. They were reviled, troubled, bespattered with mud and maltreated alike by the civil authorities, the Clergy and the mob; and there are records of persons being imprisoned for the offence of having opened their houses for Methodist meetings.

But steady perseverance in well doing could not be for ever without results. There were those who would have banished the obnoxious sect from the island, as Mr. Joseph Cowen's protégé was recently driven from Guernsey; and so strong was the feeling against them that the 'States'—that is, the Legislative Assembly—actually demanded from the King an order for their expulsion. At that very time the Wesleyans obtained from George III. the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience for Jersey, a declaration which secured actual toleration for all sects and the highest privileges for every resident: so that now the only rivalry is in well doing.

From their first establishment to the present day the Methodists have been a blessing and a benefit in the island. Schools and benevolent institutions have sprung up under their hands, and their zeal has been a constant incentive to other denominations, and particularly to the Anglicans. It was their influence which induced the authorities to change the day for military exercises and elections, which had formerly taken place on Sundays; and in every direction their places of meeting are no less memorials of toleration won by the Society, than of their holy influence in the direction of purity of living.

Recently walking in the neighbourhood of Saint Aubin, I came upon 'Tabor.' At a few yards distance I sought hospitality. The sabots at the farm-house door, the Methodist Magazines in the French language and the tasteful but simple appointments of the house, indicated that the people were pure Jersiais, of old Norman extraction. I saw the lady of the house only, a young and lovely woman of the French type of face. She was simple and unsophisticated, but in every action and movement there was a grace seldom discerned among

rural residents in England. She was a French Dinah Morris. Her kindness was undemonstrative but hearty.

In thinking of Methodism in Jersey—the turbulence of the past, the grace and peace of the present,—I involuntarily symbolize the two periods by the two central figures of this sketch,—the angry Preacher of Trinity and the gentle hostess of Tabor. SYDNEY ROBJOHN.

A SINNER SAVED.

‘Not of works, lest any man should boast.’—EPHESIANS II. 9.

LORD JESUS! see me grope,	‘But one short hour of life hast thou;
Unguided, after Thee.	And God the past requireth now!’
Lord Jesus! is there hope	May naught forgiveness buy?
For one undone, like me?	Then let my sorrow pay:
‘See, Justice whet’s her sword to slay!	My sins are great, but I
Quick, rebel! what hast thou to	Will weep them all away!
say?’	‘The crimes of all thy misspent
I succour’d, yesternight,	years,
A child of Thine, my Lord:	Shall they be blotted out with
The storm was at its height—	tears?’
I gave him bed and board!	Then am I lost indeed!
‘For one good deed can I forgive	Lord Jesus, pity take!
A guilty wretch not fit to live?’	Thy death alone I plead—
Lord Jesus! but remove	Save, for Thy mercy’s sake!
These guilty fears of mine,	‘Justice, no rebel there I see!
Thee I will ever love,	Mercy, conduct that saint to Me!’
My life shall all be Thine!	SAMUEL WRAT.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. GILBERT WILSON, OF ALFORD.

MR. WILSON was a Class Leader for forty-five years, and a Local Preacher nearly half a century. As a youth, he pursued for some time a course of worldly pleasure and dissipation; but when about twenty years of age, he became deeply convinced of sin. He resided at that time at Scarborough. We have heard him say that for many months he, like Bunyan’s Pilgrim, carried a load intolerable to be borne. He commenced meeting in Class, but week after week passed, and he could only mourn on account of the heaviness of his spirit. Having told his Leader of his continued anguish of mind, he was surprised by the old man telling him he would value peace and pardon all the more for having waited so long for it. The day of deliverance

came at last, and his joy was as exultant as his sorrow had been deep ; and from that day to the close of his course he never wavered, he never fainted, but his spiritual life rapidly grew and matured. We have met with few men who maintained so consistently so high a tone of piety.

Gilbert Wilson was for many years associated with the choir attached to the old chapel at Alford. Not only had he a pleasant voice, but he could play well on more than one instrument—his favourite being the bass viol. He had one, mainly of his own manufacture, and a very fair instrument it was.

As a Local Preacher, Mr. Wilson had few equals, and fewer superiors, during his long course of service. He was popular everywhere, and no complaint was ever made, or disappointment manifested, if Mr. Wilson was sent as a supply. His sermons were very earnest, full of Christ and the atonement ; and were always delivered so as to impress a congregation with the fact of his own deep conviction of the truths he uttered. He preached for souls, and very many were, through his instrumentality, turned to the Lord.

It is no uncommon thing now—it was very frequent in years gone by—to hear in Love Feasts in the Alford Circuit, one and another refer to him as the means of their conversion.

Mr. Wilson had a fine open countenance, a broad, massive brow, a deep, flashing eye, and a mellow voice. His *tout ensemble* in the pulpit was very impressive. Those who have heard him give out as his first hymn,

‘ Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul’s anchor may remain,’

will not soon forget the effect upon the congregation. A lady, who knew Mr. Wilson many years, writing to his daughter, says: ‘ Will you accept my deep sympathy in the loss you have sustained by the removal of your noble-hearted father to the Church above? As I recall the Sabbaths of my childhood, hallowed by ten thousand sacred associations, his image stands out in bold relief as an ever-welcome ambassador for God. His saintly life, a clear exposition of the truth as it is in Jesus, endeared him to the older members of our family circle. His noble heart, ever “ at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize,” attracted the young. One of the first questions on the arrival of a new Plan was, “ How often is Gilbert Wilson appointed? ” The last day alone will reveal how many souls he won for that Saviour Whose love irradiated his face and adorned his life.’

Mr. Wilson had an uncommon gift in prayer. Few men approached

the throne of the heavenly grace with such holy familiarity and yet with such deep reverence as he did. There was no rant, no bawling; but an earnest, powerful pleading, which seemed as though it would take no denial. He realized the fulfilment of the Saviour's beautiful promise of the open reward to those who enter into the closet and pray in secret.

In addition to his regular Sabbath work, Mr. Wilson often conducted special services on week-nights in the winter season in many of the villages of his Circuit, frequently after protracted services walking home at midnight. It is calculated that he travelled on foot and in conveyances not less than six hundred miles a-year for forty-five years to preach the glad tidings of salvation; and this from simple love for his Master's work.

It was in his work as a Class-Leader perhaps that his Christian character came out most distinctly. No one who met in Class with him will ever forget him. His own rich and varied experience, his struggles with the adversary (for whatever some modern theologians may say, Mr. Wilson believed in the personality of Satan), his spiritual conflicts and conquests, the way in which he always tried to lead his members away from themselves to the great Atonement, his exhortations to utter distrust of self and to complete reliance upon the fulness and sufficiency of the merits of Christ,—all ministered to the edification of those over whom he watched in the Lord. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow townsmen may be gathered from the fact, that for a quarter of a century no man was so frequently sent for to the bed-side of the dying, of all classes and creeds.

But his day of active service came to an end some years ago, and he had to bear the more difficult burden of being laid aside for Christ. Often, to those who visited him, he expressed his wonder that he should be allowed to linger so long. He was mercifully preserved from any severe suffering during the years of his helplessness, and was able to read for several hours during the day. Frequently he might be found with his well-worn Bible, or a volume of 'The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers,' or one of his favourite old Divines in his hand, or reading the accounts of modern revivals of the work of God with the utmost interest and enthusiasm.

About a fortnight before his death, another stroke of paralysis brought him to the verge of the grave, and it became evident that he would soon finish his earthly career. His confidence in God never wavered. To those who visited him he spoke with confidence of the happy change that awaited him. When he was rapidly failing and

indeed generally unconscious, one who sat up with him asked, 'Do you know me, Mr. Wilson?' 'I know Whom I have believed,' was his ready answer. To his son, who said to him, 'You will soon be with Jesus, and see Him face to face,' he replied, 'Ay, and be with Him for ever and ever.'

For nearly two days before his death he was for the most part sleeping, but there were intervals of consciousness. Once, after a long silence, he with a clear voice repeated a favourite verse :

'O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !'

These were amongst his last utterances. His happy spirit passed away, to be 'for ever with the Lord,' May 12th, 1876. J. B.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR AUGUST, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1877.							
July 30	4 20	7 51	8 26a	8 48a	9 39a	1 0m	9 18a
August 9	4 36	7 34	8 15	8 29	9 2	0 18	8 38
19	4 52	7 14	7 53	8 9	8 23	11 34a	7 58
29	5 7	6 53	7 24	7 47	7 40	10 55	7 17

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Aug. 2nd, Last Quarter 10h. 21m. morn. | 15th, First Quarter 10h. 28m. after.
9th, New Moon 5h. 17m. morn. | 23rd, Full Moon.. 11h. 11m. after.
31st, Last Quarter, 9h. 15m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 9th 11h. morn., Perigee; 222,060 miles.
" 23rd 8h. morn., Apogee; 252,421 "
Mean distance for the month 237,240 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 1st 93,023,980 miles.
Sept. 1st 92,468,370 "
Decrease of distance for the month..... 555,610 "

There are two eclipses in this month. in Northern Asia and the regions
One of the Sun, on August 9th, visible round the North Pole. The greatest

amount of obscuration is only two-fifths of the Sun's diameter. It begins on the Earth generally at 4h. 12m., and ends at 6h. 48m. in the morning, Greenwich mean time. A total eclipse of the Moon will be visible at Greenwich on the night of the 23rd. The first contact with the penumbra is at 8h. 4m. in the evening, the first contact with the shadow at 9h. 14m., the total phase begins at 10h. 19m., and ends at 0h. 4m. in the morning, the last contact with the shadow is at 1h. 9m., and the last contact with the penumbra at 2h. 19m. The entire phenomenon will be visible throughout the whole of the African continent and a part of Europe: the beginning will be witnessed in Asia, the end in America. At the end of the total phase the Moon will be on the meridian of Greenwich.

Mercury will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 10th, at 4h. in the afternoon. The distance between the centres, as seen from the centre of the Earth, will be a degree and a half; at the surface of the Earth it will be somewhat more. On the morning of the 16th this planet will be in descending node. On the 26th it will be in aphelion, or at its greatest *actual* distance from the Sun. It will be at its greatest *angular* distance, 27 degrees eastward, on the 31st, two hours before noon, but being lower in declination it sets only half an hour later. It will be at its mean distance from the Earth on the afternoon of the 27th, and is approaching the Earth.

Venus sets less than an hour after the Sun throughout the month. It will be in conjunction with the Moon,

below our horizon, on the morning of the 11th, and may be discerned in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the evenings before and after; on the 10th to the east of the Moon, on the 11th to the west.

Mars rises on the evening of the 26th just as *Venus* sets, at 7h. 53m. On the 13th *Saturn* rises when *Venus* sets, at 8h. 21m. On the morning of the 7th *Mars* will be stationary, when the apparent motion changes to retrograde. It will be in conjunction with *Saturn* on the morning of the 26th, and being somewhat lower in declination it rises 24 minutes later. Both these planets will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the 26th. *Mars* and *Saturn* are visible throughout the night; and being so very near to one another will attract the attention of the most careless observer.

Jupiter is now the evening star proper, for *Venus* is too near the Sun. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 18th, the planet being five degrees north. On the 20th it will be stationary; the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct.

The rings of *Saturn* are slightly opening out; the breadth is now about a second, the length 43 seconds. Seen through a telescope it is a very remarkable object. The diameter of the ball is 17 seconds, and the rings project 13 seconds on each side.

Uranus will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 17th.

Neptune will be stationary on the 10th, after which the motion becomes retrograde. It rises on the 9th at 10h., and on the 25th at 9h. in the evening.



CAXTON AND PRINTING.

THE recent 'Caxton Celebration' has reminded Englishmen of the debt they owe to William Caxton, and of the marvellous development of the art of printing since his day. It cannot be amiss to trace the story of the first English printer's life, and to

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attempt to give some idea of the process by which books, once so rare now so numerous, are multiplied.

WILLIAM CAXTON came of humble stock. His ancestors were sturdy farmers, who with their own hands helped to clear the Weald of Kent of its forest and to subjugate it to the plough. Their lives must have been even ruder than those of the American backwoodsmen of our time. A full century after Caxton's birth one wrote of the Weald: 'It was a great while together nothing else but a desert and waste wilderness, not planted with towns or peopled with men as the outsidies of the shire were, but stored and stuffed with herds of deer and droves of hogs only. . . . It came to be taken even as men were content to inhabit it, and by piecemeal to rid it of the wood, and to break it up by the plough.' Here, when the process of cultivation was but just commenced, William Caxton was born, about 1412, and here he spent his earliest years. It is certain that he went to school, for he acknowledged himself bounden to pray for my father's and mother's souls, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I got my living, I hope, truly.' Evidently it was something unusual for a boy of his class to be sent to school. A queer school it must have been without a printed book! Children were taught to read from 'Absies,' the Alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria and such-like, written and published by the Company of Stationers, or text-writers. When he was eighteen years of age, Caxton was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Large, a London mercer, who in 1439 rose to be Lord Mayor. Fortunately for the young man the infamous statute of Henry IV., which forbade a boy who had been trained to husbandry to change his occupation, was repealed. In the year of his mayoralty Robert Large died, leaving to his then assistant a legacy of twenty marks, a very respectable sum at that date. About this time, too, William Caxton was enrolled a freeman of the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

Shortly after his master's death Caxton went to Flanders to prosecute his business of cloth-buying, but whether on his own account or as the agent of others is doubtful. It is unquestionable, however, that he attained wealth and rank, for he was appointed 'Governor of the English at Bruges,' a position of considerable dignity and responsibility; and in 1464 we find him one of two 'ambassadors and special deputies' to negotiate a commercial

treaty between the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy. Prosperous as he was, he did not confine his attention to his business. Probably Mr. Large had imported manuscripts from Holland as well as other merchandise. His apprentice appears to have acquired a taste for reading and a knowledge of the French language. His lengthy sojourn in the Netherlands, then the home of libraries and learned men, could only increase his scholarly tendencies. When the Lady Margaret of York, sister to King Edward IV., was married to the Duke of Burgundy, Caxton accepted some post of dignity and leisure in her household. Previous to his appointment he had begun to translate the '*Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*' into English, and had thrown it aside for some reason or other. At the command of his Royal Mistress he completed it; '*whyche said translaacion and werke was begonne in Brugis in 1468 and ended in the holy cyte of Colen, 19th September, 1471.*'

This translation possesses great importance, for most likely it was the demand for copies of it that turned the author's attention to the newly-invented art of printing. A certain Colard Mansion had brought to Bruges some knowledge of the mysterious business. Caxton offered to join him in the establishment of a printing-press. The offer was eagerly accepted, for while the one had skill, the other had money. The management of the concern seems to have rested entirely with the Englishman. The first book printed by the partners was the French original of the '*Recueil*,' the second was an oration in praise of the Duke of Burgundy, the third Caxton's own English translation of '*The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*,' as he calls it. Towards the end of it he contrasts not unpleasantly the facility of printing with the fatigue of copying: '*Thus end I this book, and for as much as in wrytynge of the same, my penne is worne, myne hand wery, and myne eyes dimmed with overmuch lokyng on the whit paper; and that age crepeth on me daily, and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to dyverce gentlemen and to my frendes to addresse to them as hastily as I might this said booke; therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispense, to ordeyne this said book in prynte after the manner and forme as ye may here see, and is not wryten with penne and ynke as other bookes ben, to the end that every man may have them attones,* ffor all the bookes*

* '*Attones*,' at once.

of this streye* named the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," thus empyrnted as ye here see, were begonne in oon day, and also fynished in oon day.'

Why or when Caxton returned to England has never been satisfactorily determined. By many authorities his return is dated 1471, but no positive proof has yet been given of his presence in this country, after he had once left it, earlier than 1477. But as the figures 1474 form part of his device as a printer, we may assume that he established himself in Westminster in that year. His motives can only be conjectured. A wealthy man, long past middle age, forsakes a dignified post to betake himself to hard manual labour. The most natural explanation is that he was influenced by enthusiasm for his art and desired to communicate its benefits to his native land. But he pursued his work in an altogether different spirit from the Venetian and Roman printers, whose main object was to produce perfect and sumptuous editions regardless of cost. He added bookselling to his printing business, and was bent upon making both pay. He advertised his publications to the best of his ability. Here is a specimen advertisement: 'If it ples any man spirituel or temporel to bye any pyes† of two and three comemoraciōs of salisbury vse empyrnted after the form of this presēt lettre whiche ben wel and truly correct, late hym come to westmonester into the almonesrye at the reed ‡ pale, and he shall have them good chepe.' Let his motives have been what they may, he opened his shop and set up his printing-press in a small enclosure, near Westminster Abbey, which contained a disused chapel and some almshouses or offices for the distribution of alms. The printing seems to have been done in the chapel, and chapel has ever since been the technical name for a printing-office:

'Each printer hence howe'er unblest'd his walls,
E'en to this day, his house a CHAPEL calls.'

This continued to be Caxton's residence § till his death.

* 'Streye,' story.

† 'Pyes,' piece.

‡ 'Reed,' red. The stroke above the last vowel in 'comemoraciōs' and 'presēt' does duty for an *n*.

§ 'The house in which Caxton is said to have lived stood on the north side of the Almonry, with its back against that of a house on the south side of Tothill-street. Bagford describes this house as of brick, with the sign of the King's Head; it fell down in November, 1845, before the removal of the other dwellings in the Almonry to form Victoria-street. A beam of wood was sawed from

If the exact date of Caxton's return to England could be determined, it would set at rest the much-disputed question as to the first book he printed in this island. In March, 1474, he printed 'Ye Game and Playe of Ye Chesse,' a curious collection of rules for the game, sermons and stories. But was this book printed in Westminster or in Bruges? The chances are in favour of the former city; we can say no more. The first book that Caxton undoubtedly printed in England was a translation from the French by his most powerful patron, Earl Rivers, entitled the 'Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of Phylosophers.' It was issued in March, 1477.

A more virulently debated question remains: Did William Caxton introduce the art of printing into England? A tale is told by Richard Atkyns, in a book published in 1664, which we will give in his own words:

'Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, moved the then King Henry VI. to use all possible means for procuring a printing-mould (for so it was then called) to be brought into this kingdom. The King, a good man, and much given to works of this nature, readily hearkened to the motion; and taking private advice how to effect this design, concluded it could not be brought without great secrecy, and a considerable sum of money given to such person or persons as would draw off some of the workmen from Haarlem in Holland, where John Gutenberg had newly invented it, and was himself personally at work. It was resolved that less than one thousand marks would not produce the desired effect, towards which sum the said archbishop presented the King with three hundred marks. The money being now prepared, the management of the design was committed to Mr. Robert Turnour, who then was keeper of the robes of the King, and a person most in favour with him of any in his condition. Mr. Turnour took to his assistance Mr. Caxton, a citizen of good abilities, whose trading much with Holland might be a creditable pretence, as well for

the materials of this house, and from it were made a chess board and two sets of chessmen, as appropriate memorials of Caxton's "Game and Playe of the Chesse." Caxton's house was a three-storied house, with a bold gable, and a gallery running along the upper story. It is said that wooden types were found on clearing away the materials of the house; its precise site was immediately adjoining the spot now occupied by the principal entrance to the Westminster Palace Hotel.—*Chambers' Book of Days.*

his going as for his staying in the Low Countries. Mr. Turnour was in disguise, his beard and hair shaven quite off; but Mr. Caxton appeared known and public. They having received the sum of one thousand marks, went first to Amsterdam, then to Leyden, not daring to enter Haarlem itself, for the town was very jealous, having imprisoned and apprehended divers persons who came from other parts for the same purpose. They stayed till they had spent the whole one thousand marks in gifts and expenses. So, as the King was fain to send five hundred marks more, Mr. Turnour having written to the King that he had almost done his work, a bargain was made by him and two Hollanders for bringing off one of the workmen who should sufficiently discover and teach the new art. At last, with much ado, they got off one of the under workmen, whose name was Frederick Corsells, or rather Corsellis, who late one night stole from his fellows in disguise, into a vessel prepared before for that purpose; and so the wind favouring the design, brought him safe to London. It was not thought so prudent to set him at work at London, but by the archbishop's means, who had been vice-chancellor and afterwards chancellor of the University of Oxon, Corsellis was carried with a guard to Oxon, which constantly watched to prevent Corsellis from any possible escape, till he had made good his promise in teaching how to print; so that at Oxford printing was first set up in England.'

By many investigators this story is scouted as altogether incredible. Its air of romance militates strongly against it, and its relator brings no other evidence to support it than his mere word. Its blunders—*e.g.*, Gutenberg never was at 'Haarlem in Holland,'—and the immensity of the amount of money mentioned, do not prejudice a reader in its favour; and the occurrence of the name of 'Mr. Caxton' startles one. On the other side must be placed the circumstantiality of the narrative, and the discovery of a small quarto of forty-one pages, claiming to have been printed at Oxford in the year 1468. But the types used were wooden, and such types had been employed long before the improvement by Gutenberg. Caxton's types were of metal; a distinction the importance of which will appear by and by.

Busily did Caxton work. Books poured from his press in one continuous stream; books to suit all ranks and classes and tastes.

Kings gladly allowed him to dedicate his publications to them, and the chief of the nobles and the foremost of the scholars delighted to assist and encourage him. How was it that he who printed so many versions of the classics, tales of chivalry, sermons and poems, including two editions of his dearly-loved Chaucer, never issued the Bible either in Latin or in English? Doubtless he was deterred by the danger of the attempt, so the honour was reserved for Tyndale and Coverdale.

To feed his press, William Caxton translated largely from the French: between four and five thousand of his pages were translations by his own hand. Mr. Hallam considers that the translator rendered a service to English literature scarcely second to that of the printer. He saved the language from being re-cast by *littérateurs* on the French model, and yet redeemed it from its early barbarity. Bitterly does he lament the difficulty of making his versions intelligible to the natives of every county, but admirably did he succeed. His last translation was completed on the very day of his death, which occurred in May or June, 1492. The book that occupied his last hours was entitled 'The Art and Craft to know well to Die.' Its opening sentences run: 'When it is so, that what a man maketh or doeth it is made to come to some end, and if the thing be good or well made it must needs come to good end, then by better and greater reason every man ought to intend in such wise to live in this world, in keeping the commandments of God, that he may come to a good end. And then out of this world, full of wretchedness and tribulations, he may go to heaven unto God and His saints, unto joy ever durable.'

We have every ground for hope that William Caxton had learnt the 'art and craft' he strove to teach others—that he died well.

The History of Printing will engage our attention next month.

HILDA OF WHITBY.

HILDA was of royal birth: her father, Hereric, Prince of Northumbria, was a nephew of King Edwin, who was canonized for his rare virtues. When Edwin was baptized by Paulinus, Hilda, then a blooming girl of fourteen, entered the

baptismal water with him, and was so awed and impressed by the sacred rite that she gave herself unreservedly to God, dedicating (with the impulsiveness of a youthful convert) her body and all its powers to its Maker and Preserver. Filled with an engrossing desire to live to God alone, and lacking that clearer light which teaches that greater service is done for God by working for Him in the world than by shutting ourselves out *from* it, she left her native place, and repaired to the friendly court of her pious relative, Annas, King of East Anglia. Anxious to be God's undivided property, she had torn herself away from her home, her parents and her sisters, leaving all the sweet associations of a happy youth in order to give herself to prayer and meditation. Annas being a religious man, received his gentle cousin with hospitable cordiality, bidding her welcome to his court, and hoping that such religious fervour would bring a blessing upon his house. But her stay was very brief.

What caused her departure is uncertain. Possibly a restlessness of spirit seized the energetic Hilda, and she began to doubt whether a life of mystic devotion was suited to her high-soaring spirit and great capabilities; possibly in her cousin's court she mourned the absence of a guide, as religious adviser (so necessary at some stages of the religious life); or, perhaps, and it is the most probable conjecture, she pined for the gentle voice and touch of one of her own sympathizing sisters. We love to find the softer virtues asserting themselves in a strongly self-reliant nature. Who does not admire the tenderness of a strong man? Who would not value the affection and sympathy of a masterly intellect more than untold gold? So this touch of home-sickness in Hilda is no unpleasant feature, but we feel more lovingly towards her after the betrayal of this genuine weakness; for her next movement was not to the vicinity of some learned bishop or abbot: her soul might need instruction, but her heart craved for love. Home she could not go, she had turned her back upon that for ever, so she went to her sister, Hereswide, who was trying in a foreign land to grope her way to heaven. All that we know of the Abbess Hereswide is contained in few words, 'she served God.' With this loved sister and devout Christian Hilda passed one year, daily adding to her store of religious knowledge, and by her intercourse with the pious sisters of

Chelles, acquiring that wondrous insight into character which afterwards distinguished her.

The close of the year saw her a very different woman; she had fled to Chelles an impassioned, unformed girl, having but one idea,—the salvation of her own soul. She was now well-grounded in the faith, and the desire to save others was presenting itself to her earnest mind. To a truly sincere heart work is usually given as soon as the wish for it is ripely formed, and Hilda's wishes were becoming *very* urgent, when her beloved sister and guardian was called away and the foreign abbey made desolate by the hand of death. Hilda's warm English heart leapt across the Channel to her own rugged Northumbrian hills, and she cheerfully responded to the call of St. Aidan to come and live for a few months in the nunnery by the Were. Only for a short time was the chastened Hilda to be in a secondary position. The large abbey of Hartlepool was without an abbess, and all eyes turned to the gentle Hilda as one fitted to rule equally by birth and by grace. She was now thirty-three years of age, no longer an enthusiastic girl, but a matured woman, who by her previous life had learned to govern, first herself and then others. For some years, probably five or six, Hilda energetically ruled over this community, and might possibly have ended her days there in comparative obscurity, if a sudden change had not brought her more prominently than ever before the world.

Hilda lived in troublous times,—times in which no man could lie down and sleep with the certainty of a night undisturbed by fire or bloodshed. The raids of neighbouring princes were of almost daily occurrence; and 'wars, and rumours of wars,' were the ordinary topics of interest to our sturdy forefathers. Oswy, King of Northumbria, knew this to his cost, twelve years of incessant warfare having characterized his reign. Penda, his tireless foe, had now reached the unwarlike age of seventy-eight, and a brief breathing-time was given to the harassed Oswy. But fighting was natural to Penda, and after a few months of uncongenial quiet, he roused himself to battle once more, and marched with fierce vigour against the despairing Northumbrian. Oswy appealed to heaven for help, devoting his daughter to a religious life by vow, if perchance that might save him. The defeat of the Mercians was complete, and Elfreda was forthwith consigned to the care of

the Abbess of Hartlepool. It is unnecessary for us here to enter into the question of Oswy's right to dispose of his daughter in this manner. No Protestant would countenance such a risk of the life-long happiness of another. Oswy's vow showed both weakness and selfishness, but the sequel of Elfreda's life proved that her father's faults were not visited upon her. In the well-regulated home at Hartlepool she proved much happier than in a court where the wife and children of the King were evidently regarded merely as his chattels. Convent life generally, in those days, was very different from convent life now. It was pure and peaceable; and the inmates, abounding in good works, were not shut up to an arbitrary seclusion, but, as we shall see, often took a lively interest and exercised great influence in public matters.

The Abbey at Hartlepool soon became too small for its inmates; and when the King's daughter came, her father bestowed with her 'twelve estates of land,' on one of which, Streoneschalch, or Whitby, Hilda founded the celebrated Abbey with which her name is generally associated. Thither came Elfreda and certain of the Hartlepool sisterhood, who heartily joined with their leader in the work she had undertaken.

A fair abbey, nunnery and *monastery* were soon raised, showing the unusual sight of monks and nuns alike under the rule of a woman. Indeed, Hilda's monastery became more noted than her nunnery, and numbers flocked to it, anxious to be under the guidance of so wise a counsellor. The rules, still extant, which were used by the men, breathe a spirit of forbearance, yet of strong discipline, which mark them as the emanation of a singularly judicious mind. Drawn up by Hilda herself, she insisted upon their strict enforcement, and they resulted in forming some of the finest characters of the age. Two of her monks became very distinguished bishops—St. John of Beverley and St. Wilfrid of York: and a simple herdsman, who, incapable of reading or writing a single word, craved permission to enter the community, became renowned afterwards as the greatest of Saxon poets—Cædmon. His metrical version of the Holy Scriptures is singularly fine, and is the longest piece of Anglo-Saxon poetry extant. For thirty-three years Hilda promoted the well-being of her spiritual children, and in 680 peacefully died in their midst, murmuring with her last breath an exhortation to 'live in charity.'

There are one or two points in Hilda's life worth noticing. We must not think of her, for an instant, in the light of a modern abbess. Hilda's absorbing passion was a love for souls. She did not selfishly retire into a seclusion where she could pray and meditate for herself alone, but she gladly gathered around her all who would come and be taught the way of life. Nor did she confine her ministrations to the double convent. Prelates from afar, St. Aidan amongst others, admitted that 'this woman was unequalled for discretion in conducting souls to God,' and gladly came to consult her upon difficulties in their dioceses. It was no infrequent sight to see the most learned bishops listening eagerly to her advice as to the best way to win souls. Yet she was not so wrapt up in one idea that she grudged a thought to the world and its doings. She rightly judged that the servant of God must be willing to work in more ways than one. Kings and princes were often found at her feet hearkening to the words which came with so much prudence and authority. Especially was she gifted in reconciling disputants. Angry words died away before the calm and loving glance of the good abbess; and the charity, meekness and peace which shone in her face, had an instantaneous effect in soothing her perturbed followers. Concord was her idea of earthly happiness, and dissension was misery. And we learn, finally, that this woman, whose governing power was unequalled, whose zeal for Christ was unquenchable, whose sweetness, gentleness and humility were conspicuous, was no Amazon, gifted with iron sinews and untiring energies. Though she instructed personally all under her care in religious duties and Scriptural knowledge, yet her virtues were perfected through weakness, and the last six years of her life were spent in unremitting bodily pain.

A slowly-consuming and agonizing disease dragged her to the grave, and her cares for others were exercised amid bodily suffering of no small degree.

A. W.

THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

(Continued from page 343.)

WE have seen in previous papers how the Huguenots were driven from France and the Low Countries, and what sort of a reception they met with in England; it is time now to notice the benefits they conferred upon the country of their adoption. One of their earliest

settlements, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was at Sandwich. In return for the hospitality afforded them, they resuscitated the prosperity of the decaying town. The silt that choked the river Stour had destroyed its trade; many houses stood empty, and the people that remained in the town were in deep distress. At first the Sandwichers were not inclined to view with much favour the influx of four hundred foreigners with mouths to feed. But when the Huguenots began to manufacture cloth, and showed themselves willing to initiate the English into the mysteries of their trade, when Queen Elizabeth established a cloth-market twice a week in Sandwich, which was attended by large numbers of London merchants, when the trade of the borough resumed and surpassed its former activity, the Sandwichers began to perceive their mistake.

The exiles were chiefly, but not entirely, occupied with the production of cloth. Millers built the first windmills ever seen in England; and potters, shipwrights, hatters, smiths, etc., carried on their different callings. And the Flemish settlers brought with them another art of scarcely less importance. The monks had been famous gardeners, but after the suppression of the monasteries, horticulture appears to have been entirely neglected in England. A salad was unobtainable in this country, and Katharine of Aragon could not procure one nearer than Flanders. Cabbage, cauliflower, carrot, parsnip, celery, peas and other vegetables now so common in our gardens were almost unknown to Englishmen; none but the wealthiest could afford to purchase vegetables imported in small quantities from Holland, and so expensive that a single cabbage cost some shillings. The Flemings soon began to turn the rich soil of Kent to good account. Their vegetables sold as rapidly as they could be raised, and many of the gardeners removed to Wandsworth and other suburbs of London to be near a larger market. The vegetables so introduced are now cultivated in all parts of England and Ireland, but one plant—the hop—though not quite confined to Kent, is most extensively grown and reaches its highest perfection in that county.

In course of years Sandwich lost the bulk of its trade, the workmen migrating to more populous centres. But one now prosperous city the Huguenots saved from utter ruin. As early as the reign of the seventh Henry, a number of Walloons had settled at Norwich, but the jealousy of local guilds drove them to the north of England, where they contributed materially to the manufacturing eminence of Leeds and Wakefield. Norwich sank gradually but surely into decay, its able-bodied men were reduced to the very verge of starvation, and manifested their distress by frequent and serious riots. Parliament actually debated

the expediency of razing the town. In these circumstances, in the year 1564, the Corporation solicited the Duke of Norfolk to use his influence to obtain a colony of Protestant workmen for the city. He succeeded in procuring a settlement of three hundred families. Their manufactures found employment for more hands than their own, and the forsaken city again flourished. Other bodies of exiles were continually arriving, until three thousand of them were numbered among the inhabitants of Norwich. Their principal business was to make various kinds of cloth, but they also established a small pottery, one of them set up a printing-press, several were engaged in the production of beaver and felt hats, and several in the striping and flowering of silks and damasks. With this last branch of trade the name of Norwich became inseparably connected. They taught the East Anglians also the art of gardening. The English artisans soon again forgot their obligations to the foreign manufacturers. They had learnt the trade, they fancied, and it was time the teachers were dismissed. A conspiracy was organized in 1570 by John Throgmorton, with the object of driving the Huguenots from Norwich and the kingdom. The plot was nipped in the bud, and the ringleaders executed. Queen Elizabeth wrote to the City of Norwich, setting forth the benefits the foreigners had conferred upon it, and exhorting the citizens to welcome and assist 'the poor men of the Dutch nation, who, seeing the persecution lately begun in their country for the trewe religion, hath fledd into this realm for succour, and be now placed in the city of Norwich, and hath hitherto been favourablye and jintely ordered, which the Queen's Majestie, as a mercifull and religious Prince, doth take in very good part, praeing you to continue your favour unto them so long as they shall lyve emongste you quyetlye and obedyently to God's trewe religion, and to her Majestie's lawes, for so one Ohrystian man (in charitie) is bound to help another, especially them who do suffre afflixion for the gospelle's sake.' The punishment and the exhortation accomplished their purpose; the exiles were unmolested for the future. About the year 1580, the census tabulated four thousand six hundred and seventy-nine foreigners as dwelling in Norwich.

The Huguenots scattered themselves over all England, abstaining as far as possible from interfering with each other. In the west and north large numbers of cloth-workers settled; so that 'west of England cloth' became celebrated, and Manchester and Bolton began to produce 'coatings' or 'cottons.' These, however, were woollen goods, the true cotton not being introduced into this country till the middle of the seventeenth century. The name Walker, so frequent in Lancashire and Yorkshire, takes its origin from these Flemings; *walche*, the Flemish

for a fulling-mill was Anglicised, into 'walken-milne,' and the fullers got to be called 'walkers.' At Kendal, cloth caps and woollen stockings were the staple manufactures. Who has not heard of Honiton lace? The Huguenots begun bone-lace making in that town, and Valenciennes lace making at Stony-Stratford and other places. To the Huguenots, Sheffield owes its reputation for cutlery and iron-work, and they commenced to manufacture steel at Shotley-Bridge, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Glass-making and paper-making, too, they began in different parts of the country. It would be difficult indeed to say what trade, except the farmer's, they did not originate in England, or materially assist. They even taught the fishermen of Yarmouth to cure their 'bloaters' after a superior fashion, and to make the salt which was essential to the process. For some of the richest soil in Britain we are indebted to them; they reclaimed the submerged lands of Hatfield Chase, the Isle of Axholme, and the Great Fens.

Naturally the metropolis received the lion's share of these exiles for religion. So numerous were they in Bermondsey, that a portion of it came to be called 'Petty Burgundy;' and 'Joiners'-street' took its name from the multitude of Flemish carpenters and cabinet-makers that resorted to it. Tanneries, hat and watch manufactories, paper-hanging printing and dye works were among the businesses begun by the Huguenots. In 1621 a census of the foreigners resident in London was taken, from which it appeared that the *city alone* contained ten thousand, of one hundred and twenty-one different trades. 'Of one thousand three hundred and forty-three persons whose occupations are specified, there were found to be eleven Preachers, sixteen school-masters, three hundred and forty-nine weavers, one hundred and eighty-three merchants, one hundred and forty-eight tailors, sixty-four sleeve-makers, forty-three shoemakers, thirty-nine dyers, thirty-seven brewers, thirty-five jewellers, twenty-five diamond cutters, twenty-two cutlers, twenty goldsmiths, twenty joiners, fifteen clock-makers, twelve silk-throwsters, ten glass-makers, besides hemp-dressers, thread-makers, button-makers, coopers, engravers, gun-makers, painters, smiths, watch-makers and other skilled craftsmen.'* Many of the leading merchants were Huguenots.

The stream of French artisans which the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes turned upon our shores was composed in the main of similar elements to those by which we had already profited. The number of silk-weavers was much greater, and many producers of minor articles which had hitherto been imported from France—pins, needles, fans,

* Smiles.

combs, etc.,—were included. The paper used for Bank of England notes is to this day manufactured by a descendant of one of these Huguenot emigrants. The humbler portion of the exiles were a thrifty, self-helpful folk. On their first landing they were compelled to be beholden to public charity, or to the kindness of their longer-settled brethren in the faith. No sooner did they earn money, than they began to lay by for a rainy day. To provide against sickness they established benefit-clubs, the first ever formed in England; but the native workmen were not slow to copy so advantageous an example, and now friendly societies abound throughout our land. They lived economically; and seeing the butchers throw away the ox-tails as worthless, bought them for a merely nominal price, and initiated the astounded Englishmen into the mysteries of ox-tail soup.

More than ten years before the commencement of the seventeenth century, a few small colonies of Walloons had been planted in Ireland, and one considerable settlement formed at Swords, near Dublin. In the reign of James I., a number of merchants established their headquarters at Dublin and Waterford; but it was not until the Earl of Strafford ruled Ireland that any great number of Huguenots took up their abode in that island. He spent much gold and labour in procuring suitable settlers, and his policy was imitated by succeeding viceroys. The immigrants suffered severely during the civil war, but recovered themselves when the Revolution of 1688 was consummated, and were increased by numerous accessions. To them the north of Ireland owes its flourishing linen-factories.

Several attempts were made to settle Huguenots in Scotland, but with scanty success, the only colony of note being in Edinburgh.

(To be concluded.)

AN EXPOSTULATION.

A LINEAGE how unutterably high
Is thine, O man, offspring of Deity!
A living soul descended from thy God;
The sceptic makes thee but a living
clod,
Organized tissue, muscles, bones and
veins,
And glands and nerves; but chief the
wondrous brains
The grand head-quarters of organic
life,
The mystic field of intellectual strife;
A sort of foundry, where ideas are cast,
Imaginations and conceptions vast;

The intellect, material tissue bound
Firmly together; and while this is
sound,
The complex apparatus all compact,
Then man can think and speak, and
move and act;
Can with his thoughts the heaven and
earth embrace,
Measure the planets, and their orbits
trace;
Can govern nations and instruct man-
kind,
Excel in science and in arts refined.
But some unlucky blow, some sad mishap

Occurs, the golden bands of life to snap,
His thoughts and feelings into ruin
fall—
Breaks the machine, and then farewell
to all!

Reader, art thou a man without a
soul?
Then ask thy body to explain the
whole.
It comes to this,—there is no God on
high,
No Architect that built the vaulted sky,
And made the solid earth and swelling
seas,
And binds and governs all by firm
decrees;
And thou thyself, with all thy vast
expanse
Of intellect, art but the child of chance,—
A mighty mushroom in the wild of
space,

Whose source and end alike no one
can trace:

Or if an allwise Spirit made the whole,
Gave thee a body, but withheld a soul,
Then hast thou nothing in thee of
Divine,

And not one spark of Deity is thine!
Then where's thy greatness? dust thou
art to-day,

And soon the wind shall puff thee all
away,

Or ashes glowing with a little fire,
But destin'd soon in darkness to expire.

Rise, man, assert thy royal dignity,
And glory in thy heavenly pedigree.
Yet not to raise thy pride, but to abase,
This heavenly treasure in an earthen
vase,

Brittle and frail, is placed to show the
power

Is *His*, but thine to wonder and adore.

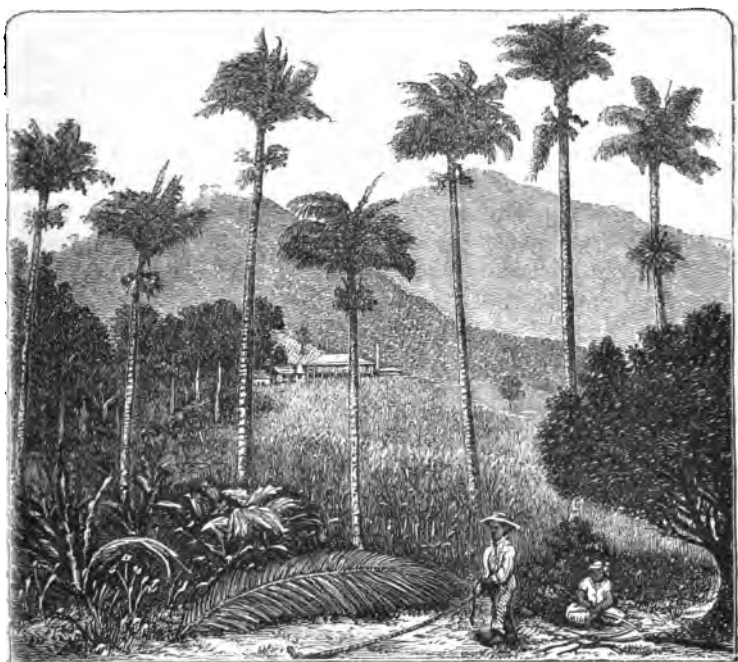
G. D. R. MACCARTHY.

ST. VINCENT, WEST INDIES.

ST. VINCENT is one of the most beautiful islands of the West Indian group. It is celebrated not only for its volcano, the Souffriere, which, however, has long been inactive, but also for many remarkable scenes, of which travellers generally speak in the most enthusiastic terms. The following is an extract from a letter by the Rev. Westmore S. Smith, who went from the Richmond Institution to St. Vincent nearly two years ago.

After speaking of a service held in the chapel in Buccament valley, he says: 'At nine o'clock we returned to Mr. King's for the night, and the next morning we mounted our horses, and rode off to visit the famous Table Rock. The party consisted of seven gentlemen, of whom three were Scotchmen, one a Dutchman, one a Barbadian, one a St. Vincentian, and one an Englishman.

'It is quite impossible for my pen to describe this Table Rock. One must see it to realize the wonderful formation. It is an immense flat body of stone in the bed of the river, seventy-five feet long and thirty wide. The water rushes through two fissures which its action has formed in the rock, one in the centre and one near the right bank. With the exception of these two great cracks, the whole rock is high and dry, with here and there small plants growing upon it. We bathed at the bottom of the rock, and found the water delightfully cool. I



really wished I had my paint-box and brushes, for I think I could have made a picture.

'At half-past six o'clock I left the company and came back to Kingstown. The ride I shall never forget. The moon was nearly full, and her light flooded the valleys and lit up the mountain tops most gloriously. The air was calm and still, save when the denser trees formed an orchestra for myriads of tropical insects, whose shrill notes told of merry concerts that were carried on among the deep shades of the woods. A great fire-beetle came sailing along over my head, apparently glorying in his luminous powers, and striving to vie with the moon itself in the brilliant phosphorescent light that streamed from the two marks on its back. I got home at half-past eight, having enjoyed my trip very much.'

Our illustration is from a photograph, and represents the country at the back of Kingstown, the capital of the island. The Mission in this town and neighbourhood is encouraging; but the negro population are very poor, and many of them, moreover, very ignorant and degraded. In the village of Lomands, a day-school has been commenced, and the

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Missionary says of a visit to it: 'As I entered the very primitive educational establishment, I was greeted with a chorus of four-and-twenty voices, "Good morning, Parson," while at the same time four-and-twenty pairs of eyes twinkled merrily, and four-and-twenty mouths revealed sets of teeth just as white and beautiful as you would see in any dentist's window. The teacher said that he hoped in a short time to have the requisite number of children—thirty—to have the school put on the Government list. I got the little darkies to sing "Hold the Fort," which they managed very well in regard to noise, but there is room for improvement in regard to music. After the school was over, I commissioned the biggest boy to carry the bell through the village, and announce the usual service under the palm-trees at five o'clock.

'Having just an hour to spare, I left my horse in charge of the schoolmaster, and, opening my white umbrella to screen me from the hot sun, sauntered quietly up the hill "in quest of game." The walk, though warm, was full of interest. Every now and then some labourer would turn up with whom I could exchange a few words concerning the all-important subject. I came up to a woman who was chopping wood with a cutlass at the door of a wattle-and-daub hut. We soon entered into conversation. The next person I met with was an old man, whose hair, or rather wool, was as white as possible. He had been sick and unable to do any work. He was not without a knowledge of the truth, and seemed to understand very well what was necessary to obtain salvation.

'I returned to the preaching-place by the palm-tree, and found that the boy with the bell had done his work very satisfactorily, for there was a good congregation of labouring people and children. I spoke to them on the twenty-third Psalm, showing the necessity of taking Christ as our Shepherd and Guide. The service lasted about forty minutes.'

Such is part of a Missionary's work in St. Vincent, and pleasant work it is, save that the heat is very oppressive—the usual temperature being from eighty to ninety degrees.

The principal chapel in St. Vincent is large and commodious, and the congregation, which often fills it, is a mixed one of Europeans and negroes. Upon the latter slavery has left its mark, and some generations will pass away ere the people rise superior to its depressing influence. Its abolition in all the dominions of the British Empire was a grand triumph of right over wrong, and of benevolence over oppression; and if England has not yet reaped the reward of her noble generosity, there is no doubt that she will reap it very richly by and by.

T. S.

HOLY-DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;
OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

NEW SERIES.

III.

ONE of the Church historians, alluding to the occurrence, at some Easter seasons, of such unfavourable weather as sadly marred the festivities in which the people delighted, does not fail to attribute it to the power of the fiend, or 'feynde,' as he calls the leader of the evil spirits. And from some other remarks made by this writer it would seem that his theory on the subject was to the effect that at Easter the fiend was provoked to special malignancy by the escape of our Lord from the domain in which Satan would fain have kept Him; for of course this cleric follows the interpretation that after His decease Christ actually descended into the place of torment. He might have shown, however, even on the assumption that we are to understand from the reference to Hades in connection with the death of Christ only that He abode until the third day amongst the dead, that Satan had much reason to lament His resurrection, since that most important event was, so to speak, the ratification of His mediatorial work. But that he (and many more, for he expresses what was a common opinion, perhaps hardly extinct yet) should associate unfavourable skyey influences with the powers of darkness, is one proof amongst many how widespread was the belief as to the interference of the spirit world with the outward arrangements of earth. So very absorbing was this notion that the Papist, in attributing every blessing to the kindness of an angel or saint, and every misfortune to the spite of Satan, lost sight of that God Whose sole prerogative it is to direct the events of what we usually term 'Providence.' Pagan superstition was linked with old Jewish beliefs to produce the ideas concerning evil spirits which the Romish Church fostered; but are we not in these days tending to the opposite extreme of ignoring Satan's vast influence and power? Be that as it may, we proceed to observe that our forefathers would soon take heart when there was disappointing weather at Easter, for more festivals were near at hand which gave much license for jocundity, under colour of religious observance.

The Rogation-days, which formed a minor festival between Easter and Whitsuntide, had at least one circumstance to commend them, that at this season the parish priest made it his duty to try and reconcile those of his parishioners who were at variance. At this time the bounds of each parish had to be perambulated in solemn procession, and as the priest had the ordering of the ceremonial, he would persuade, or if need be command, those who had been on unfriendly terms with

each other to shake hands and march along side by side. The procession had the character of a religious service, and though 'beating the bounds' is still observed in our parishes, chiefly by a few officials and a retinue of pauper children, its aspect has altered. Now, there is sometimes a good deal of merriment, or even rough horseplay, in rural places, where folks are occasionally 'bumped' against certain landmarks, to their great discontent, in order, so it is said, to impress the situation of the said landmarks on their memories. Formerly the Litany was first read; and then the procession, with its banners and peeled willow wands, started forth, and at three distinct pauses, under the shade of a tree if possible, portions of Scripture were read, in the common tongue, the selections being James v., Luke xi., and Psalm xvii. At the close of the perambulation, before the gathering dispersed, eight short prayers were repeated, one asking for a blessing on the harvest, and another containing the following words: 'We supplicate a blessing for all those for whom we have purposed to offer our prayers, whether the present world still retains them in the flesh, or the future world hath received them divested of their bodies;' after which, and the benediction, the people went home to feast, finishing the day with indoor amusements.

Regarding the name 'Rogation,' which was given to the holy-days, we may conjecture that it came from a belief, which the Latin root suggests, that the supplications offered at this season were of particular efficacy. Rogation Sunday was the fifth after Easter, and, with the three days succeeding it, was generally observed throughout the land. But mention should be made of a holiday which preceded it, which was, however, observed only in some localities. This was 'Hock-tide,' usually kept on the Tuesday in the week following the second Sunday after Easter; and in the accounts of some of the London churches, and also in various country towns and villages, entries appear of money received from the women who had been out 'hocking.' That the clergy of that day felt no hesitation in taking money obtained in a somewhat singular way, is quite obvious. Possibly, as one historian thinks, it was, in the first instance, so raised as a kind of thank-offering for deliverances the Saxons had from their fierce invaders the Danes. The plan of procedure seems to have been this: the women of a neighbourhood or town assembled in a public way, and then either blocked up the path with ropes, demanding money of the passengers to let them through, or else actually bound by-passers, when they could, to obtain a fee for the loosing of the thongs. In Hampshire, and possibly elsewhere, two days were observed, Hock-Monday, when the men hocked the women, and Hock-Tuesday, when the women had their retaliation. There are evidences that the custom was kept up long after the Reformation.

But ere we pass to the important holiday ushering in the 'merry month of May,' a brief notice should be given of St. Mark's Day, because with it are associated some singular observances. It was a season when matrimonial prognostics used to be sought by expectant and curious maidens; and one of these was to be obtained in a somewhat ominous way, namely, by a watch at the entry of some church in the dead of night on St. Mark's Eve. A vision from the spirit world was to be looked for; nor is it difficult to perceive how large an influence fancy might have in calling up images of the ghostly sort, especially in the mind of timid maidens. More remarkable is it that curiosity respecting the future should have so far nerved the timid (as it evidently did in various instances) that they could venture on a proceeding calculated to excite alarm. Alone the maiden had to go, before it was quite dark, and deposit in the church porch a branch of a tree, or a flower large enough to be discovered afterwards. Alone, for the second time, she had to go, a little before the hour of twelve, and tarry in the porch until the clock struck out. Then, if it were her destiny to be married that year, a procession of shadows would, as people believed, glide past and enter the church, she herself being in the party, accompanied by her future husband. The number of attendants would show how many months were to elapse before the wedding. Should the maiden be about to die unmarried, a procession of another kind was expected as an indication, in which headless figures bore a coffin draped with white, and a group of mourners followed! For those not prepared for this ordeal there was an easier experiment, that of making dumb-cakes. Three maidens did this unitedly, and then, at the hour of midnight, they broke the cake into three parts, ate it up, and retreated to bed in silence. A favourable token was a dream of the expected partner in life; but it was very unfavourable to dream of wedding-rings that would not fit or that crumbled to ashes, and a still worse omen to call up visions of graveyards or the paraphernalia of funerals. In some of the northern counties a bowl of syllabub used to be prepared on St. Mark's Day, and the girls stood round it with ladles, to dip out a ring which was dropped in. The successful one was, by conjecture, the first of the party to be married.

Nowhere, probably, is St. Mark's Day esteemed of so much importance as at Venice, where, according to tradition, the body of the saint reposes. The Church of St. Mark in this city is indeed magnificent, and the mosaic adornments, from their beauty and historical interest, attract the notice of connoisseurs. More valued by devout Romanists are the hoards of relics here deposited, and of course duly authenticated. Though somewhat shorn of their glory in these days, the services in commemoration of this saint display a good deal of pomp.

Antiquarians seem to incline to the belief that the Romans led our forefathers to observe May-day with sports and dances, they having brought from Italy the floral games which were customary amongst the Pagans in honour of the deities of the fields and woods. The Papacy saw no objection to these, and although the priests did not connect any religious service with the May-day doings, it is quite clear these were sanctioned, or at all events winked at, by Mother Church. The may-poles, indeed, were permanent institutions, and they remained in their places year after year in many towns, serving sometimes as landmarks. We read frequently, for example, of the great may-pole in Cornhill, which actually gave a name to the church which happened to be near it, St. Andrew *Undershaft*. The Strand may-pole was one of the last of the London may-poles that escaped destruction; it is alluded to by many authors, and stood, more or less shattered, until the year 1718, when it was carried off to Sir Richard Child's park at Wanstead, to form part of the support of a large telescope!

For several days towards the end of April the young people were busily engaged in preparing the decorations for the may-poles, and for the persons who were to figure about them. Flowers were gathered and branches cut down to form various wreaths and posies, while the handy maidens were busy in preparing showy drapery, or contriving other ornaments for the person. Biurne's account of the ceremony is as follows.

'The juvenile part of both sexes,' says he, 'are wont to rise on the morning of May-day a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils, and the after-part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole which is called a may-pole.' Dancing was not, however, the sole amusement; for there were also jousts on horseback, displays of skill in archery and at ball, with various other games, and in the evening, occasionally, a display of bonfires. A Lord and Lady of the May were chosen to preside over the sports, these persons, according to some authors, representing the bold outlaw, Robin Hood, and his companion, Maid Marian. A party of attendants on the Lord and Lady were generally clad in jackets of green, having also green hoods. Besides these, there would appear at the may-pole the morris-dancers, numbering from three to ten, and frequently having bells about their legs and suspended from their caps. Mr. Strutt thinks the morris-dance originally represented the fool's dance, and a fool with parti-coloured dress and 'bauble' seems to have been one of

the company down to the commencement of the present century, when morris-dancers still exhibited themselves in some rural districts. But the appellation, 'morris,' it is presumed, came from the 'Morisco,' or Moorish dance, which was introduced into England probably in the sixteenth century; and confirmatory of this is the fact that the dancers used frequently to blacken their faces. A juggler was now and then added to the party, and two musicians played a pipe and tabor. The 'hobby-horse,' which was once associated with the morris-dancers, vanishes from history at the end of the sixteenth century. This queer figure was made of pasteboard, bespangled with gold and purple, and the man who was hidden within danced to the music in an ungainly manner.

The Puritans of the Stuart era have been by some writers very severely treated on account of the language in which they condemned the ordinary amusements of the people on May-day. But we may be assured that these men knew what they condemned, and on the testimony of those who had the means of observing what went on at the may-pole, we may well believe that if the May-day sports were at one time comparatively innocent, they ere long became the fruitful sources of profanity, intemperance and other vices. A relic of the may-pole customs may yet be noticed in towns, where a 'Jack-in-the-Green' and his companions represent Robin Hood and his 'merry men all,' but the chimney sweeps seem to be dropping their old custom, which is taken up by idlers willing to get a few pence without trouble.

PHIL, THE SHRIMPER.

SNOWDROPS nodded daintily beneath the shadow of a tiny stone which marked the resting-place of little Fleta. Frequently a hand, coarse and brown with honest toil, might be seen plucking the blossoms as they became discoloured with the hue of decay. And as if to keep back the rebellion that was apt to rise in the heart of the now childless father, he repeated in low, sometimes sob-broken tones :

'They are going, only going,
Jesus call'd them long ago;
All the winter time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow:
And the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadows dim,
To the brightness of His presence
Who hath call'd them unto Him.'

And as Godfrey Kirtman cast a long good-bye look at the grave which contained his last earthly treasure, a solitary snowflake fell upon his sleeve, and he bent his footsteps homeward, with his eyes upon the lingering snowflake, and his thoughts upon a little angel-soul now standing in

the presence of Him Whose blood had washed it whiter than snow. But as he reached the turn of the mountain along which he had been thoughtfully toiling, gusts of sea-breezes broke the chain of his reverie, and brought to remembrance his own lonely condition. His mind reverted to a bright sunny day, many years ago, when sailor-hands lowered the shrouded form of his much-loved wife into the depths of the restless ocean; and then to a cloudy afternoon when the first snow of the present winter had fallen heavily upon the newly-turned sod as he laid his only child to repose in undisturbed and dreamless slumber. Through the long fire-lit evenings he had sadly missed the twinings of those loving arms about his weather-beaten neck, and the voice which had so often cheered him with its innocent prattle of 'I'll never leave you, father.' But now those arms were folded, and that voice was silent in death; and the bereft father dwelt alone in his mountain-cottage overlooking the sea.

The stars were brightening in the twilight when Godfrey Kirtman stood at his door. A stream of rich, warm light flowed through the uncurtained window. Great was his surprise upon entering his home, to see a little girl warming her stockingless feet at the comfortable fire. She approached him with a low curtsy, and raised a pair of large, pleading eyes to his own wondering ones. Godfrey looked upon her in silence, thinking how marvellously she was like his little girl sleeping in the valley yonder; and then he said in kindly tones, 'Come to sit with me a bit, little one?'

Placing her hand in his, she drew him to the window, and pointing in the direction of the sea (for it was nearly obscured in the deepening night-shades), she replied piteously, 'Father has gone down there, and he'll never come up again; and I've no one left but you!'

Godfrey's heart was touched by the child's simple yet strong trust, and he tenderly led the little shivering form to the chair which he had been accustomed to see occupied by another; and after carefully regarding her, said, 'But, my child, I do not remember having seen you before. Have you not mistaken me for somebody else?'

'No, no; I only mind me having seen you once; but if you are not the father of the mountain singer, I'm not Miriam Jubb!'

'Who is the mountain singer?' asked Godfrey, though he guessed that she alluded to his little Fleta, now singing loftier songs among the seraph choristers.

'She is not now. She used to be,' replied the child; 'and we, down in the chine, have often wished she'd come again, and sing about a rest there is for the weary. It was beautiful. Even the brawling babies slithered into sleep when they heard her voice. One day I told her that

I had had no rest since father's boat went down in a gale, nearly two years ago ; for the fisher-wives say I am too weak to earn my bread ; and they knock me about from morning to night. She said you were too poor to take another child, or she was sure you would ; for a Friend Who died long years ago, said to you, " Feed My lambs ; " and the lambs meant hungry children. I only heard to-day that she is dead, and I'm come to know if you will have me in her place, though I can't sing at all ?'

'Never mind the singing, you are welcome for her sake if it be that the Lord Jesus has sent you, and I believe He must have done ;' and Godfrey, wiping away his tears, hastened to supply the child with food.

For the first time, Godfrey felt that it was his duty to visit the huts on the chine, and to tell the hard-working fishermen and their wives that there was something better than their daily bread after which they must strive and seek. So, as the bells of the church in the valley were one Sunday afternoon calling together the worshippers for service, he and Miriam, the latter neatly attired in the habiliments that had been Fleta's, descended the cliff, and passed along the shore to the little colony of fishermen's dwellings.

'You must direct me to your old friends, for I am quite a stranger here, though I regret not having come before,' said Godfrey, after Miriam had given an account of Fleta's past labours in that part.

'Old Phil, the Shrimper, was her favourite, I know,' she answered ; 'he lives in the first hut, all by himself, and he's sore lonely missing the singing.'

Phil's face brightened as they entered, but a look of distress and disappointment came over it as Miriam approached his side.

'It's the outer, wi'out the inner,' exclaimed the old man, eyeing his young visitor ; 'and it was the inner where the singing com'd from. But sure if it isn't our lost Mirrie ! Why, child, there's a foaming stir about you shipping the net so easy-like ; they think for sure you've gone to the bottom, and here you come spiced out as our little cliff-singer ; poor little dear, she'll never come no more.'

'No more,' said Godfrey, 'for she's gone to sing to Jesus.'

'Jesus ! that's the name,' exclaimed the old man, triumphantly ; 'I've been hankering after it this long while, and now I've got it firm. She'd used to sing about Him, and tell me how He used to get into the boats and smooth the waters when the storm was rising.'

'Yes,' said Godfrey, taking the adopted Mirrie upon his knee, just as tenderly as he was wont to fondle his now absent Fleta. 'But He did greater things than that, He even lost His life in rescuing multitudes from a most horrid death.'

'Dear-a-me! I never heard of it; who was they, pray?'

'Well, you were one of them, and I was another.'

'Me! me!' ejaculated Phil; 'me! me! then it's a sight o' time sin'; why me, it's twenty years come Martinmas sin' I left the smack and took to shrimping. Them was rueful times, I tell ye; but was you one on us, did you say? I don't mind yer face at all.'

'I will tell you the whole story Philip, and also a message which He has sent me to give to you,' and Godfrey inwardly sighed, thinking how negligent he had been of life's noblest work, while all unknown to him his little child of scarcely ten summers had made happy her otherwise companionless hours by singing the praises of Jesus where previously His name had seldom been heard.

But Godfrey's face was bright and animated, and his sigh was secret from Phil. 'For,' thought he, 'the old man is lonely and cheerless; and unless I present a cup sparkling with the sweets of holy rapture, what inducement will there be for him to taste the sacred beverage?' And he almost wished for Fleta's sweet silvery voice to thrill the praises of Jesus right away to His home in glory. But he knew that God would give him the needed grace, and enable him to carry out the work which he felt it was his duty to do.

As Phil sat upon the thick board which formed his doorstep, listening with folded arms, open mouth, and steadily-fixed eyes, the slow tramp of heavy feet along the hard, damp sand caused Godfrey and Miriam to turn, and the latter's eyes fell upon one of a group of men and women who were coming towards them. Miriam clung to Godfrey, pale with fear, as she beheld her late ungentle foster-mother; but ere the woman's large sinewy hand alighted in its intended grip upon her shoulder, Godfrey looked round and said smilingly, 'She must stay with me, I can't spare her, for I've lost my own little girl.'

'Yes, please,' added the child, piteously; 'and I'll come and nurse Benny sometimes.'

The woman withdrew her hand, and Phil, annoyed at the interruption, said, 'Sit thee down, Nance, and hold awhile; it's the father o' our cliff-singer, and he was a telling me as how she's gone up there right above the peak yonder, to live for ever and ever with that Jesus she used to sing about.'

'I shouldn't mind the lack on the child, for she wer naught but a bread-robber to me; but it's plain to see she went for the wear o' them fine things. Sorrow be to thee, Miriam Jubb;' and from her seat on the upturned and disabled hull, Nance Wetherby accompanied her words with looks of bitter scorn.

Godfrey saw that it would be useless to argue with the enraged woman,

so addressing the company, most of whom were by this time seated around him, he asked, 'Do you remember Fleta Kirtman, who used to sing to you of "a happy land, far, far away"? Well, my friends, she's left this earth and gone to the land above the sky, and a happy land it is, I assure you. I want to go myself, some day, but not alone; I want you to go too; will you go?' and Godfrey, taking advantage of the silence that followed, told them of Him Who said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.'

But just as the rude assembly was beginning to be thoroughly interested, a strange pallor crept over Phil's wrinkled face, and his eyes glared as he uttered in an unwonted quick tone, 'Go on!'

'Ah! go on,' passed from one to another; and Godfrey, encouraged, was hastening to comply, when Nance Wetherby exclaimed with more than her usual vehemence, 'What ails thee, father?'

Phil sat silent and motionless, his head resting back against the wall, an attitude from which he had not changed the whole afternoon; and as two or three of the company pressed round with eager enquiries, he neither moved nor spoke.

'It's as cold as death,' said a portly fisherman, taking Phil's hand in his own; whereupon several young men rose to their feet and strode rapidly near.

'He's gone, as sure as the sea's the sea,' exclaimed one of them, with a preface of superfluous ejaculations; 'just look now, his eyes are set upon the cloud-peak, above which he said our cliff-singer had gone. It's bad luck to us this fortnight comin'.'

Godfrey's work was over for that day; though it was soon discovered that Phil had not been seized with sudden death, but with a severe paralytic stroke. Every evening Godfrey walked down to the chine, but Nance said the old man lay unconscious and speechless; and Godfrey longed for the meaning of those words, 'Go on.' Did they signify that, his soul was waiting, longing for the cleansing, but as yet the way was not clear to his dull, neglected mind, and that he desired to learn those things which hitherto he had despised and rejected? Or had he by faith thrown his burden of iniquity at the foot of the Cross, and plunged his sin-stained soul into the fountain of Jesu's blood, and feeling his own indescribable happiness, was anxious that his ungodly neighbours should hear of the Saviour Who was even then holding out the precious pardon to all who would willingly come to Him?

In less than three weeks old Phil had, Godfrey sincerely trusted, gone to be for ever with the Lord. But this circumstance only made him more zealous for his Master, and his audience the more ready listeners; yet it seemed like fruitless toil to plough and sow the Gospel-seed in the

thickly-cruled hearts of manhood. The words which fell so pleasantly upon their ears, perished because there was no 'deepness of earth.'

For seventeen months Godfrey pursued his unwearied labours without seeing so much as one tender blade springing up to cheer and encourage him. Nance Wetherby soon left the village, and little Mirrie was indisputably his own. One night on entering his cottage, he was astonished to find Nance seated in his own arm-chair, looking impatient and excitable.

'Mrs. Wetherby,' he exclaimed, 'you have given me a surprise. All's right, I hope?' and he glanced anxiously at Mirrie, fearing Nance had come for the child's discomfort; but she smiled back a sweet, untroubled smile, and Godfrey felt at rest.

'All is ner right, Mr. Kirtman, but, thank God, I hope it soon will be,' and Nance rose and advanced towards Godfrey. 'I have wronged ye, Sir, not a bit, and more than that, I have wronged my Maker and my fellow-men. Judgment-day alone will reveal the extent of my wickedness, how much I've sinned in keeping back the words of my dying father. He spoke them to me when none other was by, and made me promise that you should hear them that very night; but I was wroth because Mirrie there had fallen into such good luck; and so instead of bringing the dead man's blessing, I came, and standing beneath God's stars, cursed you and the child as you both knelt by this cottage fire. But God, Whose mercy passeth understanding, found me out in yonder town, and I am come to-night to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul, and what he did for poor old Phil before he sank into the grave.'

'Praise the Lord!' was all that Godfrey could articulate, as Nance seized and held his hand in unutterable gratitude, at the same time clasping the astonished Mirrie in her long bare arm.

'You'll forgive me, child; you'll forgive me for the blows of bygone days? and as long as a heart beats in this here body, you'll never want a mother in Nance Wetherby,' and the fierce black eyes were at last dim with tender tears.

And so it was. Phil's dying words had been for Godfrey; words encouraging him to go on, and not to be weary in well doing, but to cast his bread upon the water, assured that it should be seen after many days. And Godfrey thanked God, that when as yet he had seen no fruit of his labour, he had not given way to despair and thought his simple work a useless one, but had toiled unceasingly to the best of his ability, knowing that if there were not for him the full ripe sheaves, there was the greater joy of Jesu's 'Well done.'

'Father,' said Mirrie one day, 'if Fleta had lived would you have gone to the chine as you now do?'

'I fear not,' Godfrey replied; 'I have learned more in Fleta's death than I did in her whole life; and one lesson is this, that;

"If we want a field of labour
We may find one anywhere."

M. A. H.

WISDOM NECESSARY TO TRUE BEAUTY.

'As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.'—
PROVERBS XI. 22.

YOUTH, that Nature robes with beauty,
Is a pleasant sight to see,
When its joys are linked with duty
And restraints of modesty.

Youth, that in unseemly revel
Falsely follows paths of pride,
Sinking to the lowest level,
Wisdom justly may deride.

Hear, ye vain, what ye resemble!
That your pride may learn the truth,
While in early bloom ye tremble
With the livelier pulse of youth.

Tell me, will ye deem me cruel
Thus to draw the picture out?
Ye are like a radiant jewel
Sparkling in a swinish snout.

Should ye seek with anger burning
What resemblance can be traced;
Beauty, if without discerning,
Is an ornament misplaced.

Such the verdict of past ages
Uttered by their wisest son,
And to-day the Sacred Pages
Stamp it still a truthful one.

F. M. KEELING.

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER XV.—AN APPRENTICE NO LONGER.

BUT even when Willie did turn in, he could not sleep for thinking of Jack, and he earnestly asked God to make him a true Christian; 'then he will be so much happier,' Willie said, aloud.

Poor Jack had never been really happy, a spirit of discontent and envy had been his bane; he disliked to see others favoured, yet made no effort to win friends, but rather the reverse; for as we have seen with respect to Willie, who would gladly have been on good terms with him, he repulsed every overture, and sneered at Willie's forbearance as mean-spirited; coward he could not call him, for every one on board knew that he had a spirit that never quailed at danger. Now he could not even call him mean-spirited, for had he not saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, and that after every provocation received that envy and jealousy could suggest or inflict? No! Jack now tried to do justice to Willie; he could not yet understand him, probably never would, but he could amend his own ways, and he would do that; so he said, and the assertion was not mere words. He had really seen himself in a light that shocked even his dull sensibilities, and he had felt that he was then totally unprepared to appear in the presence of his Judge, and an earnest desire was begotten in his mind for a knowledge of

the contents of that 'Book' which Willie so often read, and which he called his life-chart. Having that, perhaps he too might lead a better and wiser life than heretofore. And to make a beginning he would thank Willie for saving him. He was awkward about it, but he did it; and then returned to his hammock well pleased that he had done one right thing. How he wished now that his apprenticeship was not over! but that was useless; in a few weeks he would be free to go where he chose.

'Why should I not ask Captain Winter to take me next year?' he asked himself. 'I will, so that is settled.' And much to Captain Winter's astonishment he did ask. Captain Winter had marked the difference in his general conduct since the accident; yet he was not aware of the great change it had been the means of effecting in Jack's thoughts. However, he was pleased when Jack requested to be allowed to sail with him the following year, and made him a conditional promise, which Jack made plea for refusing another and more profitable offer. In fact he was now as anxious to be where Willie would be, as he had formerly been to shun him; and when the winter had passed he presented himself before the Captain to claim the fulfilment of his promise.

'Well, Jack, so you wish to go again in the old ship?'

'Yes, Captain; I like her best.'

'Why, Jack, you have not tried any other.'

'No! nor I don't want, if you will take me.'

'You are just in time, there is only one vacancy, all the old hands go but Simmons; he, you know, is now master of the "Truenot."'

'Yes, Sir, I heard; and I am glad; he was a good officer, and will make a good captain.'

'No doubt. I do not know what I could have done (Bruce is not the man to succeed him), if Willie were not so up in navigation; but he will be a help, and so we shall get on somehow.'

'Ay, ay, Captain; with you to command we are sure to get on.'

The Captain laughed at Jack's enthusiasm, and telling him to sign articles and do his duty, walked away; for he saw that Jack was wanting to have a word with Willie, who was on deck.

'Willie, how are you?'

'Quite well, Jack, and ready for another brush with the bears.'

'Willie! I am going with you.'

'That's right, Jack, stick to the old craft; she has been a good mother, and I should not like to leave her.'

'You are not loose yet, Willie.'

'No, not for two more voyages; but even then I shall hope to stay by her.'

'O! you will be made mate.'

'Nonsense, Jack! I shall be too young.'

'Time will tell, Willie. Where is George?'

'You will find him below; he is always busy there, making matters square.'

'Ay, George knows what is what as well as any man.'

Jack disappeared below, and Willie began to hum a home tune as a little outburst of wonder, thanks and pleasure. He was glad that Jack should have sought a berth on the old ship, because he thought it a proof that Jack was really in earnest when he had said that he intended to lead a new life, and he silently thanked the Giver of all good gifts for the change wrought, and trusted that it would be permanent.

This voyage Willie struck two whales, to his own great delight and the admiration of George, who was very proud of his pupil, and prophesied that, if Willie would, he might be a first-class harpooner.

Willie's cheek flushed with joy at such unqualified commendation from so good a judge as George; but most of all was he pleased because of his parents, who were so proud of him and believed in him so entirely. Then it was another step gained in his upward course. Next year he should have served his time, and if he maintained his character for ability and trustworthiness, why, he might reasonably hope for promotion.

But there was one drawback to his satisfaction. Captain Winter had declared that this would be his last Arctic voyage, his health had given way and he must resign command of his vessel. He did so with regret; but as he truly said he could not walk the deck unless he were able to do the duty expected of him. So during Willie's last voyage as apprentice, Bruce was captain, and depended on Willie for help more than on the mate for the time; and he was really grateful to Willie for his valuable services, and requested of the owners, as a personal favour, that Willie might sail with him as mate. Thus by an unexpected change of circumstances Willie's wild supposition, ere he had been to sea, was accomplished. He was mate when only twenty-two. Young, yet thoroughly competent, because he had neglected no means or opportunity of qualifying himself for the duties that might devolve upon him.

And now Willie hoped very soon to persuade his dear parents to leave the country and reside near the town, that he might be with them as much as possible. They could barely live on the little farm attached to Pond Cottage; and during the seven years that had elapsed since Willie vowed to himself to re-purchase Newton Grange, he had seen his parents grow old and unfit to work; and as he was no farmer, and never could be one, he changed his plans, and now his ambition was to get a nice house

near the town, with a good flower-garden to please his mother, and a large kitchen-garden and orchard where his father might employ himself when he chose to work. He had seen a place that would suit exactly; it was about two miles from the town, pretty and cottage-like in appearance, and only one small cottage was near it. The latter was occupied by George Nicholson and his wife, for whose sake he had taken it, that she might have a taste of country air. They had no family, and Willie was sure that Bessie Nicholson would be the best of neighbours for his mother. But how should he persuade them to leave the country? His heart almost failed when he thought how difficult he should find it. Well, he would wait until this voyage was ended; he would take the house, put it into Mrs. Nicholson's hands to have it made habitable against his return, and then he would try in earnest.

Mrs. Nicholson promised to use her best endeavours to make the house as pleasing and comfortable as possible; and as she had good taste and sound judgment, Willie did not fear leaving the arrangements in her hand. The gardens were also to be put in order, so that all might be in readiness for Mr. and Mrs. Jacques whenever they could be induced to go to it. As Willie planned and arranged with his friend George, he little imagined that before the voyage was concluded, circumstances would have happened that would be more powerful arguments than all his persuasions to induce the now aged couple gladly to remove to the town they had so disliked; that they might be with their boy as often and as long as his sea-faring life would permit.

JOHN ROGERS' HAPPY HOME.

If thou wouldst know the sanctity of *Home*,
Where heaven's sweet benedictions daily come,
And peace and blessing in fair concord dwell,
And fondest love in pure affections swell,—
Come with me now, and see the living proof
Of happiness beneath a humble roof,
Like that at Bethany, where Jesus dwelt
And Martha served, while loving Mary knelt.

This is the cottage—always neat and clean,
Where window flowers are now in blossom seen;
'Tis here John Rogers and his frugal wife
Have spent ten years of their industrious life,
Two daughters and two sons they joy to own,
Healthy and strong, and now to childhood grown,
Obedient children, 'tis their bliss to prove,
Their father's fostering care, and mother's love.



Ten years ago, the rent at quarter-day
Was their great fear, they knew not how to pay ;
But now, God's blessing on their toils and cares
Has brought them through, to-day the house is theirs.
Then, with scant furniture, the house looked bare,
But now well stocked, it boasts an easy-chair ;
The reason is, John Rogers never drank,
And now has money laid up in the bank.

A well-bound Bible shines in gilt and gold,
And on a shelf a hundred books behold ;
While cheerful pictures are hung round the room,
And well-wrought photographs dispel the gloom,

And to crown all his comfortable stock,
See, in the corner, stands an eight-day clock !
The parlour boasts a carpet good and new,
With a choice pattern of bespangled hue.

How was it, that John Rogers and his wife
Won all these blessings in this world of strife ?
They owe them all to God ; 'twas godly fear,
And Sabbath keeping, brought them this good cheer.
John's hand is horny with incessant toil,
But his hard lot was sweetened by heaven's smile ;
And storms of sorrow, and life's wear and tear,
Were borne and conquered by unceasing prayer.

John was a firm abstainer, and ten years
Saved from the alehouse, in reward appears ;
He followed Jesus, and his Master's touch
Has turned John Rogers' little into much !
John's a true man—integrity is might,
And changes sorrow's darkness into light.
Peace, like a river, to his household flows,
And serving God a heaven on earth bestows.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

BLESSED !

BY THE REV. EDMUND POTTS.

'BLESSED are all they that put their trust in Him,' Psalm ii. 12.
'Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him,' Ps. xxxiv. 8. 'O
Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee,' Ps. lxxxiv. 12.
'Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he,' Prov. xvi. 20. 'They that
trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but
abideth for ever,' Ps. cxxv. 1. 'Blessed are all they that wait for Him,'
Isaiah xxx. 18. 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and
whose hope the Lord is,' Jer. xvii. 7. 'For the Scripture saith, Whoso-
ever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed,' Rom. x. 11. 'Behold, I
lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious ; and he that believeth on
Him shall not be confounded,' 1 Peter ii. 6.

What a cluster of promises ! And how rich in quality ! To the
hungry soul how sweet ! A bunch of grapes from Eschol, which whoso-
ever hath a staff of faith and power for its exercise may take and appro-
priate all to himself, and none will charge him with greed : not his
conscience, even in his most unselfish moments. He may take away and
appropriate just so much as he has capacity for, without restraint or

denial. Into the broad field of the world he may carry this bunch of delicious fruit, or any part of it. In 'the burden and heat of the day' he may refresh himself as often as he needs and is inclined. The more he takes, the more he can partake; the more he partakes, the stronger and happier is he.

'O how love I Thy law!' said the Psalmist. He was a brave man, a fighting man, a kingly man, a conquering man; and he needed the refreshings of Scripture. And others are like-minded with David. They are brave in their degree. They have to fight and conquer, and that with difficulty. Into the vineyard of the Lord they go regularly and irregularly, sometimes commissioned by the Church, and sometimes commissioned only by the fear of God within their breasts,—there they are, side by side, in the great vineyard, with so much to get done, and so few comparatively to do it, toiling and sadly worn at times, and bitterly opposed and cruelly pained and injured. Thus it is as the Lord of the harvest overlooks the scene. Yet the promises are true!

Let me retire a little space into the storehouse of the Scriptures and refresh and rest. Give me supply lest I forsake my trust. Reach me down some Eshcol grapes. My soul is fainting within me. Work goes hard; faith is dim. I discern very feebly and indistinctly. Let me renew the strength of my overwrought spirit in the cool shades and arbours of God's Word. Lead me into the breezy groves and adown the grassy slopes and along by the still waters. I must recruit; the hot sun is too sultry in my present languor. Hands are blistered, feet are bleeding.

'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' O what a cooling draught! How invigorating to the faith! 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!' That is as marrow and fatness. I can feel my strength returning. My soul is throbbing again with masculine vigour. The wings of my faith are renewed like the eagle's. Back again to my work; and, if need be, into the sultry plains and sandy wildernesses, for faith can anticipate the coming of the garden of the Lord there.

Scripture says the promise of God is mine; Temptation says, No, you have forfeited your right to it. Scripture says that trust in the Lord is all-sufficient; Carelessness disturbs that trust, and I am left with an aching void and weary at heart. The grapes of Eshcol are all plentiful and free and attainable; but the spirit of the world tends to lessen my carrying powers, so that I take not my supplies into the vineyard with me, or take an inadequate supply.

Let me come back again to my supplies, therefore. It is useless to labour with no strength. Give me my Bible! Disturb me not in my closet. I want the strength of God. Let me gather together my forces: my thought, my desire, my affection; and renew my faith.

MADAME FELLER AND HER CANADIAN MISSION.

(Concluded from page 377.)

MADAME FELLER removed to Grande Ligne in the month of September, 1836. She was then thirty-six years of age, and in the enjoyment of a fair measure of health and strength, which she devoted unreservedly to the service of the Lord. The beginning of the Mission was small, but the ultimate results, by the blessing of God, were something remarkable, considering the difficulties which had to be encountered. The rise and progress of the work were marked by many striking incidents, the mere recital of which would fill many pages; but our limited space admits only of a brief record of the principal events.

At first the upper part of a house was secured as the head-quarters of the Mission at Grande Ligne, containing two garret-rooms, each about twelve feet square. One of them was Madame Feller's chamber; the other answered all other purposes—it was parlour, kitchen, scullery, and school-room. There, from nine in the morning till noon, and from two till five in the afternoon, Madame Feller was engaged in the instruction of children, upwards of twenty being generally present. At six in the evening there was a meeting for adults, which partook of the character of a school and a Bible-class. At that meeting, after the elementary part of the business had been despatched, Madame Feller read and explained portions of the Scripture, and answered innumerable questions respecting the truths of the Gospel. So deeply interested were those who attended, that the exercises were not unfrequently prolonged till midnight. It soon appeared that increase of knowledge and intellectual gratification were not the governing considerations in all cases. Enlightenment was not the end, but the means; nothing effectual was considered to be accomplished till the soul submitted to the Lord Jesus. Whilst Madame Feller was thus usefully employed, M. Roussy was earnestly engaged in preaching the Gospel at Grande Ligne and other places, where promising out-stations were soon established, notwithstanding the opposition of the Romish priests.

That this humble beginning was attended with the Divine blessing will appear from a few sentences extracted from Madame Feller's communications to her friends in Switzerland. Writing a short time after the opening of the school, she says, 'The work prospers at Grande Ligne; we have here about twenty Protestants, who have entirely abandoned Popery, and I am happy to inform you that six of them give satisfactory proofs that they are Christians. There is, moreover, a general desire for instruction in a knowledge of the Word of God. Not only the children,

but even their fathers and mothers, wish to attend school. I said to one of them who has eight children, and who cannot read, but is rejoicing in the hope of being able to learn, "Surely, my dear Frances, you cannot have time to come to school?" She replied, "I have taken time all my life to sin against God; shall I not now find time to learn to know and serve Him?" This dear woman gives me much pleasure by her simplicity, her child-like faith, and her sincere piety.' Then follows a long and interesting account of labours and sufferings, toils and triumphs, joys and sorrows, such as are almost invariably experienced in the earlier stages of missionary enterprise. But what is most remarkable is, that in answer to fervent prayer some of the greatest hindrances to the progress of the work were ere long removed out of the way.

In reference to these things, in one of her early communications Madame Feller thus writes: 'As the result of the threatenings and prohibitions uttered by the priests, five children have been withdrawn from the school, and the enemies of the Gospel are employing all the means in their power to induce my aged neighbour to take away his also. Persons who never went to see him before are now continually at his house for that purpose, and also to prevent him from coming to hear the Word of God.' Ten days later, Madame Feller writes: 'The priests have finished their visits, and it is very remarkable that one of them, who a little while ago charged a man not to send his son to our school, has advised him to do so, and has also given permission to our next door neighbour to send his six children; he has further told him that the Gospel he has received from us is very good. I see in this the good hand of our God. Our friends were not yet strong enough to bear anything; they would not have had courage to keep up the struggle. But in how many ways God can hear prayer! I did not expect that He would in this way answer the prayers which I had addressed to Him for this dear family.'

The labours of Madame Feller during the first winter at Grande Ligne were excessive. The inhabitants soon discovered that they had acquired in her a treasure of unspeakable worth, and they resorted to her in all their needs, real and imaginary. If they wanted advice, who was so capable of guiding them as this lady, whose wisdom struck them with astonishment and awe? If their children were sick, they went to her for counsel and medicine. She often rendered them essential service under their personal ailments, and this saved the expense of a physician. If they desired to correspond with their relatives at a distance, so few of them could write, and that so imperfectly, that the pen of their never-failing friend was frequently in requisition. In short, all classes looked

up to her as a benefactor, and even those whom priestly influence induced to regard her as a heretic, could not but confess her excellence, and were quite willing to be sharers in her kindness. In addition to all this, she embraced every opportunity of visiting them in their houses for religious purposes, as she could gain admittance to them when M. Roussey, the Preacher, would have been repelled.

As the work expanded, it became too large for the limited agency in the field, and reinforcement from Switzerland was earnestly desired, that the existing stations might be efficiently maintained, and that the operations of the Mission might be still further extended. But Madame Feller was anxious that her friends in that country should not imagine that she asked for help because she wished to be relieved. Hence we find her writing to the Committee as follows: 'It is not on my own account that I have presented this request, for I am ready, if it be the will of my Heavenly Father, to remain here alone much longer, and even all my life. Nor is it that I may have rest; for as long as the Lord my God shall give me life and health, labour in His service will be my rest. It is only because of the work to be done, that we pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers. There are now openings on every hand, and neither Brother Roussy nor myself can undertake more work than we are now engaged in. If you could see the eagerness of these dear children to attend the school, and their desire for instruction; if you could see these young minds, these young hearts, opening to receive the truth respecting the "one thing needful," I am sure you would bless and praise our gracious God, Who said to me, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." I cannot reckon up the proofs that the Lord has given me that I am where He wills me to be, and that it was through Him I left my beautiful country, and those whom I love, assured of His approval, and as fully convinced as if I had seen it with the eyes of my flesh, that I did not go before but follow the Lord Jesus to this place. I live in peace and rest, whatever may happen. I wish I could express in words the repose which I enjoy; but the peace of Jesus "passeth all understanding."'

Perhaps this appeal for help would have met with a prompt response, but just at that time the Mission was thrown into a state of confusion by the breaking out of insurrection among the people. During the commotion which ensued, the Missionaries retired to Champlain; but after an exile of two months, the rebellion having been quelled, they returned to Grande Ligne and proceeded with their work as before. Enlarged accommodation being required for the schools and congregation, which had considerably increased, Madame Feller visited New

York, Philadelphia, and other places in the United States to raise funds for the erection of a commodious Mission-house and school-rooms. In this work she was largely assisted by the Rev. Mr. Kirk and other Ministers, who cheerfully came to her help, and the desired object was accomplished at a cost of about ten thousand dollars.

August 9th, 1840, was a joyful day at Grande Ligne. The Mission-house was then opened by appropriate religious exercises in both French and English. A large number of friends attended on the occasion, some from Montreal, some from Boston, and some from New York and other places. A gracious influence accompanied the services; and from that time the good work prospered in all its departments, many cases of clear conversion to God occurring to gladden the hearts of the labourers. Among the converts were a few intelligent and educated persons, who cheerfully gave themselves to the work of the Lord, and who became very useful as teachers, exhorters, and preachers of the Gospel to their fellow countrymen. By these means, in the course of time, the work was extended to St. Pie, Chazy, Swanton, Salem, St. Pierre, Henrysville, St. Marie, and other places, where congregations were collected, schools established, churches organized, and multitudes of converts gathered into the fold of Christ. The following record of the events of a Sabbath and the week which followed in the autumn of 1842, at a small out-station, must serve as a specimen of several others which might be given: 'This happy Sabbath was the commencement of a happy week, devoted to the reading of the Word of God, to prayer and praise. No one could apply himself to any work, for the Spirit of the Lord had visited these cabins. Every day some soul was relieved of the burden of sin by trusting in Christ. Twenty-five persons, as we hope, obtained pardon and peace, at this time, making, with the first converts, the number of twenty-nine worshippers and followers of Christ in this forest.' At this place, which was afterwards called Berea, a Christian Church was organized, which, in common with other stations, was frequently favoured with signal manifestations of the Divine presence and blessing.

If our space permitted, it would be very pleasant and profitable to trace Madame Feller's course in subsequent years, and to mark with what zeal and earnestness she prosecuted the work of the Mission; directing and encouraging the numerous agents employed, corresponding with the Committee in Europe and with friends in the United States and elsewhere, who contributed liberally towards the support of the work; undertaking long and wearisome journeys to raise funds in cases of emergency, and laying herself out in every possible way to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. But it must suffice to take a

hasty glance at the closing scene, and to look for a moment at the result of Madame Feller's labours and those of her devoted associates, as exhibited to our view in the present state of the Grande Ligne Canadian Mission.

When Madame Feller had toiled without intermission in her chosen field of operation among the French-speaking population of Lower Canada for nearly thirty-three years, her health, which had been in a feeble state for some time, entirely gave way. Her last illness was of but short duration, and she peacefully passed away to her eternal rest on the 29th of March, 1868. She died at the Mission-house, Grande Ligne, surrounded by her fellow-workers and a few faithful converts, who deeply felt their sore bereavement. In her last moments, when only partly conscious, her failing intellect was intent upon her great life-work. Her chief concern was *her boys*. She insisted that some one should go and tell them to 'seek Jesus; to trust in Him; to be sure that they were established in Jesus by faith.' These words—'by faith *only*,' 'in the blood of Christ *alone*,' 'by faith in *HIM*,' were continually repeated with most solemn emphasis till she passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

The following sentences, extracted from a recent account of the Grande Ligne Mission, which is now carried on by a Committee organized for the purpose, may serve to show the progress of the work since Madame Feller's death :

'Without entering into minute details, we will only say that the present state of the Mission shows eight organized churches, with a total membership of four hundred, and about one thousand adherents. But for the large and continuous emigration to the United States, the number both of members and adherents would, at the lowest calculation, have been three times as many. There are now in connection with the Mission five ordained ministers, three evangelists, and three teachers. Since 1840, more than thirteen hundred pupils have passed from one to four years in the Institution at Grande Ligne and Longueuil. Not less than four thousand persons have been brought to the knowledge of the Gospel from the errors of Romanism by means of this Mission since its first establishment. Of late years, the Episcopalians and Methodists have entered the field; but without any boasting, the Grande Ligne Mission may honestly claim to be the mother of them all. May the great Head of the Church still continue to bless and prosper this Institution!'

MEMORIALS OF NEGLECTED GENIUS AND WORTH:

JOHN WHITAKER.

‘Is Whitaker a Lancashire name’?

One is disposed to think so, when he finds it serving to link together some of his most agreeable recollections of Lancashire—recollections of hospitalities and pleasant hours of intercourse with pleasant souls at a pleasant home fire-side. Whitaker is an ancient name, too, and associated with ancient things in Lancashire; indeed, with ancient things in both northern and southern England. There was William Whitaker, who first saw Lancashire daylight in 1547, a sturdy, warm combatant against Popery, of whom Bishop Hall said, ‘Never man saw him without reverence, or heard him without wonder.’ There was Thomas Dunham Whitaker, LL.D., F.S.A., Vicar of Whalley in 1811, with a handsome, somewhat hardly-set face, a sort of care-for-nobody face, an antiquary as hard against manufactories as the earlier Whitaker was against Popery. He produced ‘The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven;’ ‘The History of the Parish of Whalley;’ ‘The History of Richmondshire;’ ‘The History of the Town and Parish of Leeds,’ etc., etc. There was yet another Whitaker coming between William and Thomas, an antiquary as decided, plain spoken, and hardy as any Whitaker; and all the Whitakers were hardy. This was JOHN WHITAKER, about whom it may be agreeable to offer a few out of many jottings.

He was a Manchester man. He was born in an inn, being the son of James Whitaker, a Manchester innkeeper. His christening is loosely recorded in the Parish Register of the Old Church, now the Cathedral, and seems to have taken place about March, 1735. The bookish soul who sometimes winds his way along the narrow gallery so gloriously lined with majestic volumes, in the old Cheetham Library, and who, while enjoying the pages of a folio in the antique reading-room, finds himself rather dreamy about noon, as the chanted ‘Grace’ comes floating up from the Free Grammar-School boys in the dining-hall, may take his eyes off the book a little and dream about the boy John Whitaker, of whom it is written in the Parish Register, ‘May 11, John, son of James Whitaker. Entrance at the Free Grammar-School.’ And dream on as the boy becomes manly and has it said of him, ‘1752, May, Mr. Whitaker made Exhibitioner to Oxford at £10 per annum;’ and still further, ‘1753, July 17, an Exhibition of £10 paid to Mr. Whitaker.’ Another and another, until ‘1759, February 27, John Whitaker, Corpus Christi College, Oxford, admitted M.A.’ Well done! Cheetham Grammar-School boy from the inn hard by! It was graceful of him that the powers which he worked hard to mature, and the

materials that he so diligently stored, were lovingly used in producing, in the course of 1773, a '*History of Manchester*,' which at once secured for him a high place among the learned and literary men of his day. Nor was his reputation transient; after a long testing, it was decided by good judges that he stood 'deservedly high in the estimation of the whole literary world, as a man of superior talent, and as an able and brilliant writer in the various departments of theology, politics, biography, general history and topography.'

As to the '*History of Manchester*,' 'the reader,' says Whitaker, 'must not expect merely the private history of the single town, but hope to meet with all the curious particulars that can with any propriety be connected with it. Whatever may illustrate the antiquities of the kingdom or county, whatever marks the general policy of our towns, and displays the causes and circumstances of any national events that affect the history of Manchester,—these the author proposes to examine; to ascertain the doubtful, retrench the false, and clear up the obscure in them. He will endeavour to fix the position of all the British tribes, and to define the extent of all the Roman provinces in the island, which has hitherto been the philosopher's stone in antiquities. By a new test, that seems to be decisive, he will attempt to investigate the faint beginning of our present towns, and trace back Manchester and various others to the stations of the Britons in the woods...He has always considered the history of Manchester as the great fixed point, the enlivening centre of all his excursions. Every opening is therefore made to carry a reference to it, either mediate or immediate, and every vista is employed for the purpose of breaking the straight lines, lightening up the dark, heightening the little, and colouring over the lifeless in it.'

He may not have fulfilled all this promise, but he has agreeably done a great deal to help the lover of freshness to call up around him the primitive Manchester and its surroundings, as he plods his way through the grimy labyrinths of the present city. It is pleasant to have him as a companion, while in imagination watching the Keltic Sistuntii, under the persuasion of Agricola, clearing the plot in the depth of the old wood of Arden for founding the town of Manchester, about the time when Vesuvius was pouring down her black and fiery floods to bury for ever the civilized Herculaneum. And who that has instinctively held his breath while hurrying along the margin of the Medlock as it comes in from Droylsden, and winds amidst the fumes of the smutty valley beneath Pinmill-Brow and Ancoats, has not been relieved while picturing that scene as it once was, with its sloping woods throwing shadows over the trout stream? Perhaps he has been somewhat

disposed, while thus instructed by one Whitaker, to sympathize with another, the Vicar of Whalley, when he said of a neighbouring district: 'What I thought of manufactories in 1805, I said; in 1811, I think the same, and say it again: Before the introduction of manufactories there were not wanting retired glens and well-wooded hills, but the clear mountain torrent now is defiled, its scaly inhabitants suffocated by filth, its murmurs lost in the din of machinery, and the native music of its overhanging groves exchanged for oaths and curses.'

John Whitaker's 'History of Manchester' brought out hostile notes from Macpherson, the alleged translator of Ossian; but he had to deal with a Whitaker, and there was a response, under the title of 'The Genuine History of the Britons, against Mr. Macpherson.' The Scotchman had been jealous for the claims of his Scotch ancestry over those of the Irish stock, but he politely bowed himself out of the field before the redoubtable Manchester antiquary. 'Tired of polemical writing,' says he, 'I leave my system to its fate, and even my vanity joins issue with my indolence. I hate to fight without spectators. Should Mr. Whitaker and I retire into antiquity, the obstinate world would not follow us to so sterile a field. The trophies of victory would disappear in darkness, and the combatants remain with nothing but their toil.'

The successful combatant of Macpherson was a chivalrous man. He declared himself as a royal lady's champion, by issuing, in 1787, his three volumes, entitled, 'Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated.' His valour, however, seems to have been sustained by imagination and feeling, rather than by sound judgment. His great learning was warmly employed in elaborating the vindication of one whose character was recommended to his fancy by her beauty; and most of his critics think that he has misspent his powers in trying to 'make the worse appear the better reason.'

(To be concluded.)

BLESSEDNESS IN LIFE, AND VICTORY IN DEATH.

WOULD it not be pleasant "to be absent from the body," and "to be present with the Lord"? "to see Him as He is," and pour forth before Him the fulness of my wonder and my love? I think I *could* shout Victory. You must now let me go. I believe I should have been called home if you had been willing to give me up. You must not ask for my recovery. Are you praying for my release? Who detains me? Such were the words of one who had been to the borders of the better land; she had been permitted to approach the celestial portals, to gaze upon the sinless multitudes, to look upon the heavenly crown, to listen

to the music of the skies, and then seemed for a season to be turned back again to the dim shadows of earth. For many weary weeks she lingered amid complicated and severe suffering. As each of the Sabbaths she passed upon the bed of languishing came round, she eagerly enquired, 'Shall I spend the next Sunday in heaven?' When her medical adviser called morning by morning, she looked and listened intently to know if there were any sign of approaching departure, and a shade of disappointment fell over her face if assured that she was no worse, and that she might continue some little time longer; and when the evening visit was paid, she generally said, with anxious look and sorrowful tone, 'May I now say good-bye?' Most wish to know how long they have to live; she, how soon she could hope to die.

Who was it that had won this calmness in the presence of life's last realities? Who was it to whom it was evident that 'the bitterness of death' was 'past'? It was one than whom naturally no one had a firmer hold on life, than whom constitutionally no one had a greater shrinking from death. A warmer heart, one in whom life's joys and affections throbbed more strongly and tenderly, there could scarcely be; and a deeper recoil and shudder from the dark, cold, ghastly grave there never was, surely, in any human breast. The love of life, the fear of death, were once intense. She had known as bitterly as any one what it was to be 'through fear of death...subject to bondage;' and no one could have felt more powerfully the attractions of home, children, and family and friends, and the peace and gladness of the domestic roof. And yet there was a perfect deliverance from all. Death had lost its sting, and the grave its victory, and eternity its gloom; and life had lost its wonted charm; earth in its fairest, brightest aspects had ceased to attract, and the passionate tumult of natural affection was quelled and conquered. Outwardly there were languor, and distress and restlessness; inwardly there were untroubled repose, unclouded peace. The final summons had come, and there was no disquiet, no distraction, no confusion; 'found in peace,' because found in Christ, her soul was sweetly resting in the arms of the Redeemer, lodged in the bosom of His everlasting mercy.

No one can thus look death calmly and triumphantly in the face, having a firm faith in a holy and righteous God in Whose presence he is about to appear, who has not a consciousness of reconciliation with God, and a 'good hope through grace' of eternal life. It was so with her, the story of whose blessedness in life, and victory in death we are now narrating. Her natural disposition was generous, happy, attractive, amiable; she had an engaging appearance, and frank and genial manners, which made her a general favourite. But she had learnt that

this was not enough without the possession of saving grace and the experience of a great spiritual change; that nothing will suffice for the up-building of the fabric of a Christian life but a Divine renewal uniting the soul vitally and consciously to Christ. Natural amiability will not suffice; godly parentage will not suffice; earnestness of character will not suffice; virtuous principles will not suffice; generous sentiments, the highest aims and the loftiest aspirations, will not suffice. The grace of God, the love of Christ, is the only root of virtue, the only secret of wisdom, the only source of happiness. She who in the immediate prospect of the great future had not one pang of fear, one chill of doubt, had sought and found in union with Christ the forgiveness of sin, the certitude of salvation, 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and the hope of heaven; and in union with Christ, too, she found that which made life complete and successful, that which gave her strength for suffering when called to suffer, and courage to die when she had to die.

The subject of this brief sketch had her share of sorrows as well as of joys. After ten years of happy married life, she was left a widow with six children, and with a business difficult for a woman to manage. This was a trying ordeal, but her faith and courage did not fail. Three of her children were taken away: one in the loveliness of infancy, and the other two in the bloom of youthful prime; and keenly did the mother feel the strokes of bereavement, and yet in the darkest hour there shone upon the troubled waters a gleam of light and a hope of glory. During the nearly forty years of widowhood, life to her, as to others, was a tangled maze of vicissitudes and changes, of anxieties and reliefs, of clouds and sunshine, of solitude and sympathy, of deep misgivings and struggling hope; but to her, conducted and upheld by a Father's hand, it was all threaded by an infallible clue. To feel His grasp in the midnight shadows, to be sure of His Fatherhood, fellowship and guiding love, she felt to be just her all in this life-struggle and life-mystery. From the time of her conversion, all through a long and busy life, she endeavoured with steadfast perseverance to do two things,—to love Christ, and to preach by living Christ. The argument of personal consistency in recommendation of religion she strove earnestly to present. Happy is the man whose daily life is a commentary on the Bible; a translation of the religion of heaven into earthly speech and action; a homily of faith and hope and love; a ceaseless appeal of virtue to men; a beautiful hymn of praise to God!

So aimed to live 'the elect lady' whose character we portray, during a long course of years, until doing good became a daily habit, easy and spontaneous as nature itself. To bless and benefit others in body or in

soul, she grudged no effort and spared no pains. Her care for the poor and sorrowful and afflicted was deep, tender, ever present, ever active. What some spend upon themselves, what some save for others, she systematically and conscientiously gave away. Her expenditure for personal adornment and gratification was exceedingly small, that she might have the more to dispense upon charitable and religious objects. And this was her testimony when 'life was all retouched again,' when in the light that shines over life's last hours she was looking forth upon the shadows of this world and the realities of another: 'Had I done as some, I might have laid up more for my children, but I should not have had so much pleasure on my death-bed.'

For half-a-century Mrs. B— lived 'meek and lowly in heart,' 'fervent in spirit, . . . patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.' And as she lived, so she died. If we live well, we are sure to die well. If we conquer life and make it a blessedness, a success, a victory, we shall find that we have conquered death, that its curse is gone, that it has been disarmed of its terror. If in health and strength we have accepted the discipline, the service, the sacrifice that are connected with the Christian's life, 'in age and feebleness extreme' we shall assuredly have the enjoyments, the consolations, the prospects that are connected with the Christian's death. Holy living will certainly issue in happy dying. The last utterances of our suffering friend were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Hallelujah! Now I am ready.' And with these blessed words on her lips, 'Now I am ready. Hallelujah!' the weary wheels of life stood still, and the spirit escaped away to the bosom of her Redeemer.

J. B.

'LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS, WE BESEECH THEE, O LORD; AND
BY THY GREAT MERCY DEFEND US FROM ALL PERILS AND
DANGERS OF THIS NIGHT; FOR THE LOVE OF THY ONLY
SON, OUR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST. AMEN.'

If the troubles of the day,
Beating back upon my brain,
Drive all sweet repose away,
Give me dreams of pain:
Wake me by Thy touch, I pray,
Banish every thought of ill;
And my fears shall pass away
With Thy 'Peace, be still.'

For my soul I look to Thee
Who dost sleepless vigil keep,

If the tempter comes to me
When I am asleep;
Brings some battle of the light
That I won with conflict sore,
In the darkness of the night
To decide once more:—

Saviour, answer for me then!
Let me not, forgetful, yield,
Or let in, unknowingly,
Traitors to the field.

Give my spirit strength to fight
 When it shrinks and fain would flee;
 In my weakness, let Thy might
 Keep me true to Thee.
 With me when I go to rest
 Let Thy love and blessing stay,
 That if death at Thy behest
 Bids me hence away,
 I may listen and rejoice,
 Tremble in no sudden fear,

But make answer to Thy voice,
 'Father, I am here.'
 Through the darkness to the light
 Thou wilt not forget Thine own;
 Children we, who, waked at night,
 Need not feel alone.
 Gentler than our mother's hand
 Thou art near to guard and keep;
 Love we cannot understand,
 Watches while we sleep. A. E.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
Aug.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	5 7	6 53	7 24a	7 47a	7 40a	10 55a	7 17a
Sept.					Sets.		
8	5 23	6 30	6 49	7 26	4 57m	10 17	6 37
							Sets.
18	5 39	6 7	6 7	7 6	4 5	9 41	4 50m
			Rises.				
28	5 56	5 44	5 49m	6 47	3 20	9 5	3 6

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Sept. 7th, New Moon 1h. 0m. after. | 22nd, Full Moon.. 3h. 35m. after.
 14th, First Quarter 11h. 8m. morn. | 30th, Last Quarter 6h. 20m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 6th 9h. after., Perigee; 222,475 miles.
 „ 19th 1h. after., Apogee; 252,120 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,297 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 1st 92,468,370 miles.
 October 1st 91,718,010 „
 Decrease of distance for the month..... 750,360 „

On the 7th of September the shadow of the Moon will be thrown on the southern regions of South America, and will extend to near the South Pole. The greatest obscuration occurs 48m. after Greenwich mean noon, when, at a point in the Antarctic Ocean whose longitude is 92 deg. west of Greenwich and latitude 61 deg. south, more than

half the Sun's diameter will be covered by the Moon.

Beta Tauri will come in the way of the Moon twice during this month; on the 1st about seven in the evening, and on the 29th about half-past one in the morning; and *Antares* on the 13th, a little before ten in the morning. These occultations will not be witnessed at Greenwich.

Mercury will be very near the Moon on the 9th at 8h. in the morning. On the 13th its apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde; it will then rush toward the Sun, with which it will be in inferior conjunction on the 26th at 11h. in the evening, and will pass the disc a few degrees southward.

Venus is receding from the Sun, but going down the ecliptic. The declination on the 1st at noon is 3 deg. 30m. south; on the 1st of October at noon 17 deg. 40m. south; at the end of the month it therefore sets only a little more than an hour later than the Sun. It will not be far from the Moon on the 9th. The breadth of the disc is perceptibly diminishing relatively to the diameter, which is 12s. on the 1st of September, and 14s. on the 1st of October. On the 13th it will be in the ecliptic, going southward.

Mars is in opposition to the Sun on the 5th at midnight, and will cross the meridian 8 minutes after mean midnight on that night. On the morning of the 21st it will be near the Moon. It will be at its least distance from the Earth on the 2nd, when its horizontal parallax will be 24s., nearly three times that of the Sun. As the ratio of the distance of Mars from the Sun to that of the Earth from the Sun is known with very great accuracy, the determination of the parallax of Mars will enable us to find that of the Sun, and a small error in the former will only involve an error of one-third the amount in the latter. When nearest to the Earth, the angular diameter of Mars will be over 29s. The disc will be of course full.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with

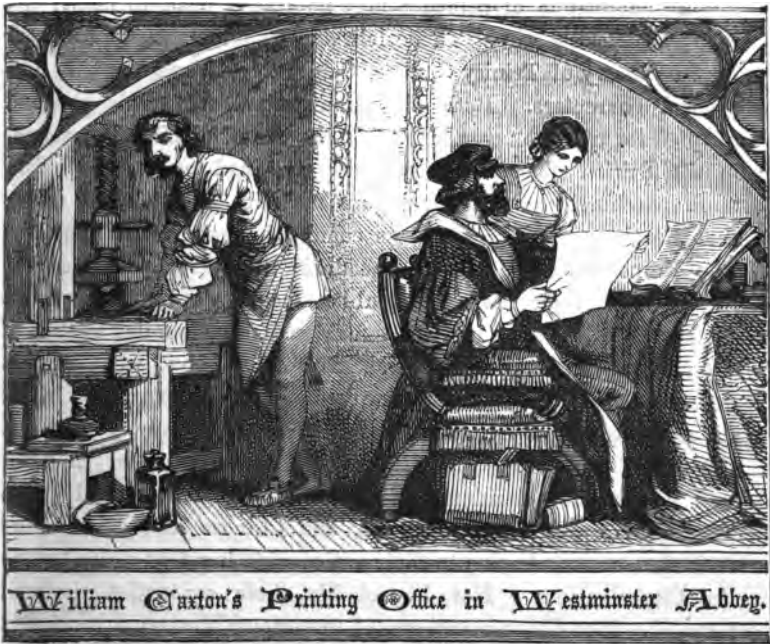
the Moon on the 14th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 17th. The only phenomenon connected with the eclipses of the satellites visible at Greenwich during the month, is a reappearance of the first on September 7th, at 7h. 29m. 7s. in the evening. The same satellite will cross the disc of the primary on the 6th, between 6h. 38m. and 8h. 55m.; its shadow between 7h. 55m. and 10h. 12m. in the evening. The second satellite will cross the disc on the 28th, between 7h. 14m. and 7h. 26m. The first will disappear behind the disc of the planet on the 21st, at 7h. 46m.; the second on the 19th, at 7h. 3m.; and the third will reappear from behind the disc on the 24th, at 7h. 29m. in the evening. It ought to be noticed, moreover, that the third satellite will be on the disc of the planet on the evening of the 6th, from 6h. 34m. to 10h. 12m.; so that between 7h. 55m. and 8h. 55m., the first and third satellites, and the shadow of the former, may all be seen on the disc of the planet.

Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun on the 9th, and in conjunction with the Moon on the 21st. On the 9th, when nearest to the Earth, the diameter of the globe will be more than 17s., the extreme length of the rings more than 43s., the breadth under 2s.

Uranus is now a morning star. It rises on the 1st at 4h., and on the 17th at 3h. in the morning.

Neptune rises on the 9th at 8h. in the evening, and on the 24th at 7h.

The Sun will be in the Equator on the 22nd at 11h. in the evening, and the Autumn quarter commences.



CAXTON AND PRINTING.

(Continued from page 391.)

THE origin of most important inventions is hidden in obscurity and dispute, and printing forms no exception to this rule. It is not only that we have to decide between the claims of rival inventors, but the process of discovery moved by slow and almost imperceptible steps, so that it is difficult to fix the invention at any one point, and to say that all that went before it was preparatory to, and all that came after it a development of, the art. Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at the opening of the Caxton Exhibition, defines the invention of printing to be synonymous with the invention of moveable types. But this seems to be a mere arbitrary decision—one of several that might have been given with equal reason. Certainly one might well contend that the first employment of type, although fixed, or the first production of an *impression* by means of a block and ink, was as vast a stride as the changing the type from fixed to moveable.

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2 E

Foreshadowings of printing may be traced back to nearly the earliest historical age. The celebrated Babylonish cylinder, now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, bears upon it impressed characters. Both Egyptian and Roman seals abound, adapted for use upon wax or clay. The beautiful Hermian signet in the British Museum was evidently designed to stamp with ink upon parchment or some analogous material. And Virgil states that the branding of cattle was commonly practised in his day. The Emperor Justinian and Theodoric the Ostrogoth appear to have affixed their names to public documents by means of a perforated tablet and ink, in a fashion exactly similar to that of our modern marking-ink plates. One cannot but wonder that none of these suggested the employment of an engraved block for multiplying impressions. The Chinese, however, forestalled Europe in the discovery of printing by many centuries. A book was printed and circulated in China at least a thousand years before types were cut in Europe, and Chinese historians assert that the art was known to their nation nine hundred years before the Christian era. Not improbably their contention is well founded. The Chinese anticipated numerous Western inventions; but though they could invent, they seldom improved. To this day, the printer of the 'Flowery Land' follows the methods of his far-away ancestors. He writes his characters upon rice-paper with a very inferior kind of copying-ink, presses the sheet upon a smooth block covered with paste or glue, and thus gains a faint *reverse* of his letters, which the application of oil renders more distinct. All the unmarked wood he cuts away, leaving the characters in bold relief. The letters are inked with a brush, paper is pressed upon them with a rubber, and the page is complete. Whether block-printing was introduced into Europe from China or no is matter of debate; but before the middle of the fifteenth century, pictures, trade-marks, etc., were engraved upon wood, and transferred to paper or other suitable substances. It is unquestionable, too, that these attempts preceded the printing of books, but by what period is doubtful. The decision depends upon the issue of another controversy—who invented moveable type?

In the town of Haarlem there stands a bronze statue of Laurens Coster, who died in 1440. He produced several printed books,

and the Dutch claim that Haarlem was the birthplace of printing. To teach his grandchildren to read, he cut letters of beech-bark, and with ordinary ink stamped them on paper. As the liquid ink spread and blotted, he manufactured a more glutinous compound, which answered so admirably that he conceived the idea of printing books. At first he carved pages in blocks, then cut the letters separately, and fastened them together, when formed into words, with string. He printed only one side of the paper, and gummed the backs of the leaves together. His workmanship was rough; and though probably he anticipated all others in the use of moveable type, he never raised the art of printing above the level of a curious accomplishment. We would not underrate his ingenuity; he thoroughly deserves his statue. But just as there were 'reformers before the Reformation' who are worthy of all honour, but who cannot compete with Martin Luther,—the man who popularized religious reform,—so there were printers before John Gutenberg, who started printing upon its wondrous career of world-wide success.

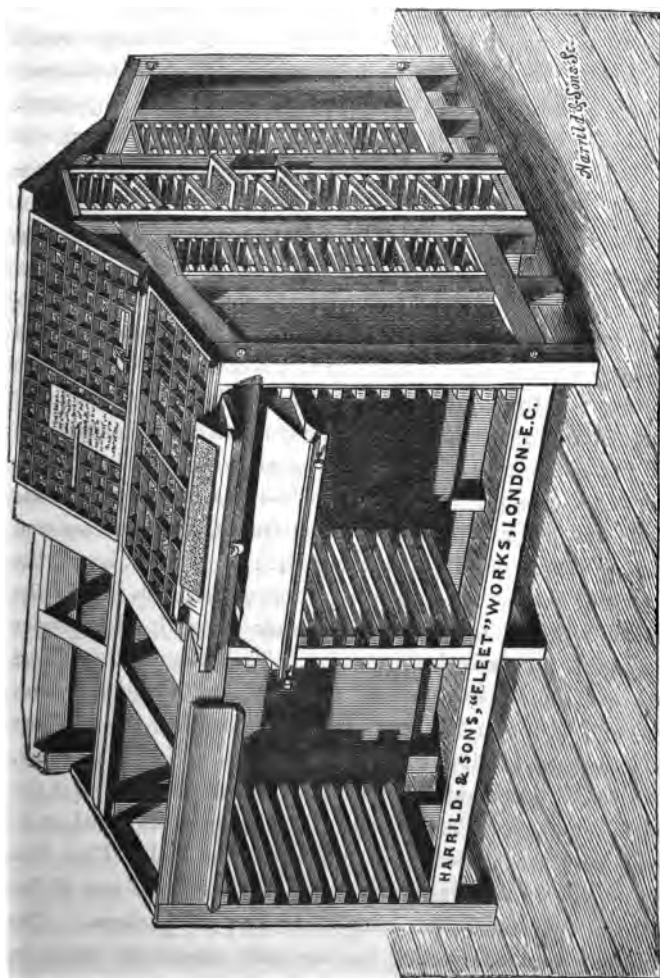
John Gutenberg was a native of Mentz, and was born about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In the year 1424 he removed to Strasburg, and having confided his secret to some of its citizens, and obtained from them pecuniary aid, commenced to manufacture type, and to make experiments in printing. One of his partners, whose house served for the workshop, died. Gutenberg sent in all haste to the brother, saying, 'Your late brother has four pieces lying beneath a press. John Gutenberg prays you to take them out and off the press, so that no one may see what it is.' But before the message arrived, the types were found, and the secret a secret no longer. A law-suit ensued, which demonstrated that Gutenberg had been the sole inventor in Germany of moveable type. Gutenberg returned to Mentz, and exhausted all his resources in the prosecution of his discovery. He then entered into partnership with a rich goldsmith, John Faust; and thus was formed the celebrated firm of Gutenberg and Faust. The senior partner had ere this discarded his wooden types in favour of metal ones, cut by hand.

The first work published by the firm was an indulgence from the reigning Pope, in 1454. The following year saw the issue of

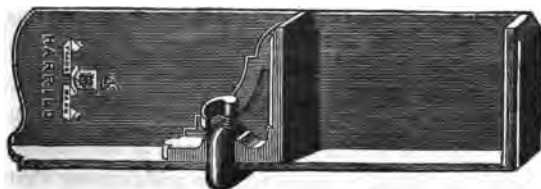
their celebrated Bible, some copies of which were printed on vellum, others on paper. It was obviously designed for wealthy purchasers, the initial letters of each chapter being most elaborately and tastefully ornamented. Recently a perfect paper copy fetched at a sale £2,690, and an imperfect copy on vellum £3,400. The expense involved in the production of this beautiful Bible ruined Gutenberg. The partnership was dissolved, and the disheartened inventor took service in the household of the Elector Adolphus, and died in 1468. Faust continued the business in conjunction with his former apprentice Schœffer. To Schœffer belongs the credit of *casting* the metal type instead of cutting it, and thus obtaining letters at a greater speed and with exacter accuracy.

The siege of Mentz, in 1462, broke up the firm. Faust travelled to Paris, and began to sell his books. The king bought a Bible for seven hundred and fifty crowns, the archbishop another for less than half that sum. The price diminished with the rank of the purchaser, till some copies of the Scriptures were sold for the then incredibly small sum of fifty crowns. Purchasers compared their Bibles—notably the king and the archbishop. The ornamentation varied, but in all other respects the Books were alike. Suspicion was aroused, which grew to certainty when it was discovered that Faust had disposed of considerable numbers of Bibles. He *must* be in league with Satan! of that there could be no possible doubt. And thus originated the innumerable stories concerning ‘the devil and Dr. Faustus.’ When the printer was arrested, he disclosed his method, and instead of condemnation to the stake he received a rich reward. The knowledge of the art spread, until a printing-press was established in most important towns of Europe.

It is time, however, to describe the process of printing. And as the principle was always the same, and to avoid tediousness, we will describe the modern methods and machines. If you visited a printing-office to be initiated into its mysteries, doubtless you would be conducted first to the ‘composing-frame.’ This frame is a table on which rest two trays, divided into compartments which contain the letters, stops, spaces, and other signs used in printing. These types have been prepared with the utmost care by the type-founder, and examined through a microscope, so that each is perfectly true and precisely one inch in height, though of



Composing Frame and Cases.



Composing Stick.

course they vary in breadth. For each character a steel die has been cut, and a 'matrix' formed by stamping the die into a small piece of copper. Into the 'matrix' a molten alloy of antimony and lead (three parts lead and one part antimony) has been poured, so as to obtain its counterpart in relief. Before the metal was dropped into it, the matrix was placed at the bottom of a type-mould, which gave to the stem of the letter its proper height and width. The upper tray or 'case' holds the capital letters (two sizes), accented letters, numerals, and asterisks and similar marks. In the lower case are the small letters, stops and spaces. The compartments of the upper tray are all equal-sized, but those of the lower are larger or smaller according to the comparative numbers of the types generally required. The letter *e* fills the largest.

In front of this frame stands the compositor, with the 'composing-stick'—a two-sided tray with a running slide—in his left hand. The manuscript to be printed—or 'copy'—lies conveniently to his sight. The first letter, a capital, is taken from the upper case and placed at the bottom of the composing-stick on the left hand, the top of the letter is nearest to the compositor, and a notch cast in the type on the outside, to ensure the letter being in the proper position to give the desired impression. Then the smaller letters are lifted from the lower case and arranged in the stick, blank 'spaces'—bits of metal less than the letters, so that the ink may not cover them—separating the words. When a line is finished, and the spaces, if necessary, have been so altered as to make it the exact length required, a 'setting-rule,' a thin piece of metal, is so placed as to keep the types where they have been laid. Thus line after line is set up till the stick is full. Then follows one of the most difficult operations the compositor has to perform. The contents of the composing-stick, having little coherency, must be removed in one piece to a tray or 'galley.' If unfortunately he should drop it, he makes what is called 'pye,' and has to re-set his stickful without payment. When sufficient material has been accumulated on the galley, it is divided into pages, the greatest care being taken that each page contains the proper number of lines, and that the paragraphs are properly marked. A 'signature' is added at the bottom of the first page to aid in the arrangement of the printed sheets. Each page is tied up with strong string. A

sheet of book-paper never varies in size, and therefore the number of pages in a sheet must vary according to their size. The ordering or 'imposing' the pages so that they shall fall rightly when the sheet is folded is a work of some difficulty, and is only mastered after much practice. The set of pages for the outside of the sheet and that for the inside are each covered with an iron frame with cross-bars, called a 'chase,' and the type is wedged or 'locked' to the 'chase' with iron wedges. The mass so locked is denominated a 'forme.'

The sheet is now ready to be printed. But the compositor may have made some mistakes. Occasionally his fingers may have strayed to the wrong compartment of his cases, or he may have placed a letter up-side down, or overlooked the author's directions as to *italics*, punctuation, etc. A rough proof is taken and carried to the 'reader,' whose business it is to mark the necessary alterations. Following the reader's directions, the compositor rectifies his blunders, lifting the required lines with a bodkin. A proof is now sent to the author, and when his requirements are satisfied, the sheet may be 'printed off.'

If the printing be done by the ordinary hand-machine, the process is nearly the following: The forme is laid upon the inking table, and the ink—a mixture of lamp-black, linseed-oil, and a little turpentine—is applied to it by means of a roller composed of treacle and glue; it is then carried to the machine. But the press itself demands a brief description. Its 'body' is of cast-iron, and it rests upon cast-iron supports. Out of the body run a pair of horizontal-rails, upon which travels a 'carriage,' the motion being communicated to it by a lever or spindle. Round the wheels of the carriage is a crossed leathern band, termed a 'rounce,' which prevents its travelling too far either way. Joined to the carriage by hinges is the 'tympan,' a frame covered with parchment large enough to hold the sheet to be printed. Upon one end of the tympan rests upon hinges the 'frisket,' an open frame to secure the sheet in its place. A cast-iron plate the same size as the sheet—the 'platen'—above the body of the press, can be moved downwards and upwards as required. The force for the downward motion is a lever or system of levers, acting generally upon a bent or slanting piece of metal working in a socket. The inked 'forme'

is laid upon the carriage, a sheet of stout paper fastened to the tympan, and the tympan laid upon the carriage so as to take an impression. All the printed part of this impression is cut out, and the margin left protects the margin of sheet. Paper well dampened is now placed on the tympan and secured by the frisket. By means of a handle underneath the carriage is run below the platen ; a



man works the lever, the platen descends with steady force upon the tympan; then, as the worker eases the pressure, it rises slowly lifted by springs; and one side of the sheet is printed. The sheet is 'perfected,' printed on both sides, in a similar manner, an ingenious arrangement of pins producing exact uniformity in the lines.

Great as is the advantage, in speed and easiness of working, the modern hand-press possesses over the ancient, the principal improvements have been but the substitution of iron for wood, the lightening of the carriage, the enlargement of the platen, the substitution for the screw of the lever, for producing downward pressure, and the spiral spring, for raising the platen. The original Gutenberg press, improved by Jansen Blaeuw, was employed to the close of the last century, when Earl Stanhope devised several beneficial alterations. But perhaps none of his inventions were of more practical importance than his employment of a roller to ink the type. The printer formerly dabbed two leather balls, one in each hand, in the ink, and then smeared it over his type. It was most difficult to spread the ink evenly, only the most skilled workmen could accomplish the feat, and they imperfectly. Lord Stanhope's rollers were covered with sheepskin; the discovery of the 'composition' was accidental. Edward Dyas, a journeyman printer, spilt some glue from a glue pot, and picking up a piece of soft glue used it instead of a ball. It served its purpose wonderfully well, but gradually dried and hardened. He moistened it with treacle, and the 'composition' was made.

Sometimes, especially when books are likely to have an extensive and permanent sale, blocks of type are cast in pages, and the printing performed by their means. This process is termed *stereotyping*. The type is first set up in the usual way, a mould is then taken from it, formerly in plaster of Paris, now in *papier-mâché*; molten metal is poured into the mould, and the page of stereotype is complete. Any number of plates may be made from the same mould, and thus a work may be printed in various places at the same time, the wear and tear of type is saved, and letters are not kept idle that probably the printer could ill spare.

(To be concluded.)

THE LOST SON.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE GERMAN OF ELIZABETH KLEE.

CHAPTER I.

‘WELL, my mistress, I am sure that the good old times are past. Only think, for this troublesome lace I can hardly get five francs, and I well remember the time when I got seven from Piton the hawker! Lace-making is now but a poor business. Do not the people say that machines will soon make our tools for handwork useless?’

‘Only be at rest, Minna,’ answered her mistress, while she placed the teapot by the fire; ‘you know that if we once enter on that subject we shall never agree, and you trouble yourself unnecessarily. Besides, I want to know how your Aunt Esther, who lives amongst the hills, is. On Saturday you must take her some of our nice sausages.’

‘O! many thanks; you are really too kind. You know well how to silence me;’ and with these words Minna applied herself industriously to her work, in order to do as much as possible before the return of the Pastor, whose evening meal had now stood a long time before the fire. Pastor Lambert’s wife was uneasy at the unusually long absence of her husband; she went from one window to another, and heard with fear how the cold October wind blew around the house, and saw the first flakes of snow falling. In the mountains around Neuchâtel the winter comes rather earlier than in the valleys. Since breakfast-time had her husband been out, and he had only intended to visit a few sick people, for as to-morrow was Saturday he would be obliged to stay in doors all day. Minna belonged to that good old class of servants who give themselves to their employers, heart and soul, and having a certain touching confidence reposed in them, hold themselves to be quite worthy of it. Therefore Minna to-day gave herself all kinds of trouble to turn the thoughts of her mistress to other subjects, whilst she industriously plied her task. Protected by the green lamp-shade from the unsteady light of the smoking lamp, with her right hand she marked out her design skilfully with her needles, of which the one with the glass knob seemed to play the chief part, whilst the left hand made the bobbin dance nimbly. The lace would have done Penelope credit, so fine and tasteful was it; the

part that was finished was carefully shielded from the dust by a gauze veil.

'At last the Pastor is come! see there,' she called as she looked towards the window. And now indeed the sound of the strong, iron-shod boots of some traveller was heard as he knocked the snow from them; and whilst Minna placed the meal in perfect readiness, the Pastor entered the room and returned the embrace of his wife. Pastor Lambert was a man of sixty-five years, whose early furrowed brow bore testimony not only of much labour and anxiety in his office, but also of many a bitter pang of heart. His expression of firm earnestness, united with deep sadness, became mild and gentle as he looked down upon his faithful wife. He had a stately, well-proportioned form, and his long, smooth, silver locks fell down upon his shoulders.

'Has any one called?' he asked his wife, when she had handed him his warm slippers and placed his supper before him.

'No, dear husband, nobody except Cornut the teacher. You know he never forgets the 10th of October. But why have you tired yourself so? Do you know that we were quite anxious about you, when you did not come home to dinner? I could not bring myself to think that you had forgotten the 10th.'

'Nor have I done that in the slightest, dear wife,' answered the Pastor, whilst he gave her a hearty kiss as though he would kiss away the two tears which slowly ran down her cheeks. 'How could I forget that! But my reason for being so late is this: When I was out this morning, the people told me that in the French Verrieres a poor custom-house officer lay dying of consumption. The gendarmes told me further that he was a Protestant, and one of the veterans of Waterloo. You will understand that I was soon sitting at his side, and now I am again with you, tired but quite content, without having had time even to call on Brother X— of Verrieres.'

The poor mother did indeed understand: ten years previously her only son had fallen at Waterloo. This sad news was first brought to her on the 10th of October, when agitation and perplexity yet reigned everywhere. From that day the worthy couple, wounded in their deepest heart, disappointed in their dearest hopes, could not bear the thought of leaving their lonely mountain vicarage. Their

hearts were too firmly bound to this place where their child had learned his first games, where his best, truest friend, the brave teacher Cornut, lived, and to which so many a dear recollection attached itself, for them to desire anything else than to close their lives here. Thus they journeyed on, hand in hand, to the heavenly country, and were in every way a great blessing to the poor dwellers amongst the mountains. The custom, once so dear to the Pastor, of burying himself in his study, he had more and more abandoned, in order to visit the poor and needy amongst his congregation and to comfort the sad. The 10th of October he usually kept as a special day of fasting and meditation.

‘How are matters with the sick man, dear husband? Are you satisfied with your visit?’

‘God be praised! I found a soul, not only touchingly thankful to me for my visit, but also well prepared to stand, perhaps in a few hours, before the throne of God. He is a poor man from Cevennes, who has heard the Word of God from childhood and knows the way of truth. He has confessed to me all his later sinful life in deep and true humility, desiring nothing but grace. I think he departs hence a true Christian.’

‘Did you speak with him of the campaign of—?’

‘I understand you. I was only able to ask him if he remembered amongst his comrades a soldier of the name of Herbert. I saw that this name was quite strange to him, and we cannot be surprised at that.’

Silently he completed his frugal meal under the loving, thoughtful gaze of his wife, who now and then directed a question to him.

‘Marie,’ at last he said, ‘I will now go into my study in order to be quiet by myself. Tell Minna I shall come down about ten o’clock for evening prayer.’

‘But may I come to you before that time?’

‘You know, dear wife, what necessity for meditation lies upon me, especially since I have a sermon before me for the morrow; but you know just as well how much I need you to-day.’

Now the Pastor is in his room overhead, alone: many times he walks through it with long strides; then he falls, weary and exhausted, into his chair, covers his face with both hands tightly pressed together, and gives free vent to his tears. ‘My son, my

son, my dear, poor child,' he cries out piteously, like that other father's cry, 'O my son Absalom, my son Absalom!' Then he rose, went slowly to his secretaire and opened a drawer. Taking out a folded paper, sighing, he unrolled it to look once more upon the last memorials of his unhappy son,—a torn epaulette and two dirty sergeant's stripes, which had been sent to him some months after his son's death, with a high commendation from his captain. It was more difficult still for the Pastor to open another paper, upon which, strange to say, was written, 'Trial Sermon of Anthony Lambert, 1810.' These pages contained the first attempt of the young student at preaching, from the text, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Yes, Anthony Lambert, the soldier who had perished so piteously upon a strange soil, had once preached the Word of God in the pulpit. But after this one attempt he had thrown aside the unbearable yoke of study, in order to seek his fortune upon the battle-field under the French standard. His parents had never known how properly to meet the wishes and desires of their only child. The father, with his stern sense of duty and absence of gentle humouring, had soon terrified the boy by his severity, and the mother, by her too-yielding tenderness, had weaned him from and spoiled him for obedience. His father it was who, because he did not know the disposition and wishes of his boy, through his perfect immersion in his books, set his heart upon the study of theology for Anthony, nay, had actually enjoined it upon him, when he had not the slightest relish for it. Led by evil companions, as well as by the suggestions of his own evil heart, after two years of dissimulation and wasted time, he had secretly left the parental home. His parents found only a letter, in which he asked their pardon for seeking another sphere for his activity, which would be more in accordance with his tastes. For the next three years they regularly received letters, full of true filial love, from which it was evident that his conduct in the army was praiseworthy and respected. Then for two years all news of him ceased, until suddenly, like a flash of lightning, came the tidings of his death, and it was clear that his letters had been lost.

From the whole story it is very evident why the father's grief

was so deep, since he must not only reproach himself for not having shown sufficient patience and pliant love to his child, but as probably blameworthy as to the choice which his son had made of a profession which so soon led him to death. 'My child, my poor child!' he repeated again and again, and smote upon his breast; 'I made you unhappy; I drove you into ruin. O, may God forgive me! He knows that I forgive you from the depth of my heart.' At this he fell upon his knees, and prayed aloud, 'O Lord, pardon me!'

When he rose his wife stood by him. She had entered noiselessly, without his observing her. 'Dear, dear husband,' she said, laying her hand softly upon his shoulder, with a voice which could always pour balm into his deep wounds, 'why do you yet agitate yourself with these regrets and reproaches? Are you to blame? Do you not thereby only increase your grief?'

'O Marie, you do not know what I suffer! You always showed to our child only the tenderest love. To you he always opened his heart, but—, but—, O God, have pity!'

'But you always acted according to your knowledge and conscience, and if you actually went upon the wrong path, does not God compassionate our ignorance?'

'I know not why, but never yet did the whole past stand so clearly before my soul; never yet did I feel so sad as to-day!'

'But you know when our need is greatest God is nearest, and raises up once more the bowed and wounded heart.'

'But——'

'There is no "but"; we will go to God, and at His feet lay all our grief, and beg Him to forgive us all our perverseness and neglect, and then we will take comfort, and stay ourselves upon the truth that His mercy is without end, and will not trouble Him any more with our complaints and mourning.'

Thus speaking, she knelt down, knowing well that human words would here profit nothing; and from the depth of her soul prayed God that He would place peace and comfort once more in the heart of her husband. How often had she thus acted to him an angel's part! What a treasure was she to her husband! He knew it well, and as often as he thought of it thanked God anew.

On the next Sunday Pastor Lambert preached with special

fervour and unction from Micah vii. 19: 'He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.' He made it a sacred duty on the Sabbath following the 10th of October, always to preach upon some such text, where the free, boundless grace of God to the poor sinner specially shines out. Then his hearers always felt that his own soul had satisfied itself upon this manna, and had quenched its own thirst at this living water. As upon this Sabbath the groups of church-goers were separating, each person bearing with him up the mountainous homeward path a kind word or friendly greeting from their good Pastor, the latter came to Cornut, and said, 'Peter, at noon you must be our guest. I was sorry to have missed you on Friday, and my wife will not resign your company.'

'You are too kind, my Pastor,' said Cornut, raising his hat; and as he withdrew he thought like the rest of the people, 'God bless our good Pastor; how well he preached again to-day, and what a powerful voice he yet has! Indeed, he need not think of any one to help him for a long time yet.'

WHAT IS LIFE?

Life's a gloomy winter day,
Sungleams few, that do not stay;
Life's a sad and dreary scene,
Joys are few and far between,
Every pleasure brings its pain,
Good to evil turns again;
Life's a path of thorns and gloom,
Leading to the dismal tomb.

Life's a sunny summer day,
Showers may come, but do not stay;

Life's a glad and happy scene,
More of joy than woe, I ween,
Pleasure comes more oft than pain,
Evil turns to good again;
Life's a calm and pleasant road,
Leading home to heaven and God.

Which is true?—just how you take it,
For our life is what we make it.

WALTER HAWKINS.

SAVED ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

ONE of our Sydney City Missionaries furnished me with the following extraordinary and affecting narrative. At a meeting held by him at the Globe-Street Ragged-School, a number of English and German sailors were present. One of these arose, and thus described his conversion to God: The Panama mail steamer was nearing the port of Wellington during very boisterous weather, and whilst engaged in his calling,

this sailor had the misfortune to fall overboard. The vessel, and also a boat, which she lowered, failed to recover him. He was given up as lost amid the mistiness and soud of a troubled sea, and the steamer made her port. But he was not lost. The tide was running in shore, and our sailor managed to support himself on the billows for several hours. In this position he began to reflect that he was unprepared to meet God, and it seemed to him, to use his own words, 'just as if he saw the Lord Jesus Christ, and heard Him say, "Believe in Me as your Saviour!"' Still battling with the ocean, he began also to pray to God to forgive him all his sins for the sake of what the Lord Jesus Christ had done and suffered for him. This is just what a poor condemned sinner is commanded to do.

He was thoroughly in earnest, and Jesus has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37). 'Whilst I was praying as well as I could,' said our sailor, 'I felt that my sins were forgiven.' He had very nearly, if not altogether, given up hope as respects this life, as well he might, but now the thought came with great power to his mind, that as God had so wonderfully saved his soul, He could also wonderfully save his body; and half dead as he was, he felt marvellously fresh nerved to struggle on for life. The amazing comfort that had come to his soul, put fresh strength into his sinking body, and he battled on for some hours longer, when he was seen and picked up.

THE HISTORY OF THE TEA-CUP.

BY THE REV. GEORGE E. WEDGWOOD.

CHAPTER I.—DRINKING UTENSILS.

VESSELS of various forms and of almost every kind of material have been used for drinking purposes. Just as in the present state of science and art there are cups of earthenware, china and porcelain, so at different times there have been 'not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth.' And from among the ruins of the seats of both the barbarism and the civilization of the past have been dug up drinking utensils of horn, glass and stone.

Perhaps the earliest notice we can trace of a 'cup' is in the Bible, where it is mentioned in connection with a remarkable series of events which occurred in the Court of imperial Egypt, nearly two thousand years before the birth of Christ. It forms part of the dream of Pharaoh's butler, as related in the fortieth chapter of Genesis. From that reference we may reasonably infer that the cup had been long in use. After that we find it frequently mentioned by both inspired and profane writers in connection with feasts and ceremonies. These cups were of



(JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.)

various materials and shapes, those of the Egyptians and Assyrians being the most elegant. They were made of gold and silver, richly studded with precious stones, inlaid with vitrified substances in brilliant colours, and even enamelled. There is a cup treasured in the Louvre, said to be the cup of Thothmes III. It is about seven inches in diameter, is made of gold, and highly ornamented. On the bottom there are chased devices of fish, and a border of hieroglyphics is punched upon it round the sides from within. There have also been found in tombs some specimens made of bronze, and others of granite, porphyry, basalt and alabaster. This last material was found in great abundance in some quarries in Upper Egypt, near to a town called Alabastron, which seems to have given the name to the substance. The Egyptians appear to have been skilful in this kind of manufacture. They also produced

cups of glass, copper, and *pottery* both glazed and unglazed. 'Some cups were formed of a coloured composition which has been called glass-porcelain; it was esteemed a recommendation that the colour should pass directly through the fused substance, and this peculiarity was sometimes imitated, either to deceive the purchaser or to supply a cheaper commodity.'*

From the many remains of Ancient Assyria which have been brought to the museums of these countries by Mr. Layard and others, we learn that the drinking utensils of the Assyrians were even more varied and elegant than those of the Egyptians, though chiefly of the same kind of substances. Most of those exhibited in the British Museum are beautifully ornamented, indicating high artistic attainments.

Besides these, there are also exhibited some drinking cups which evidently belonged to some Mesopotamian Jews, as they are covered with Hebrew characters. Most likely they were used also for purposes of divination,—a method of prying into the future which has been practised through all ages by those nations which have been under the influence of superstition. The 'divining cup' is mentioned in the Bible. It is clear from the history of Joseph that the cup was used for this purpose by the ancient Egyptians, though we are not bound to conclude that Joseph himself indulged in the heathenish practice. When his silver cup was found in Benjamin's sack, the steward did say, '*Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth?*' But possibly the latter question was asked only to enhance the value of the cup and the gravity of the charge. It does not positively assert that Joseph was addicted to 'divination.' But be that as it may, the Inspired narrative proves the existence of such practices. How the 'cup' was used for this purpose, we have no direct and certain information. When used for sacred services, it was said to be a symbol of the river Nile, which was called 'the Cup of Egypt;' 'and by the varying aspects of its contents, it was thought to mirror the forms of all things.' There is also a tradition in Persia that there is a cup called *Jumi Jemshid*, the cup of Jemshid, an ancient king of that country. The Oriental fabulists assert that the whole world, and all the things which were being done in it, could be seen at once in this cup; that it was discovered in digging the foundations of Persepolis, and found to be full of the elixir of immortality, and that all the prosperity of their ancient monarchs was to be ascribed to it. From an incident recorded by the traveller Norden, it appears that the superstitions connected with divining cups have descended to comparatively modern times. He relates that he and his party were on one occasion

* Imperial Bible Dictionary. Article, 'Cups.'

in a very dangerous situation at a place called Derr, on the borders of Nubia and Egypt. Whilst endeavouring to extricate themselves they sent a message to one of the Arab chiefs, from whom they received the reply, 'I know what sort of people you are. *I have consulted my cup*, and have found by it that you are the people of whom one of our prophets has said, that Franks should come in disguise and spy out the land; that they would afterwards bring a great number of their countrymen, conquer the land, and exterminate all.'*

And who is not acquainted with the very old custom amongst the superstitious Irish and Scotch, practised at their tea-drinkings, commonly called *cup-tossing*? When they have drunk the beverage, the dregs are shaken, and the cup turned upside down for a few minutes until the said dregs settle around upon the inside of the cup, and one of the company, usually a woman supposed to be skilled in such mystery, proceeds to study her lesson. After carefully inspecting the grotesque figures made by the dregs, she pretends to trace in them destinies, fortunes, lucky marriages, and anything that might happen to anybody. All this from the deposit of the dregs on the inside of the *tea-cup*! In many of the ruder parts of Ireland where Romanism is in the ascendant, this old vestige of divination remains in full force, though of course we see tea-dregs, which cannot mean anything, substituted for ancient alphabetical characters which did mean something. And so Popery perverts even the worst of things, as by her very breath she corrupts what might be improved. Let but the Bible rule the mind, and divination, in all its forms, speedily becomes a thing of the past.

The ancient Greeks and Romans made their cups of the horns of animals, which the fashionable and wealthy tipped with silver or gold; until, in the course of years, these gave place to cups of wood and clay; and those again to others formed of silver and gold, or other costly materials, with profuse and rich ornamentation. All Homer's heroes seem to have used their own cups on festive occasions, that of Nestor, it is said, being so large and heavy that a young man could scarce carry it. At their convivial meetings they usually crowned their cups with garlands, and filled them to the brim, when the *Arbiter bibendi*, or 'Toast-master,' announced the toasts in their proper order, and the guests 'toasted' their absent friends, their mistresses, or their gods. Though on most of these occasions it was customary to have but one cup, which was usually handed from left to right, and then presented with the right hand, it seems that 'at Lacedæmon every man had his own cup, which a servant filled up as soon as it was emptied.' It is

* See Harmer's 'Observations,' vol. iv., pp. 404, 405, with note.

highly probable that the custom of drinking 'toasts' at modern banquets is but a relic of those days.

Before leaving the nations of antiquity, we ought to say something about the 'cup' in China. In that vast country there are apparently inexhaustible beds of what the Chinese call *kaolin*, and *petuntse*, the latter being a species of flint, and the former a kind of felspar clay. From these came the famous porcelain. Why were made of these materials was first called 'porcelain,' it is difficult to say. Antiquarians are of opinion that it first became generally known in Europe by the trading of the Portuguese, who, it is said, also first gave it the name. It is related that, as they were trading in the East, they found in some places the current coin to be a kind of univalve shell which, from its curved or crooked-backed shape, was supposed to resemble a little pig, or, as they called it, a *porcella*, which name was accordingly given to the shell. On obtaining some of the Chinese ware, the Portuguese at once perceived that in smoothness and texture it resembled the surface of these shells, and hence they gave it the name *Porcellana*, from which term is derived our word *porcelains*. Such a derivation seems to be more curious than true. It is asserted by some etymologists that the Portuguese word *porcellana* simply means 'a cup;' and that when they used it in reference to the porcelain of China, they merely intended to refer to Chinese *cups*. Others derive the word from the French 'porcelaine,' a shell-fish. For many centuries the Chinese have skilfully manipulated this beautiful ware, which was long a monopoly in European markets. For whiteness, hardness, transparency and the beauty of its colours, it seems to have defied almost every process of imitation. Our term 'china' probably came into use when English manufacturers succeeded in producing a tolerable imitation of Chinese porcelain. The place in China most celebrated for this manufacture is King-thi-chin, near the Payang lake, where factories were erected upwards of eight hundred years ago, and have increased to the number of several hundreds. More than a million persons are employed in them, and the advantages of division of labour are well understood. From the time it lies embedded in its native quarries till it comes forth in perfection from the 'oven,' a tea-cup passes through more than fifty different hands. But it is obvious, from an examination of their modern productions, that the excellency of their porcelain has greatly declined. That is easily explained. The modern Emperors do not encourage the manufacturers as their predecessors did, by prizes and presents; consequently there is a decline of competition, and, with that, of excellence.

'The cruse or cup of white earth, mentioned in the inventory of Edward II., 1324; the porcelain pot said to have been amongst the

treasures of the Queen of Charles le Bel, who died in 1370; and the vessels sent from Egypt to Lorenzo de' Medici in 1487, are the only recorded instances of the existence of porcelain in Europe prior to the sixteenth century.* Indeed, it seems almost certain that the introduction of tea and coffee led to the introduction of 'china,' and to the development of that art by which an imitation could be produced that would meet the demands created by a new taste and a new custom.

Before the perfection of the potter's art at home, a *kind of varnished ware*, manufactured in Burmah, was for years imported into these countries in rather large quantities. The Asiatic Society exhibit in their Museum some beautiful specimens (Fig. 1.) They are made of a material resembling papier-mâché; they are so thin and light, and so flexible, that a cup can be flattened by pressure without breaking, and when left to itself will resume its former shape. They are of different colours, and

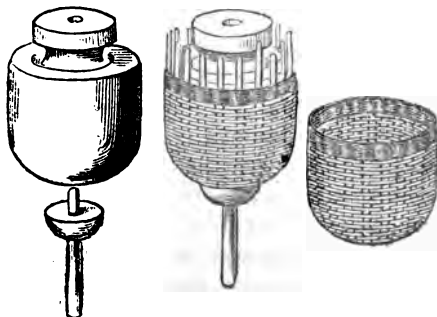


FIG. 1. Burmese Varnished Ware.

variously ornamented. The process of manufacture is exceedingly interesting. First of all, the framework of a cup is woven out of very fine slips of bamboo, and then placed on a wooden frame or mould. A juice obtained from the bark of a tree, in the same way in which the various gums are procured, is then applied by the workman, with a brush made of cocoa-nut husk, to the outside of the basket-like frame. To prevent dust-spots or marks of any kind, it is carefully laid in a box which is placed in a cold cellar, where the varnish may properly harden. The next process is to completely cover the bamboo-work with a thick black paste made of calcined bones, the carbonized husk of rice, the fine saw-dust of teak wood, and water; this is laid on by the workman's fingers. After another drying process, the cup is made smooth by the application of pumice-stone, while the cup is revolving on a wooden frame. When this is done, the whole cup receives a thick coat of varnish, which, when dry, may be burnished to almost any brilliancy. After this the maker may ornament it in any way he pleases; and, judging by the specimens above referred to, the Burmese have exhibited no little artistic taste and skill. But English pottery has become cheaper

* Meteyard's Wedgwood. Vol. i., p. 85.

than Burmese japanned or lacquered ware; so that the latter have become mere ornaments in this country, whilst the former are almost everywhere valued for their utility and beauty.

Among the savage nations of ancient and modern times, drinking utensils have, in material and form, quite accorded with the barbarism that prevailed. It has mattered little to the African or the Fijian whether the vessel he used was a human skull, a calabash, or wooden bowl, or a twisted leaf of the banana or some other tree,—the former altogether giving place to the latter only as these nations became enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel. When at Vavau—one of the largest of the Friendly Islands—the late Rev. Robert Young went with a picnic party to the summit of one of the highest hills to get a commanding view of the island and its surroundings. He says, ‘We took our meal on the top of a rock spread over with the broad banana leaf, and drank our tea from cups made of the same material.’ Lord Byron, the poet, had a cup at Newstead Abbey, formed of a human skull, rimmed with silver, on which were inscribed some verses of his, beginning,

‘Start not, nor deem my spirit fled.’

And Mandeville speaks of a tribe of people who converted their parents’ skulls into cups, from which they drank with great devotion.

Our Saxon ancestors made nearly all their domestic utensils of wood, which at that time almost covered the country. Only a few common vessels were rudely made of clay. And though the Normans were superior in taste, they do not seem to have improved very much on either the quality or shape of the domestic articles which were in frequent use. During the middle ages the Potter’s Art developed in Italy, Spain, France and Holland; and all these countries sent to England their productions of brown or ordinary earthenware, variously glazed, coloured and enamelled, in styles equally rude. Despite the exertions and fame of men like Bernard Palissy, this art made such little progress that it was still unable to supersede the ‘pewter ware’ of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This ware retained its position as the ‘fashionable ware’ of the period up to the seventeenth century. But at length refinement triumphed over prejudice, as art and science triumphed over ignorance and coarseness, and the ‘metal mug’ gave place to the earthen or the china cup which graces the tea-tables of to-day.

From all that has been said, it is evident that the cup, as a drinking utensil, and even *the earthen cup*, is of great antiquity. Who first invented it, when and where it was first used, we cannot learn. ‘Necessity’ may have been ‘the mother of invention’ in this as in other

cases. But the Bible does give us some idea as to *how* the cup was made; of this we shall say more in a future Number. It has undergone innumerable changes in shape and size. And yet there is scarcely any other article in the world the changes of which have been so many and so uniformly for the better, while it has retained a manifest resemblance to the originals, as we see them in pictures and on sculptures, and among the specimens exhibited in our Museums.

We give a picture of an earthen cup found at Pompeii (Fig. 2); and does it not resemble in many respects those of to-day? Like thousands of other cups now, it has no handle, and was evidently made with a cover, as the Chinese have always made



FIG. 2. Earthen Cup from Pompeii.

most of their cups. It is only a little taller than ours, and has a leg between the foot and the body, to serve instead of a handle; and it is scarcely any shallower than the fancy cups that are made now-a-days for those sentimental people who sip instead of drinking, or for those fashionable people who are afraid to take too much at once lest their friends should think them vulgar.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

AT Killearn, a village in Stirlingshire, there is a lofty obelisk, which was reared some years since in honour of the scholar, poet, historian and statesman, GEORGE BUCHANAN. He was born in the parish of Killearn, in the year 1506. His father held the farm of Mid-Leowen; and lived in a low cottage thatched with straw. The house has been twice pulled down, but each time the form and dimensions of the original were preserved in the new building, and an oak-beam is still precisely in the position in which it was when Buchanan was cradled beneath it. By the premature death of his father, five sons and three daughters became dependent on his mother, who, for the sake of the family, prosecuted farming operations with masculine energy. Her maiden name was Heriot, and a place she used for shielding her flock from the blasts of winter, is known at the present time as Heriot's Shields. George was her youngest son, and received his first instruction in the

public school of Killearn. There is a tradition that in his school-days he planted a number of trees near the farm-house, and a fine mountain ash with which his name was associated flourished to the beginning of this century, when it was torn down by a violent storm.

In 1520 a maternal uncle, who saw in him the promise of intellectual power, sent him to the University of Paris. While there, he diligently availed himself of the facilities which were afforded for the study of Greek and Latin, and began to manifest his poetic genius in the composition of academic verses. When he had been two years in Paris his uncle died, and the poverty into which he was suddenly cast was aggravated by severe sickness. No longer able to subsist in France, he returned to Killearn, shattered in health, and saddened by the apparent failure of his purpose to attain scholastic eminence.

After a year of inactivity he entered the service of the Duke of Albany, who had seized the Scottish regency, and broken the peace with England. His troops were sent over the border, and Buchanan was with them at the siege of Werk Castle. The campaign ended in defeat, and the hardships of a soldier's life so prostrated him, that for several months he was confined to bed. Happily he had not again to resort to arms, for in his eighteenth year he was admitted to St. Andrew's University. We can imagine the thoughtful youth walking along the beach with a Greek or Latin classic in his hand, or standing in friendly disputation with a group of students at the gate of the College, or in the shadow of a sculptured gable. He was ambitious to attain accurate scholarship, and in 1525 took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Two years later he was again in Paris, and prosecuted his favourite studies in the Scottish College in that city. He had to struggle with difficulties, which were increased by a suspicion that he favoured the tenets of Luther, which at that time were rapidly obtaining influence in France; but he succeeded in winning a professorship in the College of St. Barbe. His office was not a lucrative one, and he gave a dismal picture of his miseries, in a Latin poem.

But the severities of his academic slavery were soon alleviated by Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, who lived near the college, and had the enlightenment to appreciate the abilities and to delight in the conversation of the young Scotch professor. The Earl engaged him as tutor to his son, and he was with his pupil five years in France, and then accompanied him to Scotland. When his connection with the Cassilis family was dissolved, he thought of returning to France, but King James the Fifth requested him to superintend the education of one of his sons. Like most of the learned men of the time, he perceived the hollowness and immorality of the Roman Catholic system,

especially in its monastic institutions. He wrote a satire on the Franciscans, who retaliated by representing him to the King as a man of bad character. But James was not blind to their artifice, and instead of disgracing Buchanan, enjoined him, in the presence of his courtiers, to renew the attack on the fathers. The task, to one indignant at the prevailing corruptions, was not difficult; and the indolence, greediness and sensuality of the cloistered brotherhood were exposed in vivid light, and reprehended in trenchant lines. Nor was the invective too keen or the humour too biting, for the cowl was used as a cover for unspeakable vileness, and some of those who professed to be teachers of the people, were so ignorant as to affirm that Martin Luther was the author of a dangerous book called the New Testament.

But Buchanan soon found that it was easier to provoke than to elude the wrath of churchmen who, however feeble in the arena of intellectual contest, were able to resort to persecution for the maintenance of their authority. In 1539 there was a raid on persons supposed to have imbibed the poison of Lutheranism. Five were burned alive, and many were driven into exile. Buchanan was arrested and imprisoned in St. Andrew's Castle. The priests were eager to show that notwithstanding their misdeeds they could not be assailed with impunity; and it is said that Cardinal Beaton, knowing the King's craving for money, offered him a large sum as an inducement to accelerate the doom of the heretical poet.

Buchanan heard how his enemies were intriguing to have him brought without delay to the stake, and one night, when his keepers were asleep, he escaped from the chamber in which he was confined. Having got safely out of St. Andrew's, he travelled southward, but was molested by the freebooters on the border, and endangered by a pestilential disease which was raging in the North of England. In London he was protected by Sir John Rainsford, whose name he has honoured in one of his poems. He applied to Thomas Cromwell, and also to King Henry, for suitable employment, but obtained no favour from either. His appeal to the King was eloquent and pathetic. 'Look not,' he said, 'with an unrelenting countenance upon the humble advances of a man whose soul is devoted to your service; one who, a beggar, a vagrant and an exile, has endured every species of misfortune which a perfidious world can inflict. A savage host of inveterate enemies pursues him, and the palace of his sovereign resounds with their menaces. Over mountains covered with snow, and valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive to the Athenian altar of mercy, and, exhausted by calamities, cast myself at your feet.' But Henry's heart was as insensible as the snow on the mountain paths to that cry of genius in adversity; and Buchanan not

receiving encouragement in London, went to Paris. Again his life was in danger, for his deadly enemy, Cardinal Beaton, was then residing in Paris as ambassador from Scotland. He was in difficulty as to the course he should adopt, but Govea, a native of Portugal, invited him to the college of Bordeaux, of which he was principal; and through his interest he was appointed to teach the Latin language. While thus employed, he sought a new channel for his poetic gifts, and wrote tragedies on Scriptural subjects in the manner of the classic dramatists, and also worked out a Latin translation of some portions of Euripides. When Cardinal Beaton heard that Buchanan was at Bordeaux, he sent a letter to the Archbishop requesting him to seize the Scotch professor, and deal with him as a heretic deserving death. Providentially the letter fell into the hands of some one interested in his safety, and he was allowed to continue his duties without interference. He was three years in Bordeaux, and then left for Paris, where he officiated as regent in the College of Cardinal le Moine until 1547. At that date Govea accepted the principalship of a university the King of Portugal had founded at Coimbra, and invited Buchanan and some of his associates to accompany him to the new seat of learning. While Govea lived, the professors from France were honourably treated, but after his death they suffered from Portuguese bigotry. Secret calumny was busy with their names, and at length they were charged with crimes against religion. Buchanan and two of his friends were thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. They were brought to trial, but not confronted with, or even allowed to know the names of, their accusers; and though it was impossible to prove them guilty of the crimes with which they were charged, they were reproached and reviled as if they had been Iscariots or Elymases, and doomed to further detention in prison. Buchanan especially was an object of resentment to the Inquisitors, for the poem in which he satirized the monks in Scotland was remembered against him, and it was also said that he had eaten meat in Lent, and had cited Augustine as being in opposition to some of the decrees of the Church.

For nearly eighteen months he was harassed by the Inquisitors, and was then consigned by them to a monastery to receive instruction and to be drawn from his errors. While in the monastery, he began his Latin version of the Psalms, which afterwards became famous among the learned in Europe. It is pleasing to think of him seated under a painted window in the refectory, or in a cloister with sunbeams slanting on him through orange boughs, and working the deep melodious thoughts of the Judæan singer into the stately Latin verse of which he was such a consummate master. Not only did he find in the task a relief from the dull and tedious round of monastic life, but also an impulse to a more

glowing and trustful worship. His soul was elevated and expanded as he mused on the lofty strain in which David had lauded the Name and declared his confidence in the truth of God, and Divine glories seemed to irradiate his manuscript and his Hebrew Psalter. When he was set at liberty he wished to return to Paris, but he was requested to remain in Portugal, and a sum of money was granted him to supply his wants until he should be called to an office worthy of his abilities. Having little faith in Portuguese friendliness, he left the country in a Candian vessel, which conveyed him to London, whence he sailed to France. Soon after his arrival in Paris he was appointed regent in the College of Boncourt; but in 1555 resigned his charge to be domestic tutor to the son of Marshal de Brissac. The Marshal lived in princely magnificence; and though he had been more accustomed to the clash of swords than the quiet of libraries, delighted in the society of learned men. He recognized in Buchanan a man of large and varied powers, and treated him with utmost respect, not only admitting him to his table, but also giving him a place with his principal officers in their councils of war. For the latter honour he was indebted to an accidental circumstance. He heard a discussion between the Marshal and his officers, and could not refrain from murmuring his disapproval of the opinion supported by the majority. One of the generals smiled at his remarks, but the Marshal invited him to give free expression to his thoughts. He proceeded in the discussion of the question with such clearness and energy as to excite the astonishment of all who sat at the board. His suggestions were adopted, and events proved their sagacity and correctness.

(To be concluded.)

LOUISE JULIANE, ELECTRESS-PALATINE.

FEW children could boast of so illustrious a parentage as LOUISE JULIANE of Nassau; few have been so early and disastrously deprived of the counsels of both father and mother. She was the eldest child of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, by his third wife, Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier. By his previous marriages the Prince had become the father of three children, but owing to the treachery of Philip II. his eldest son was detained as a hostage in Spain. His two daughters, however, shared with the little Juliane the motherly affection of Charlotte de Montpensier, from whom her daughter doubtless inherited the sweet domestic virtues and womanly graces which, in conjunction with the patient fortitude of her father's character, rendered the Electress-Palatine famous in future years. The child was born at Delft, March 31st, 1576, a year rendered notable by the

signing of the Pacification of Ghent, a treaty which the Dutch hailed with tumultuous joy as the harbinger of peace and religious liberty. The little one was cradled in stormy days. The people of Holland were fighting desperately for life and religion, and the influences of such times could not fail to make their mark upon the life-character of the little princess. Both parents possessed uncommon courage and tenderness, and the example and teaching of her admirable mother trained her from her earliest youth as the daughter of a hero. She lost her mother when she was only seven years of age, and the loss would have been even more serious if William had not married a fourth wife, who wisely and lovingly took to her heart the nine motherless step-children, and became a true parent to them all. As a step-mother, Louise de Coligny behaved admirably. The birth of her own child interfered in no way with the interests of his elder brothers and sisters, but the capacious heart of the loving princess retained them all, and even after the death of their father she maintained a motherly care and supervision over the numerous family. We find that years after, words of warning in danger and of comfort in trouble were sent by the good step-mother to the long-separated children, and to the close of her life her interests and theirs were deemed nearly identical.

The loss of her mother was thus in a great measure repaired, but a heavier and altogether irremediable misfortune was soon to envelop the whole family, in the murder of the Prince of Orange, who was shot by Balthasar Gerard, July 10th, 1584. The suddenness of the blow, while it plunged some into the most frantic demonstrations of woe, stunned the little Louise Juliane, and instead of bewailing her loss with the violent and transitory grief of childhood, she suffered silently, and her unwept sorrow preyed upon her mind and the child fell seriously ill. Small hope of her recovery was entertained, and if her step-mother had not unselfishly put aside her own trouble to nurse the princess, she would probably have died. The little one recovered, but the wound in her affectionate heart was long unhealed. So rare is it for a child of eight years old to fall ill from suppressed sorrow, that we should hardly expect to find the same sensitive nature in future years passing through the heaviest trials with an unflinching firmness which became almost proverbial. The lessons of early life soon began to bear fruit. When nine years of age, Louise Juliane wrote an earnest letter of entreaty to her uncle and guardian, Count John of Nassau, asking that his protection might be extended to the orphans, so that they might be brought up 'in the religion of their late father,' a request which good Count John gladly granted. He placed his ward under the tutelage of the widowed Princess of Orange at Leyden, and afterwards at Middleburg, where, in strict

retirement, she carried on the education of the children,—morally, intellectually, and spiritually. Rumours of the mental acquirements and the religious spirit of the Princess Juliane were soon whispered abroad, and by the time she had attained her seventeenth year, offers of marriage were made to the scantily-dowered, but richly-endowed, princess. In truth, if her portraits are faithful, her talents and virtues were her only attraction: personal beauty was denied her, for her face, though full of sense and kindliness, is of the heavy Flemish type, and, with the exception of fine eyes and eyebrows, possesses no feature of great excellence, while in figure she appears short and ‘storky,’ very unlike the graceful elegance of Charlotte de Montpensier.

The Prince who gained her hand was, however, abundantly satisfied with both her physical and intellectual gifts, and seems to have been in every respect but one a very fair and equal match for the Nassau princess.

Frederick IV., Elector Palatine, was at this time one of the Protestant leaders in Germany, and an able and promising young prince. He was naturally earnest and religious, but the vice of his age and country (now, alas! the vice of *our* country)—drunkenness—had laid its hand upon him, and his private journals tell a pitiable tale of ever-recurring yielding to, and repentance for, this degrading sin. This must have been a sad trial for his young wife; and, with the coarseness and immorality of the Electoral Court, must have jarred painfully upon her innate refinement. Still, everything was not dark in the new home. In spite of this failing, Frederick loved his wife sincerely, and valued her opinions highly. Her residence at Heidelberg was most lovely and romantic, and she was allowed to model and rule the royal household after her own wishes. She speedily began to assemble her attendants around her for Bible-reading, and by encouraging conversation on the Sacred Word formed a kind of Bible-class, of which she was the teacher. Her religious influence rapidly spread, and the court gradually felt the power of her exemplary life, which to a great extent drove from it its worst elements of coarseness and vice.

In the education of her children, and in the duties of a careful mistress and a devoted wife, Louise Juliane passed five years, growing each year more tenderly attached to a husband who loved her faithfully, and who strove to overcome the temptations of his position. The autumn of 1610 found the Electress anxiously watching beside his sick bed, when, worn out by suffering, he lay and longed for death. She who was emphatically ‘the light of his eyes,’ nursed him with ceaseless devotion, and no other voice, he owned, could soothe away the paroxysms of pain. But the time came when even *her* loving tenderness failed to detain him, and in the grey

dawn of a September morning Frederick the Sincere calmly passed away, trusting 'simply in the mercy of God.' We have seen that even when a child, Juliane's grief was not frantic, but it was heart-breaking, and some months after her husband's death she records the recovery from illness of one of her children thus: 'God has shown me thus what He could still do to me, who would indeed have given all my children for that which I have lost'—a mournful tribute to the surpassing affection which Frederick had inspired. But her faith in God prevented her giving way to despair. She seemed to have a premonition that this was only the beginning of sorrows, and that all would work together for her eternal welfare. Upon her husband's death, State difficulties and monetary anxieties pressed upon her, and these, with some necessary reforms in court manners and morals, gave full occupation to the widowed Electress. She resigned all outward power in 1618, when her son Frederick V. was married to Elizabeth, Princess Royal of England. The young Electress loved gaiety and pomp, and Juliane, finding that her presence was a restraint at court, retired to her dower-castle of Kaiserslautern, whence she watched with apprehensive sorrow the signs of the coming times of trouble.

Frederick, though a Christian man, was an incapable and weak ruler, and unfortunately had in his wife one of the worst of advisers. Had Elizabeth been as wise as her mother-in-law, her husband might have been guided away from the dangers which beset him; but, unhappily, she was not, and she and Frederick made shipwreck of their fortunes in consequence. As long as they were satisfied with their humble Palatinate, all went well; but in an evil hour the crown of Bohemia was offered them, they grasped at it, and so took the first of those false steps which ended in the 'thirty years' war.' Elizabeth was greatly to blame; but we must not forget that she was the daughter of one of the most pitiable and childishly-foolish of English Queens. Who could expect wisdom from the daughter of Anne of Denmark?

The first intimation of this approaching act of folly reached Louise Juliane through her constant friend and step-mother, Louise de Coligny, Princess of Orange, and resulted in her immediate desertion of Kaiserslautern, and appearance at Heidelberg. She was too late to alter the decision of her children, and could only exclaim in sorrowful prescience, as the courtly train left Heidelberg for Prague, 'Alas! the Palatinate is lost in Bohemia!' A few months verified the prediction; and Frederick, in the depths of poverty and abasement, was brought to see his own foolishness and the wisdom of his mother's forebodings. For a time Juliane acted as regent in her son's absence, but when the Palatinate became the battle-field of Germany, she was turned out of

her home, and compelled to take refuge with her daughter at the court of Berlin. The experience of many years had taught Louise Juliane that no chastening from God's hand is *altogether* grievous; but while her own faith and love shone brightly amid her trials, her heart yearned over those dear ones who had not yet learnt to see as she saw, and whose spirits rebelled against their chastisement. She however took joyfully the spoiling of her goods, knowing that she had laid up for her abiding riches.

For some years Juliane spent much energy in sending unavailing petitions to the apathetic King of England, imploring him to afford assistance to his sorely-bested daughter. James, absorbed in English affairs, left her to her fate; and the only consolation the Dowager Electress had, was in the often-recurring thought, 'There *are* crowns which can neither be despoiled nor taken away, that are not subject to the perfidy of friends nor to the violence of enemies.' The year 1630 opened gloomily. Christian of Brunswick and Mansfeld were both dead, and in them were lost the ablest soldiers of the Protestant party. The Marquis of Brandenburg, and others of less note, had gone over to the enemy's side; the once fair and flourishing Palatinate was wasted by pillage; the Electoral family were in exile and poverty; and as the last and greatest calamity, all Protestants were placed under a ban, and their religious services were no longer tolerated. We wonder if Louise Juliane recollected those letters in which the little nine-year-old child urged her right and her desire to be trained as a Protestant? 'It is too rigorous a measure for me to credit,' she writes; 'but still God can preserve His Church, being bound neither to empire nor to any other place, He can gather His elect from every corner of the world. Nothing can take from me my trust in the King of kings; He has never left me hitherto in the midst of the deepest affliction, but has kept me in perfect peace.' So wrote one who had found God to be truly the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. Bereft of parents, husband, children, kingdom, and riches, the persecuted princess patiently and joyously exclaims, 'God, by His grace, has freed my soul from temptation, and strengthened my soul in patience.'

As usual, however, 'man's extremity' was 'God's opportunity;' and just as the Imperialists were glorying in their ill-gotten gains, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the new Protestant champion, swooped down on Germany, and turned the tide of victory. On the plains of Lützen he gained a decisive victory, but laid down his life almost at the same time that Frederick V. (the cause of the contention) died. The contest, however, which one man had caused, now involved too many principles and opinions to die easily. Duke Bernard of Weimar took the com-

mand after the battle of Lützen, and made a worthy successor to Gustavus Adolphus.

The death of Frederick and the stormy state of affairs at Heidelberg were fresh sorrows to the now aged Electress. The faint gleams of better times which flushed the horizon were unable to revive her drooping frame. The long schooling was over, patience had had its perfect work, and the purified spirit was preparing for flight. 'I am nearing my end, I am very happy,' said the Electress, concisely. She assembled her household and family, bade them a tender farewell, sent loving messages to her absent friends, and with glad composure looked for release. In much prayer, while she had strength for the exercise, she lingered a while, until her joyous anticipations were realized, and the soul of the single-minded Louise Juliane went home.

'I'LL TRY.'

(FOR BOYS.)

CHAPTER XVI.—A SEVERE WINTER.

THE 'Bonnie Sarah' had been always fortunate, so that her crew never anticipated anything but success. However, this year was to prove an exception to the general rule. On the outward voyage contrary winds prevailed, and they also encountered several severe storms, so that they were late in reaching their station. Then the whales were shy; never during the twelve years that he had sailed in the 'Bonnie Sarah,' had George Nicholson seen so few. He laughingly said, 'They used to come to welcome Captain Winter, but as he was no longer with them, they did not think it worth their while to pay their respects to a new master.' The ship could not be filled in the usual time, and was obliged to remain in the Arctic seas beyond the proper season. George and Willie anxiously watched the weather, and both hinted to Captain Bruce that it would be dangerous to delay moving the ship. But he would not heed their warnings until the ice began to close round them, then he gave orders to make sail.

A very little way was the vessel able to proceed, then it was stopped by large flocs of ice, and soon entirely surrounded. Daily had the sailors to cut the ice round the ship, lest she should be crushed by its force. Too late now, Captain Bruce lamented his obstinacy. A long winter lay before them, and they possessed an insufficient stock of provisions. He took counsel with George and Willie as to what would be the best to do under the circumstances, and both advised him to speak candidly to the men, tell them the amount of sustenance on board, and recommend an immediate adoption of short allowance, so that their stores might last



out the winter. Captain Bruce was not popular with his men, but they were reasonable, and almost without a murmur agreed to his suggestions. Perhaps they would have blamed him, had not George talked to them, and been at some trouble to point out to them, that unless they were willing to sacrifice present comfort, they must eventually perish through want; for they could not calculate upon finding edible fish in any great abundance. Then Willie's cheerful, hopeful face encouraged the men in their duty to their captain. The winter was unusually severe, and what the men of the 'Bonnie Sarah' endured is not to be told in words. Yet they were mercifully preserved from sickness and death, with only one exception. Captain Bruce had a much-loved wife and young family, and his thoughts were ever turned to them; of his own sufferings he made light. Then he accused himself as the cause of the ship's detention: had he listened to his two best friends, they might have been at home and in comfort. These sad self-accusations preyed on his mind, and he became seriously ill. Willie was a faithful attendant as well as a watchful guardian of the master's interests. The winter passed, and spring came with its warmth and refreshment. The ice-

bound vessel was able to be moved, and to make for the open sea. What a season of rejoicing it was to those gaunt, worn figures on board of the frail protection between them and a miserable death, the vessel as weather-beaten as themselves, scarcely seaworthy, yet still their only chance of safety!

On finally leaving the ice behind, the cheers of the half-starved crew were loud and continuous, the spontaneous outburst of hearts penetrated with the deepest thankfulness to Divine Providence that had so wonderfully preserved them through the perils of the past few months, and brought them out of their icy prison-house in comparative health and safety. And for the time, not one on board but gave his tribute of thanksgiving heartily and sincerely. Poor Jack was slow to express in words his gratitude to the Giver of all good, but his heart was truly sincere in acknowledging the great and unmerited mercies received, and he said, 'I must live so as to show that I am thankful to God for sparing my life.'

Once more in the open sea and homeward bound, Captain Bruce rallied, and his men hoped soon to see him again on deck; for they were not deficient in sympathy; their sufferings had drawn them closer together in kindly feeling; because they had borne their severe trials patiently, ay, and hopefully. Much was owing to the unwavering example of George Nicholson and Willie, both of whom not only evinced the characteristics of thorough seamen; but of sincere Christians, and to them was in a great measure due the excellent discipline maintained throughout that dreary winter.

On nearing the Orkneys, Captain Bruce grew worse: he said to George and Willie, 'I shall not again see port; but you will take my body home for my poor wife to see put into the ground?' Receiving their promise to that effect, he gave them a few last messages for home, then turned his attention to the other home to which he was hastening, and whence he would not return. He was a man of few words, and shy to talk; but he told George that he thanked God for his long sickness, for it had made him search for an anchoring-place, and he had found Christ, and believed that for His sake God had pardoned all his sins, and would receive him into the everlasting mansions. George trusted to the increased comforts they had got to keep the captain in life, if not to restore him to health, so that he might see his family once more. He did not seem to grow worse, and when they reached Leith, George said to him,—

'Captain, we are very near home, you will soon see your wife.'

The captain fixed his eyes on George as he responded:

'Never more in this world, George, my good friend; but I have now

ceased to regret that or anything else; Christ is my peace, and soon I shall be with Him. You will tell my wife I died trusting in Him?’

A few more hours, and Captain Bruce slept in Jesus.

The men at once waited on Willie to tender their willing obedience to his orders, but Willie strongly urged George's claims to be put in command. Nicholson was much his senior, had sailed in the vessel longer, and had every right to the trust. The men looked at Nicholson, to hear what he would say to Willie's proposition. George coughed, then spoke in a clear loud voice:

‘Well, men, as you are waiting I won't keep you long in suspense. It is quite true what my young friend has said, I am much his elder in years, and I have sailed in this here ship longer by five or six years, but I don't count that as a reason why I should take the command from the second officer, and one so well able to take us safe into port as—I will give him his title—Captain Jacques is; no, men, I have been harpooner on board this ship many years, and, with the exception of this year, always been successful as such, and harpooner I wish to remain; I don't want to be master.’

A murmur of applause burst from the men, and one and all there tendered their allegiance to Captain Jacques. Willie felt too deeply his responsibility to be elated, and saying a few words of thanks for the confidence placed in him, and shaking the men by the hand, he went below for a few moments, that he might unseen unburden his heart to Him who by a wonderful chain of events had raised him to a position in which he could help his parents without their feeling that they would be a burden upon their affectionate son.

Speedily and safely they now entered port, rejoicing to be at home; but sad when they thought of the untimely fate of the late master, and the sorrow of the bereaved wife and orphans, who were but poorly provided for. Willie did not forget the widow, and when the owners not only approved of the men's decision, but confirmed it, and paid Willie the extra salary, he gave the extra amount to the widow of Captain Bruce in a way so delicate that she could not refuse to accept it; and it may be here stated that during all the after years he sailed as master, he allowed her a stated income to aid her in bringing up her children.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE END.

How joyfully Willie set out for the farm need not be told. The day of his return was fine and warm, and all nature seemed to have put on its best dress to welcome him. Jipstone drove; he had not done so the last time that Willie visited his parents, and Willie had now an opportunity

of presenting his bear-skin head-gear, that he had left packed up under the care of Mrs. Nicholson. Of course the farmer was at the place where the coach stopped, ready to welcome his boy as one restored from the dead.

'Willie!' 'Father!' and their hands were locked in a firm pressure, that spoke more than words the deep love that filled both their hearts.

Mrs. Jacques was standing at the door, waiting, and as soon as the light cart drove up, Willie jumped out, and had his arms round her ere she had yet seen his loved face.

'Mother, did you give me up?'

'No, Willie, I had given you to God years ago, and I never took you out of His hand, and all the time you have been away I was sure that you were under His Almighty care, and that He would keep you in safety.'

'Right, mother; He and He only kept me, and brought me back to you.'

They entered the house, and again the farmer took his son's hand, as if even now he could scarcely believe in the reality of his presence.

'Father, I have something to tell you.'

'Well, my boy, what is it?'

'You remember the charge you gave me before I went to sea?'

'Well?'

'You would not let me make a promise to you; but, father, I made one to myself, and by God's help I have kept it: father, I have yet to learn to smoke, drink or swear.'

The farmer turned away, he could not reply, his heart was too full for words. And he? ah! he had not deserved this crowning mercy; he who had murmured at the dispensations of Providence so often; he, who had been weak in faith, doubtful and desponding, when he ought to have been firm and trusting. But God had dealt mercifully with him, been better to him than his boding fears; not only had He brought back his son in health of body, but in purity of mind; a son to be thankful for; a man of rectitude in whom was the fear of God.

While these thoughts were occupying the father's mind, Willie had lovingly put his arm round his mother's neck as in the olden time when he was a boy.

'Mother, I have also a word for you: I have read a verse daily in your little "Daily Bread," and have found it food; you did well to put it up.' Then the three sat down to discuss the tea prepared for the traveller. When they were more settled and had time to realize that they were once again united, Willie proposed to his parents to give up the little farm and go with him to the town to the cottage he had had prepared for them. He had not much trouble in persuading them; the trial of the past year had

shown them that their son was more to them than a home in the country. So it was arranged that the farm should be vacated at Michaelmas; the farmer knew one who would be glad to take the farm and farming-stock at a fair valuation, and thus they would spend the winter together.

Captain Willie returned to the town to have everything perfectly ready for the reception of his parents, in which he was ably assisted by his friends the Nicholsons. He had also brought up from the country the curiosities that had been sources of both pleasure and comfort to his mother during his absences. A room in the cottage was set apart for a museum, and in it Willie and George, as of yore, arranged the Arctic productions. Willie had another unicorn or narwhal horn, longer and thicker than the former one, an Arctic fox, several birds, nests and eggs; also a deer-skin jacket, trousers, etc., as well as numerous Esquimaux productions, so that his collection was really a treasure to his parents, to be viewed by them and shown to their friends with pride, especially by Mrs. Jacques, whose face would glow when she said, 'My son brought these for me.'

Then Willie went once again to Pond Cottage to fetch his parents and the maid, who would not leave her mistress, and duly install them in their future home. The Nicholsons were ready to receive them, so that old faces, not new ones, gave the first greeting, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jacques felt as though they were among friends, not in a strange place; and before the time came for their son to leave them, they had become quite reconciled to their change of residence. George Nicholson sailed as heretofore in the vessel he called his home, and Jack applied for a berth with his old friend: Captain Jacques did not refuse his request, but gave him a better position than he had dared to hope for.

Captain Jacques was prosperous in this his first voyage as master. For twelve successive years he had great success. The last of these was the same year that Captain Ross was rescued from his perilous position in the Arctic seas. And none rejoiced more than did Willie at the safety of the noble cap'tain, and he received from Captain Ross a piece of tobacco, a biscuit, and some preserved meat, which had once formed part of the stores of the ill-fated 'Fury.' These valued relics were added to the cottage museum.

A lucrative position was at this time offered to Willie in connection with the Greenland trade, which, after mature thought, he accepted. He loved the sea, but his parents were growing old and infirm, and to be constantly with them, able to tend them, see that they wanted for nothing that love could supply, was a strong inducement to settle on shore, which he did, to the great joy of the old couple.

Thus we see what came of Willie's '*I'll try.*' He tried to do his duty

in the fear of God. He was not ashamed to say 'No' when occasion required. He was not afraid to confess Christ. He was not self-seeking. He gave abundantly of that which he received; gave with a free, generous spirit, as one who counted himself but as a steward to dispense the trust committed to his care; and he reaped his reward in the love and esteem of all who knew him.

George Nicholson also gave up going to sea, and for many years held a responsible position in one of the dock offices. Jack continued his sea-faring life, and was known among his messmates by the appellation, 'Bible-reading Jack.'

AUTUMN GOLD.

To the woodlands I bent my steps one day,
To hear what the north-west wind would say;
When the trees had doffed their robes of green,
And were clad in October's glorious sheen;
When the strong north-wester was having his way,
Making the tree-tops toss and sway.

But the woodland monarchs would not yield;
They would not be shattered, and stripped, and peeled,
Let their gorgeous robes be all flung about
By the noisy, blusterer's autumn shout;
So he tacked about, and his message cried,
In a tone that would not be denied,—
'Scatter your gold; scatter your gold;
The earth will restore you a thousand-fold:
Pour into her lap your golden shower,
She will pay you back in the green-wood bower;
Carry out nature's ministry,
Scatter your gold before you die.'

The grand old trees obeyed the call,
And shed down their treasures one and all;
And when I turned on my homeward track,

The wealth of the woodlands lay at my back;

Thro' the wood, and the village street,
Over my head, and under my feet,
Hither, and thither, and in, and out,
The woodland glories were swept about;

The wind had come, and the wind had gone,

And the trees were dismantled, and bare, and lone,
And the heavy skies began to weep,
As the tired north-wester fell asleep.

This voice of the wind to the autumn tree,

What a lesson it sent home to me!
'Scatter your gold; scatter your gold.'
(The message comes home to young and old,)

'Carry out nature's ministry,
Scatter your gold before you die!'

I could not get rid of that woodland chime,

Its changes rang back like a childish rhyme,

'Scatter your gold; scatter your gold,'
To the sick and sore, to the poor and old,

To the homeless outcast, the orphan boy,

And make the widow to sing for joy.

If earthly treasures you can't afford,
Scatter the gold of a friendly word;
Of a kindly smile; of a helpful hand,
And be a power for good in the land.

This was long ago, but that blest refrain	Now, reader, I have given to thee The lesson the woodland taught to me;
Comes to me still, again and again ;	Let us lay up our treasures and hearts on high,
And every year, as it passes by, Says, 'Scatter your gold before you die !'	And <i>scatter our gold before we die.</i>

R. R. T.

WANTING TO CONFESS.

NOT many years ago, as a lady was sitting in the veranda of her Burmese house, a jungle-boy came bounding through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and approaching her, enquired with eagerness, 'Does Jesus Christ live here?' He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in a most slovenly manner about his person. 'Does Jesus Christ live here?' he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the veranda and crouched at the lady's feet.

'What do you want of Jesus Christ?' she asked.

'I want to see Him; I want to confess to Him.'

'Why, what have you done that you want to confess?'

'Does He live here?' he continued with great emphasis; 'I want to know that. *Doing?* why I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees say that He can save us from hell. Does He live here? O, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!'

'But He does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly.'

'I want to stop doing wickedly,' said the boy, 'but I can't stop. I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?'

'Nothing but to come to Christ, poor boy, like the rest of us,' the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant 'Ba-ha-lai!'

'You cannot see Jesus Christ now,' she added; and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of despair. 'But I am His humble friend and follower,' said the lady; at which the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued, 'He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell, how to do so.'

The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. 'Tell me, O tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant for life! Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved! Save me from hell!'

The next day this little boy was introduced to the little bamboo school-house in the character of the wild Karen boy, and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation, and every day his feelings enlarged, and his face gradually lost its look of indescribable stupidity.

He was at length baptized, and took the memorials of the love of that Saviour he had so earnestly sought. He lived a while to testify his sincerity, and at length died in joyful hope. He had 'confessed,' and had found a Deliverer from those sins from which he could not free himself. The lady died also, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer.

'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'—Romans x. 9.

MEMORIALS OF NEGLECTED GENIUS AND WORTH:

JOHN WHITAKER.

(Concluded from page 427.)

WHITAKER had been elected scholar of Brasenose College, was subsequently chosen Scholar and Fellow of his own College, Corpus Christi, and in 1777 retired to the living of Ruan Lanihorne, in Cornwall. If anybody wishes to enjoy a refreshing ramble, let him find his way to old Tregony, once so notorious in the days of Borough-mongering, and following the course of the river Fal, which flows past the bottom of the town, he will wind his way to Whitaker's retreat, which derives its name, perhaps, 'The iron oak place of tranquillity and repose,' or, 'The Church of Iron,' from its nearness to Ruan Castle, which in early days threw the shadows of its eight towers over the quiet waters of the creek as they flowed between the copsy hills. The Rectory stood between the castle and the church on the bank of the river. When Whitaker took possession, the old river navigation had in a great measure ceased, the castle had disappeared, and much of the 'iron oak leafage' was gone. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant riverside pastorate. He proved to be somewhat recluse, and was thought at first to be rather an odd sort of Parson. His marriage improved him. He married a Cornish heiress, one of the Tregennas, a family distinguished for its antiquity and for its intellectual gifts. The new Rector soon made himself known and felt, in his parish and out of it. His literary abilities quickly secured for him

the friendship of the leading representatives of western learning and genius. He became the friend and correspondent of Polwhele, the historian, divine and poet, the faithful admonisher of Wolcot, or 'Peter Pindar;' the patron and friend of Drew, the self-taught but high-class metaphysician. He made himself felt in other ways. He entered into a contest with his parishioners on the tithe question. It seemed unavoidable, but he threw himself into it with characteristic warmth. Strong in body as well as mind, he showed himself a marked example of 'muscular Christianity;' knocked down several men belonging to a neighbouring captain who opposed him; conducted all his prosecutions himself, making his attorney his mere clerk; and lived to have it proved that his tithe demands were just and moderate. He made his own 'tithe commutation act.'

A letter to Polwhele, dated September 20th, 1794, will serve at once to amuse and to give an insight into his character:

'You speak of your afflictions,' says he, 'but look, my dear Sir, at those of others. Look at mine particularly. For twelve years was I engaged in law-suits about tithes; had all the laity against me, had all the Clergy deserting me, both Clergy and laity depressing my character. The Clergy, to humble a man who presumed to speak, to write, to print, as if he was superior to them; the laity, to beat down a bold assertor of clerical rights against their usurpations; even the very Bishop turning against me, and *once* the laity proclaiming I should be *degraded*, the Clergy expecting I should be *openly admonished* by the Bishop at the visitation. In this situation, Mrs. W— trembling for the consequence, and therefore (though under another pretence) resolving to go with me, I set out for the visitation, was thrown from my horse, taken up senseless, and carried back to my house.

'Mr. T— was sent for, to carry my apology for non-attendance to the Bishop. His look convinced me he thought my hurt only a pretence to avoid an attendance. This cured me instantly. I had a plaister applied to my head, remounted my horse, went to the visitation, had more talk than any other man at the table with the Bishop, and returned, to the grief (I fear) of some of my brethren, to the amazement of all the laity, in good health and in high spirits. I mention all this to show you how I have weathered much greater difficulties than any which you can have to weather. Religion, indeed, was my support. "*Et me qui sidera fulcit,*" was my maxim; and at last I triumphed over all opposition, overawed the Bishop, subdued my parishioners, and now have my parish in a better state of subjection and amity towards me than any of the parishes of my neighbours are to them. Go, and do you likewise.

Trust in God, exert yourself with vigour, and you will succeed finally.'

'Exert yourself with vigour,' indeed! What he recommended he did himself. Amidst all this ecclesiastical squabbling he kept his versatile powers in ceaseless action. Now he sends out a volume on 'The Origin of Arianism.' Now come two volumes in which we find 'The Course of Hannibal over the Alps ascertained.' Now again he is writing, 'A Poetical Journey from Manchester to Derby;' 'An Ode on Ascension Day;' with various stray pieces and epigrams for a literary miscellany. Then he produces a 'Commentary on the Revelation of St. John,' in which he compels Gibbon to give testimony to the fulfilment of prophecy in almost every instance that falls within the limits of his chronology. Then, again, sermons and papers in great variety contributed to several leading critical periodicals—all showing great ability, though too often marked with tokens of predominant fancy and dogged opinion, maintained on slight groundwork, as if he were disposed to claim freedom from error.

It might be supposed that a Clergyman of his character, habits and temperament would differ with John Wesley. He did not like the great Methodist leader's movement. Like many others of his day, he did not understand the man or his principle of action. Nevertheless, he was good at heart; good enough severely to reprove his friend Polwhele for lampooning Methodism, and good enough to compliment Samuel Drew, the Methodist, on his effectual castigation of Polwhele.

Whitaker's 'great work,' as it has been called, was his 'Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall,' in two quarto volumes. These are full of curious stores of learning, used for the purpose of proving that no Bishop's See ever existed at Bodmin in Cornwall. The raciness and vehemence with which he maintains this view, and claims all the cathedral honour for St. Germans, in the extreme east of the county, sometimes become amusing. He rushes on towards his point, knocking aside or stumbling over all the most respectable objectors who stand in his way, and, in some of his friends' opinion and in his own, settles the question for ever. But other and deeply interesting evidence has been discovered since, throwing doubts on his theory, and indeed rendering it probable that the Bishopric of Cornwall had its seat first at Bodmin, then at St. Germans, or that perhaps the western Diocesan was known as the Bishop of St. Germans and Bodmin. Whitaker says a Bishop's See was established at St. Germans as early as 614, but there is no proof of this assertion. In the year 910, Athelstan was appointed Bishop of Cornwall. King Athelstan in 936 made Conan bishop, and

from him there was a succession of seven, when Stidio is said to have come from Bodmin to St. Germans, because of the inroads of the Danes. Two bishops followed him, the last being Burwoldus, on whose death the See of Cornwall was added to that of Crediton, afterwards Exeter. Whitaker's volumes are interesting now, when, after eight hundred years, the Western Bishopric is again set up, its cathedral, seemingly by mistake, being fixed neither at St. Germans nor Bodmin, but at Truro.

John Whitaker left his Cornish Rectory for his more peaceful charge in November, 1808; and his dust waits for 'the Chief Shepherd's call' in the chancel of his riverside church. Some of his last letters, written to his friend Polwhele, are characteristic of him as he neared the end:

'Your two last letters found me visited with a sickness that I cannot call a paralytic stroke, but must call it a paralytic affection. In consequence of it a numbness seized one half of my body, and I was afraid was stealing over my mind; but thanks be to God! all fear of the latter is gone off, and all feeling of the former is much lessened. I remain with a pen apparently faltering.'

'At present I am very busy in completing my "History of London;" it takes up much of my time and thought, yet I move very slowly in finishing it. I have long been in the concluding chapter of it, and was hoping to rest at the goal before this day; but the goal flies before me as I advance, and I am still in the course. I am, I thank God, much recovered from the kind of paralytic touch which I received nine or ten weeks ago. This benumbed my limbs and weakened my mind considerably for a time, but I betook myself directly to the exercise of a chaise, and have even lately purchased a pair of lively horses for the purpose; with these I go out three times a day, and move so rapidly that some envious simpletons in my neighbourhood fancy I move for pride, not for health. By this means I hope to recover more to my own feeling, and more to the feeling of others. My spirits have always been the promptest instruments of my mind, and will continue to be the promptest (I believe) to the day of my death.'

'On Thursday a new game started up under my feet, and I was busy all the week in pursuing it. This being now done, I turn to you before a new game starts up.'

He had written thus far, when he fell from his chair. His daughters raised him and placed him again before his desk, where he again took up his pen,—

'I thank you for reminding me that I had promised you my "Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall." I will write to Mr. Stockdale about it this evening.'

This was his last scribble to his friend. Brave old Antiquary! He had given his last touch to his 'Ancient Cathedral.' His work created an interest which lives to bear fresh and accumulative fruit.

S. W. O.

ELIJAH'S WEAKNESS.

BY MISS M. A. VAN METER.

ELIJAH, a zealous prophet, who wrought miracles at the word of the Lord; the strong rock-man, who stood firm amid the shifting sands of a childish people, had his hour of weakness, and in the story is a hidden word of comfort for many a discouraged worker in the Master's vineyard.

He was not cast down at the first or the second trial; he had gone forth undoubtingly, to be fed by ravens, and afterward to be sustained, apparently, by a poor woman; he had not feared to show himself to the wicked king who hated him, and to tell him his sin and the judgments of the Lord. Alone he had defied the prophets of Baal, and illustrated his sublime faith in God by a practical test in the midst of the assembled people; but the hour came when he could no longer 'stand before the Lord.' The long strain of faith was over; the water-floods had come down in answer to his prayer; the altar of Baal was thrown down, and the people saw and recognized the power of the Lord.

But if the strain of faith was past, so was the inspiration of success. The wrath of a wicked woman rose. Jezebel sent a messenger to warn him that his life should pay for the lives of the false prophets he had slain.

All at once the bold man is filled with fear! Evil looks stronger to him than good. Faith forsakes him as soon as he turns his eyes from the spiritual life to the physical life. All that had been gained becomes as nothing to him now, and he goes into the wilderness and forlornly asks that he may die! What Christian worker has not come at times into some such wilderness of doubt and fear? The past seems to have been all a great mistake. In the present is desertion. As for the future, the hands hang down!

Elijah went into the wilderness, but he did not go away from God. *He 'maketh a way in the sea.'* There is no possible gloom which He cannot penetrate. Ah! if Elijah had but known He was there! Here is the cure for discouragement, troubled worker: 'I, the Lord thy God, am with *thee*.' Faith brightens in that assurance, and rises up on *rested* wings.

But the overtaxed, wearied prophet did not see the Lord, nor hear His

voice, in those days of sore distress. He asked that he might die, and faithlessly said, 'It is enough.' God knew what he needed—strength; and an angel came and gave him food. He ate and drank of the heavenly provision, and 'laid him down again.' Again the angel came and gently reminded him that he needed strength for his journey, and then heart and hope awoke in him. When unexpected food and refreshment came to you, my tired friend, did you dream that it came from the hand of an angel, sent by the Lord of heaven?

And now, refreshed by heavenly food, Elijah might see the Lord. He uttered his complaints, and the mighty God did not turn aside. He heareth the young ravens when they cry. But the prophet felt that he had been away from God, for in losing faith in Him he had lost faith in himself; so God must speak to him as He found him. Not at once in the voice of patient love, but in the wind, the earthquake, the fire, 'after the fire a still small voice.' 'But the Lord was not in the wind,' or 'in the earthquake,' nor yet 'in the fire.'

Restored to himself, calmed, soothed, by the view of Almightyness, which held him as the mighty ocean holds the tiny drop, *safe*, he was ready to listen to the 'still small voice,' and God was in the voice! Nay, He was the voice, and through all the conflict He had been in the prophet's heart, waiting to be heard, but kept down by the turmoil of busy thoughts and restless fears.

So the Strength of Israel waits at your side, Christian worker: not to come to you by and by, but waits that you may take it in now. The gracious One seeks not to contend with you by His power, but to 'put strength' into you.

Elijah was no more dear to God on Mount Carmel, in the flush of success, than in the wilderness, alone, forsaken, and helpless.

O! for open eyes to see into the heart of that wonderful word, '*All things* work together for good to them that love God.'

'HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE.'

'**M**AKE haste,' you observe. There is no haste with God. His work moves on, however eager and impatient we may be; however much we fret and worry because this man does this, or that man withholds that. The man who believes never hastes and never rests. To him God is a Rock. The stormy waves of sin may dash against that Rock—they cannot move it! To him *good* is the power that wins; perhaps not apparently, but really, for so it is written in the Word of God; on the face of His creation, seamed and marred with internal rendings though it be; indeed, His very being declares it.

We pray with eager fervour, and work with ardent desire, and, alas! too often with sad depression, if our special plan fails; and, by and by, when failure follows failure, and the heavens are as brass above us, we fold our hands and sit down to doubt if God has ever heard.

A self-distrustful nature will seek in itself the cause of failure. A more confident spirit will question if after all there is not a great mistake, and if God really cares. All this, because not believing, we would make haste, and God does not work in that way.

A lady who carries wonderful messages of Gospel light and life to a large class of men and women, said in a discouraged tone:

'I am afraid I have made a great mistake. I have not taken the right kind of food to my class, or they would have received it, and have grown thereby.'

But she had carried the food which the Lord of life Himself had broken to her. How could that have been a mistake?

We do not believe because we look at *our* work and *our* words, and do not just carry out and distribute food and drink from the vessels which the Lord has filled. The difficulty is not so much that we do not believe in the Lord, as that we do not believe in our own inspiration by His life! 'At that day *ye shall know* that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you.'

'At that day,' when we recognize the happy truth that the Lord we love and would fain serve moves us by His Spirit, we shall cease our restless efforts, and wait to hear His voice. Then, filled and satisfied with the heavenly teaching, we shall teach in our turn earnestly, gladly, lovingly, and not be in haste to see our seed spring up, bud and blossom, and bear fruit.

'I felt that I had waited long enough,' said an earnest teacher, 'and that I must see her converted. *I could not wait longer!*'

But God waits, and He waits for us to learn the divinely simple and *restful* truth, that 'all things are of Him.' The Divine thought is large enough to hold us all, and there we may rest, not in indolent quiet, but in active service, waiting for the Lord.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS FOR PREACHERS.

PLAINNESS IN PREACHING.—'Let us do this plainly. The most, I fear, in all our congregations are sailing easily down the stream into an undone eternity, unconverted and unawakened. Brethren, they will not thank us in eternity for speaking smooth things—forsewing pillows to their armholes, and crying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." No,

they may praise us now, but they may curse our flattery in eternity. O, for the bowels of Jesus Christ in every Minister, that we might long after them all !'—*M' Cheyne*.

'WHAT can the mass of our audience do with nice distinctions, and abstruse reasonings, and long argumentative paragraphs? A Preacher may as well take a fiddle into the pulpit, and better too, especially if he could make the people dance; this bodily exercise would profit a little.'—*Jay*.

TENDERNESS IN PREACHING.—'Many of those who deal faithfully, yet do not deal tenderly. We have more of the bitterness of man than of the tenderness of God. We do not *yearn over* men in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Paul wrote of the 'enemies of the cross of Christ' with tears in his eyes. There is little of his weeping among Ministers now.'—*M' Cheyne*.

'Have you to deal with stony hearts? The way is to lay them upon the soft pillow of the Gospel, and so you may break them. Lay a stone upon a stone, and it starts from you, and does not break; but if you lay it upon a pillow, you may presently break it with a hammer. The Word is compared to a hammer: yea, but we must labour to lay the hearts of people upon the pillow (as it were) of love, upon the grace of God in the Gospel, that is the way to subdue them.'—*Burroughs*.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR OCTOBER, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>
Sept.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	5 56	5 44	5 49m	6 47a	3 20m	9 5a	4 6m
Oct.							
8	6 12	5 22	4 36	6 32	2 41	8 31	3 24
18	6 29	5 0	4 51	6 22	2 10	7 58	2 41
28	6 47	4 40	5 40	6 19	1 46	7 26	1 59

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Oct. 6th, New Moon 9h. 58m. after. | 22nd, Full Moon.. 7h. 31m. morn.
 14th, First Quarter 3h. 42m. morn. | 29th, Last Quarter 2h. 21m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 5th 5h. morn., Perigee; 224,588 miles.
 „ 17th 3h. morn., Apogee; 251,589 „
 Mean distance for the month 238,089 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 1st	91,718,010 miles.
November 1st	90,928,320 "
Decrease of distance for the month.....	789,690 "

On the 3rd at 8h. in the evening the planet Uranus will be within less than half a degree of Regulus; the former being 21m. to the north and 13m. west of the latter. At the same time the Moon will be very near these two objects; and, as seen from some parts of the Earth, will get between them and the observer. At that time they will be far below our horizon, indeed, near their lower transit, so that we cannot witness the phenomenon; but we can witness the near approach of the planet and fixed star. They will rise about 2h. in the morning. On the 8th at that time the planet will be two and a half minutes eastward, and fifteen minutes northward of the star, and thus may be easily recognized in any ordinary telescope. It is well to remark that Regulus rises in the latitude of Greenwich almost exactly east north-east. We have dwelt on this because many who possess small telescopes have never seen Uranus. A good opera-glass will show it as a small satellite to the star. Toward the end of the month the planet will be still near the star, and on the morning of the 31st the Moon may be seen by us very near both. On the evening of the 10th the Moon will be very near Antares.

Mercury and *Uranus* are the only morning stars, properly speaking, among the larger planets. *Venus*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* are visible

in the evenings; though *Mars* and *Saturn* do not set till after midnight. Neptune will be in opposition to the Sun on the 29th, and is, of course, visible through the night.

Mercury, will be stationary on the morning of the 5th, after which the apparent motion becomes direct; on the 9th it will be in perihelion; on the 12th at its greatest western elongation from the Sun, when it rises more than an hour and a half earlier; and on the 19th it will be at its greatest distance from the ecliptic northward.

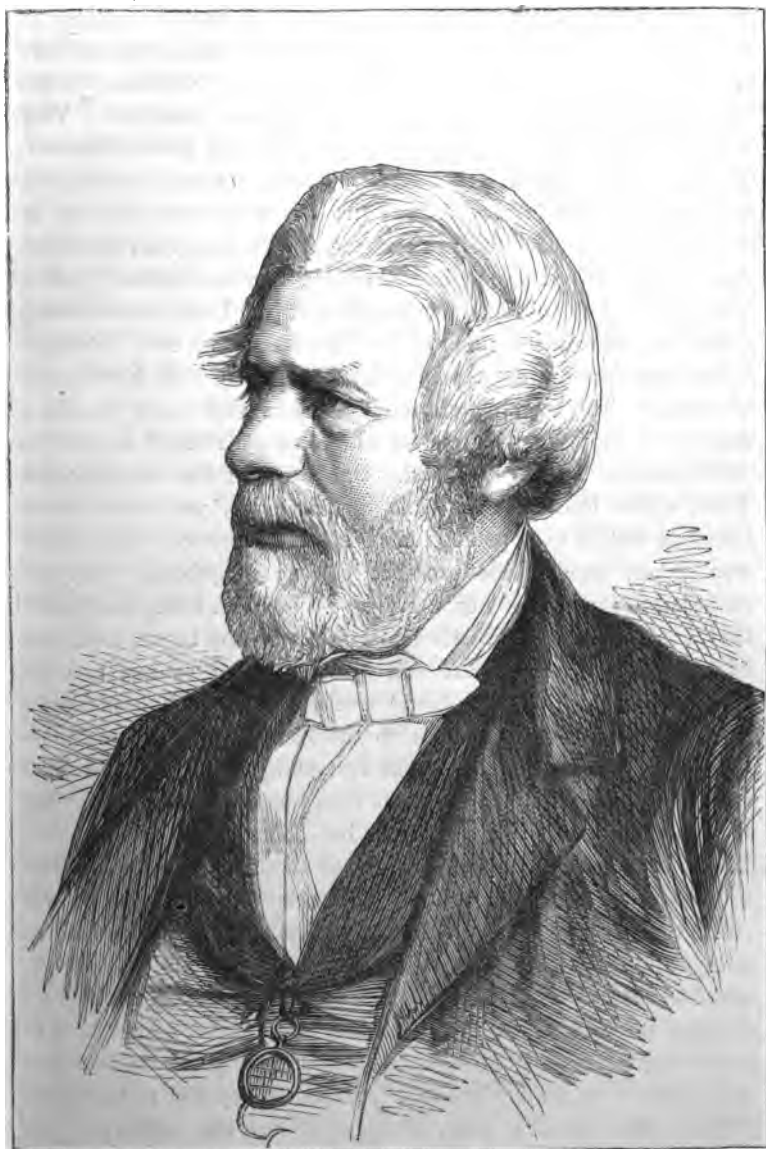
Venus will be near the Moon on the evening of the 9th. Her form is gibbous, but waning; the apparent diameter is increasing. She is approaching the Earth, but recedes from the Sun till the 18th, when she will be in aphelion.

Mars has been rendering valuable service to planetary Astronomy by his near approach to the Earth; would that he were the harbinger of peace and goodwill among men! We hope soon to hear tidings of the expedition to the South Sea for determining his parallax, and thence the parallax of the Sun.

Jupiter will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the 9th.

Saturn will be near the Moon on the evening of the 18th. The ring is now between two and three seconds in breadth, the length 42s.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.



ROBERT CHAMBERS.

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VOL. I. *Third Series.*—NOVEMBER, 1877.

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WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS have done good service to popular literature and intellectual progress by their writings and publications. Though giving no prominence to religion in their works, the productions of their pens and their presses have always been favourable to moral purity; and their influence in the domain of secular education has been great and beneficial. They were born at Peebles, in the beginning of the present century. Peebles is an ancient royal burgh, standing among grassy hills, and so close to the Tweed that there is a constant murmur of waters in its streets. Seen in connection with the green declivities and the sparkling river, it is a charming spot, and almost justifies the verdict of the old burgher who had visited Paris, and on being questioned as to his opinion of the French capital, said, 'Paris, a' thing considered, was a wonderful place—but still Peebles for pleasure!' The town, when the Chambers were boys, boasted a number of those odd characters who have contributed so much to the anecdotal lore of Scotland. One was a carrier named David Loch, whose brain was in some way defective, yet not so as to interfere with a keen perception of his own interests. His mother was dying, and in the presence of her neighbours, who had gathered to the side of her box-bed,—a bed like a huge cupboard that could be closed in with folding doors,—she began to dispose of her effects: 'The house will be Davie's, of course, and the furniture too.' 'Eh, hear her!' exclaimed the delighted Davie, 'sensible to the last, sensible to the last.' 'The lying siller'— 'Eh, yes; how clear she is about everything!'—'the lying siller is to be divided between my two daughters.' 'Steek (shut) the bed-doors,' cried David, 'steek the bed-doors; she's raving now!' There was a poor watchmaker who was about the last in the town to leave off ruffles at the wrists. His name was Law, and he was related to the notorious schemer whose financial bubbles ruined so many families in France. He was too proud and too idle to work, and had scarcely any income beyond a small amount he received for keeping the town clock in order, and spent most of his time in vapouring talk. A woman, whose husband by great industry had accumulated about five hundred pounds, is reputed to have said, 'There goes Geordie Law, swaggering up the streets wi' his ruffles, as if half the town were his ain; and look at our Sandy—'

for a' he has, he's neither proud nor lordly.' A man named Tam Fleck had a copy of L'Estrange's translation of 'Josephus,' and went to different families in the evening to read the narrative of the Jewish wars. He never read more than two or three pages at a time, but added a number of quaint remarks by way of commentary, and so arranged his movements that each group of listeners was advanced to the same point of information, and excited to like interest in what was to follow. When he entered a house with the old folio under his arm and sat by the fireside, the enquiry occasionally was, 'Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?' 'Bad news, bad news,' was his reply, 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it's gaun to be a terrible business.' The story of the sufferings of the Jews in the doomed city kept a number of families in a state bordering on agony for weeks, and when the terrible victory of the Romans was announced, the hearers were almost phrenzied with horror.

The grandfather of the Chambers' was a manufacturer of woollen and linen cloths. The looms and warping machines were in one end of a long thatched building, and the other end was used as the dwelling of the family. For the last thirty years of his life the proprietor of that primitive factory and home was an elder in the Established Church, and was highly esteemed as the friend of the poor and the afflicted. On the Sabbath evening he frequently visited as many as twelve sick families, giving consolation to, and praying with each. His wife was a good, but somewhat stern woman, and was very unceremonious in her criticism of sermons and in her remarks on what she thought unworthy conduct in members of the Church. One day, in the presence of a number of neighbours, she began to lecture Dr. Dalgliesh on his wife's dress. 'It is a sin and a shame,' she said, 'to see sae mickle finery.' Without denying the charge, the Minister prepared to strike her with her own weapon. 'So, Margaret, you think that ornament is useless and sinful in a lady's dress?' 'Certainly I do,' was her reply. 'Then may I ask why you wear that ribbon around your cap? A piece of cord would surely do quite as well.' She was disconcerted by that unexpected turn in the argument, but rejoined, 'Ye'll no hae long to speer sic a like question.' On the following day her cap was bound with a piece of white tape, and she

never again wore ribbon or any kind of ornament. She always rose early, and one bright summer morning she went out about five o'clock to attend to her cow. She had scarcely been gone three minutes when she returned, as if in consternation, crying out to her husband, 'Eh, Sirs! eh, Sirs! did I ever think to live to see the day? O man, O man, O William—this is a terrible thing, indeed! Could I ever have thought to see 't?' 'Gracious, woman!' was the exclamation of the startled elder, 'what is 't? Is the coo deid?' 'The coo deid!' responded Margaret, 'waur, waur, ten times waur! There's Dr. Dalgliesh only now gaun hame at five o'clock in the morning. It's awfu', its awfu'! What will things come to?' Concluding that the Minister had been spending the night in jovial company, forgetful of the proprieties of his sacred office, she would not hear another sermon from him, and ever after attended the Secession Church.

James Chambers, the father of the two eminent men whose career is about to be sketched, was the eldest son of William and Margaret Chambers, and was in the cotton business, partly on his own account, and partly as agent for Glasgow houses. He was not without good qualities, but injured himself and his family by want of firmness, and by indifference to personal responsibility. Fond of music, humorous and abounding in knowledge on a variety of topics, his company was eagerly sought, and he was too willing to amuse others when he ought to have been attending to duty. Having read Ferguson's Astronomical works, he became passionately addicted to the study of the heavenly bodies, and was frequently engaged in that pursuit with Mungo Park, now renowned as the African traveller, but at that time settled as a surgeon in Peebles. He was never so happy at home as when busy with his German flute or his telescope. 'Seated,' says one of his sons, 'at the open window of his little parlour in calm summer gloamings, he would play an endless series of Scottish airs, which might be heard along the Eddlestone Water; then, as the clear silvery moon and planets arose to illumine the growing darkness, out would be brought his telescope, which being planted carefully on its stand on my mother's tea-table, there ensued a critical inspection of the firmament and its starry host. From circumstances of this kind, discussions about the satellites of Jupiter and the belts of Saturn

are embedded in reminiscences of my early years.' The wife of the amateur musician and astronomer was a farmer's daughter, and was ladylike in appearance and manner. She was severely tried by the thoughtlessness of her husband, and but for her care and prudence the affairs of the family would have been completely disorganized.

Both husband and wife were awake to the importance of education for their children, and, after the two boys had been taught to read, they were sent to the burgh school, which was under the care of a Mr. Gray, who, though not without ability as a teacher, was too fond of convivial indulgences to do justice to his scholars. Sometimes he would be in the tavern when he ought to have been at his desk; and he could neglect his duties with impunity, for the magistrates, who should have called him to account, were his usual associates in his revels. When he was absent the school was a scene of wild uproar, and the girls had to retreat under the tables to avoid the books which the boys in their mimic warfare hurled at each other's heads. Nothing like moral or religious influence was attempted, but the tawse was unsparingly used. The parents approved of the harsh treatment their children received, thinking stripes essential to a good education; and a mother, introducing her son to the master, would say, 'I've brought you our Jock, mind ye lick him weel!' William and Robert were in due course advanced to the grammar-school, where Greek and Latin were taught, and where they had the advantage of a master who, though sufficiently addicted to flogging, was a man of good character and mindful of the interests of his pupils. William was more active and adventurous than Robert, and when not at school spent many hours in wandering along the banks of the Tweed, and in excursions to other picturesque scenes in the neighbourhood.

Neidpath Castle, a deserted residence of the Dukes of Queensberry, was one of his favourite resorts. The stores of the local militia were deposited in the Castle, and were under the charge of a sergeant who had been in the American war; but, being a weaver by trade, he worked at a loom, which was placed in a recess formed by a large window in what was called the Duke's Drawing-room. When the old man was in a talking mood, William drew from him interesting recollections of Bunker's Hill and other scenes of note

in which he had been engaged. Robert was devoted to books, and fully appreciated the facilities for reading afforded by a circulating library, which a small but enterprising bookseller had established in the town. Among the books in the library there were some which had a special charm for him, such as Pope's Homer, Gawin Douglas' translation of Virgil, and a metrical history of the clan Scott by an old soldier, named Walter Scott, who had fought under the great Gustavus Adolphus. But there was one literary treasure the discovery of which was to him as great an event as the discovery of the West Indies to Columbus, or of the planet Neptune to Adams. His father had bought the fourth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and when he had looked through the volumes, having no shelves on which to display them, he deposited them in a chest in the attic. 'Roaming about there,' says Robert, 'in that morning of intellectual curiosity, I lighted upon the stored book, and from that time for weeks all my spare time was spent beside the chest. It was a new world to me. I felt a profound thankfulness that such a convenient collection of human knowledge existed, and that here it was spread out like a well-plenished table before me. What the gift of a whole toy-shop would have been to most children, this book was to me. I plunged into it. I roamed through it like a bee. I hardly could be patient enough to read any one article, while so many others remained to be looked into. In that on astronomy, the constitution of the material universe was all at once revealed to me. Henceforth I knew—what no other boy in the town dreamed of—that there were infinite numbers of worlds besides our own, which was by comparison a very insignificant one. From the zoological articles, I gathered that the animals, familiar and otherwise, were all classified into a system through which some faint traces of a plan were discernible. Geography, of which not the slightest elements were then imparted at school, here came before me in numerous articles and maps, expanding my narrow village world to one embracing the uttermost ends of the earth. I pitied my companions who remained ignorant of what became to me familiar knowledge. Some articles were splendidly attractive to the imagination—for example, that entitled *Aërostation*, which illustrated all that had been done in the way of aërial travelling from Montgolfier downwards. Another paper interested me much,

—that descriptive of the enquiries of De Saussure regarding the constitution and movement of glaciers. The biographical articles, introducing to me the great men who had laid up these stores of knowledge, or otherwise affected the destinies of their species, were devoured in rapid succession. What a year that was to me, not merely in intellectual enjoyment, but in mental formation !’

JABEZ MARRAT.

(To be concluded.)

THE LOST SON.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE GERMAN OF ELIZABETH KLEE.

CHAPTER II.

EIGHT days later, Lambert and his wife sat at their simple dinner—it was Saturday,—when Minna came in with the words, ‘A stranger is without who wishes to speak to you, Sir ; he is a hawker, and since the weather is so bad to-day, he begged very hard that he might stay to rest a little while. I told him it was Saturday evening, when you did not like to be disturbed, but he would insist on seeing you. Perhaps Mistress would come to him ?’

‘What is he like, Minna ? Is he old or young ?’ asked the Pastor.

‘As far as that goes, he looks quite pitiable. He is a little man with a snow-white beard ; perhaps he is an old soldier.’

‘A soldier, do you say ? Tell him at once he may come to us and rest.’

A few minutes later, the man spread out his wares before the Pastor and his wife, recommending them in a simple, unskilful way, without the boastful speech of so many of his fellows. The Pastor soon discovered in him an old, honourable soldier, who, whilst he offered his ribbons, handkerchiefs and coloured dress-pieces, seemed to think : ‘Buy it or not, as you like ; I will seek to dispose of it elsewhere.’ The Pastor took his place upon the sofa, whilst his wife measured a piece of lace with the old man, who suddenly cried out aloud in astonishment at the sight of a portrait which hung upon the wall : ‘What is this ? There is our sergeant, Anthony Lambert !’ going nearer he added, ‘It is well executed. Am I, then, in his home ?’ The Pastor sprang up, and laying his hand upon the shoulder of the old man, pale with excitement, and fixing a look of deepest emotion upon him, said :

‘Yes, old man, that is the portrait of our son. Did you know him ?’—here his voice almost failed him,—‘speak, for God’s sake ! what do you know of him ? But deceive me not ; you must now give a strict account.’

The pedler looked at him earnestly, with such an honourable, true-hearted gaze, that his love of truth could be doubted no more, and lifting his hand to his forehead in a military salute, he answered without circumlocution :

‘Pastor, I did not know that I had anything to tell you would wish to hear. As truly as I stand here, and am called Stephen Lorimir, I recognized our sergeant in the first glance at that picture. I have seen him many a time in the army, but never in the march home again, as you know well. He was a fine, good-hearted fellow, a true man ; I rejoice to be in his father’s home.’

Mrs. Lambert could not restrain her tears. Her husband nodded to her, and hardly able to command himself, asked further :

‘Can you tell us in what division of the army he was when you last saw him ?’

‘In the Grouchy corps, Lefevre’s division, battalion of Chalumeaux. Since he was in the garrison at Namur for a year, I had not seen him for some time, until I met him again in the march to Brussels, three days before the battle of Waterloo.’

‘Did he, then, perish in that struggle ?’ cried the father, beside himself with excitement.

‘Pardon ! not so, because his division of the troops had again united with the Grouchy corps. Several days after the battle I found him, smitten by the spear of a pursuing Prussian, in the hospital of Charleroi, near to death. He could only succeed in saying as much as sufficed to commit his child—which I should find in the village of Gembloux—to my care, and even before he could give me more definite information he died.’

‘How—has my son left a child ?’

‘Yes, Pastor ; whilst he lay in garrison, he married a goodly maiden of Gembloux, who was called, if my memory does not deceive me, Lucy Pernon. The little girl, after her father’s death, found shelter in a neighbouring village, for her mother soon died through grief at the loss of her husband.’

‘And is the child yet alive ? Where is she ? O speak, I beg you !’ cried the Pastor’s wife, who could keep silent no longer.

‘I cannot tell you for certain, but it can easily be found out. It is about a year since I saw her, when the Fair was in Gembloux : since then I have not been in the neighbourhood, for I live in Lorraine. But I can tell you this, that she was then a tall girl of nine, perhaps somewhat unruly, although the farmer who took her to his home has cared for her to the best of his ability. She is very like her father.’

After such minute details, which were told them in a manner that

awakened trust, the accuracy of the story could be no more doubted. The Pastor could no longer repress his feelings. He went to the window, and the hot tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, without perceiving his wife, who had quietly crept to his side, he looked to heaven and prayed in his heart to God. What his prayer was only God could tell. Who heard it. On this occasion the prayer embraced a little orphan girl in the centre of Belgium, and brought her over hill and dale to a dear, quiet home. Now the Pastor turned, exchanged a few quiet words with his wife, and then coming to the old pedler, who stood quite touched by the deep emotion of the poor parents, seized both his hands, and said :

‘Remain with us until Monday, will you not? You have much to tell us yet, and then we will rely upon you to find the child for us.’

‘There will be no difficulty in that,’ was the reply of the old man, who was well satisfied with the proposal. Soon afterwards he was comfortably seated in the kitchen at a good repast, and talked with Minna, who was only too glad to speak with him about ‘her dear young master.’

Stephen remained in the vicarage, and on Sunday reverently listened to the sermon, which, with soldier-like candour, he thus praised: ‘It does one good, indeed, to be present once more at Divine worship in the French language, and to be in the company of so excellent a man.’ The whole village soon knew of his arrival, and besieged him with questions about the Pastor’s son. Lambert fervently praised God’s Providence; how near the servant came to sending the old pedler away! Again and again he got the latter to tell all he knew of his son, and it did him good to see from all that was told that Anthony had stood in good repute with all.

His wife, affected and agitated in the depths of her mother’s heart, enquired, with anxious zeal, concerning ways and means of finding some trace of her granddaughter. The pedler comforted her constantly with the thought that the poor people who had charge of her would be glad to give her up to her lawful relatives. She must not lose heart if the search demanded trouble and time.

On Sunday evening the Pastor invited all those members of his church who wished to hear more particularly of his son, whom they had all known, loved and sincerely sorrowed for, to his house. The goatherd, with whom as a boy Anthony had scoured the mountains; his good old aunt Gremillet, in whose house he had so often regaled himself with black bread and strongly-salted radish; above all, the good schoolmaster Cornut, with his little son Tony, called after Anthony; these, and more, were there. When at length the soldier had told his story for the sixth time they separated, but not before they had united from their hearts in their faithful Pastor’s thanksgiving.

After old Stephen had carried his wares round the village for sale, on Monday afternoon he started upon his return journey. Heartily he thanked his friendly host, and respectfully received the Pastor's earnest, edifying counsels, with tears in his eyes. Sometimes doubts had arisen in Lambert's mind concerning his candeur, but when he saw the honest face of the old man once more, and how it was only after pressure that he would consent to take money for the expenses of his journey, he dismissed his suspicion, and, full of hope for a happy result, he accompanied him for about a mile on the way. Then he separated from Stephen, commending him to the protection of God. Once again the pedler reminded him that he was not to lose patience if he had to wait some months before receiving news. In the evening the two worthy people sat a long time together, and thought, with praise and thanksgiving, as well of the past as of the hopes of the future.

'O, if God in His goodness would indeed bring the dear child into our home, how much better would we now train *her*, according to His will!'

'Amen,' answered the Pastor's wife. So this joyful hope, like a sunbeam, lighted up the whole long winter.

'A WORM.'

'Man that is a worm.'—JOB xxv. 6.

'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.'—ISAIAH xli. 14.

A SINFUL worm am I,
All vile and foul within;
And ever in my life comply
With the base law of sin.
To sight and touch unclean,
A worm of slimy trail—
A viperous worm, a worm obscene,
I bear my proper bale.
A crawling, crooked worm,
No lines direct I know:
For sordid ends, with pace infirm,
By winding ways I go.
I grovel in the mire,
The dust my food I make;
Nor higher, purer things desire,
Nor proffered dainties take.
Most impotent of worms,
The creature of an hour,
I writhe, and fight—a worm in arms,
Against Almighty Power!

A guilty, rebel worm,
Convicted, doomed, I lie;
And trembling wait my little term,
An endless death to die.
But Christ for me hath died,
That Justice may forgive;
I feel the cleansing blood applied,
I trust in Him and live.
Though poor and helpless yet,
God's love I now can claim;
Among the children I am set,
And Jacob is my name.
A worthless worm I lie,
The meanest child of earth;
But God a worm became, and I
A thing of wondrous worth.
By Him from thrall restored,
To Him I urge my way;
With all the ransomed of the Lord—
A glorious heir of day.

Yet oft I longing see
The good on earth that lies ;
Though sweeter, higher joys for me
Are streaming from the skies.
Through wilful wanderings lost,
On dangerous paths I stray—
Exposed to storm, and heat, and frost,
And all the birds of prey.

A suffering worm am I,
That cannot e'en complain ;
But only lift my head on high,
To tell my inward pain.
A wounded worm and weak,
My deadly foes among,
A hiding-place I cannot seek,
Or drag my length along.

But God despiseth nought
His gracious hands have made :
To all His precious blood hath bought,
Descends His mighty aid.
He sees me where I lie,
He hears my mute despair :
His peaceful garden bloometh nigh,
And I am sheltered there :
Where flourish all things sweet,
Where fragrant breezes blow,
I fear no tramp of heavy feet—
No sound of coming foe.
His love is over all,
And Him I love alone :
His Spirit guides, and I will crawl
E'en to His glorious throne.

S. WEAVER.

CAXTON AND PRINTING.

(Concluded from page 441.)

THE hand-press, with its flat platen, described in our last article, proved incompetent to supply the modern demand for books and newspapers. It could not work rapidly enough for either, nor take so large a sheet as the latter required. Most of the improvements upon the hand-press have been called for by the daily newspaper. Many thousands of copies must be produced within a few hours ; speed is of the utmost importance, as upon it the sale chiefly depends.

The first marked improvement upon the platen-press was the substitution for the platen of the cylinder. The paper to be printed was placed, not on the type but on the cylinder. Then a second cylinder was added, and a self-acting machine devised for inking the formes. The modern cylinder-press consists of a frame some five feet broad and three times as long. Two pairs of upright posts support the axes of two cylinders. Each cylinder has a diameter of rather less than three feet, and they are fixed about two feet apart. The type-carriage rests below the cylinders upon wheels, which stand upon a sort of railroad in the frame. Above and between the large cylinders are two smaller ones, or drums. On a level with the top of the printing-cylinders is a flat

iron leaf or 'feeder.' The feeder, the printing-cylinders and the drums are connected by endless bands. The inner and outer formes are brought in forme-carriages and set at opposite ends of the type-carriage. A boy places the sheet to be printed upon the feeder, the machine is set in motion, the cylinder takes up the paper and continues to revolve till it reaches the type which has run to meet it. The sheet is pressed upon the type by the rotatory motion of the cylinder and printed on one side. Still the cylinder turns, carrying the sheet with it, the bands holding it exactly in its place. The cylinder reaches the first of the drums, the sheet glides over that, then under the second, and so is completely turned, its blank side being outwards. The second printing cylinder receives it, the printed side lying upon a woollen blanket which covers a sufficient portion of the cylinder. The second printing cylinder revolves in the opposite direction to the first, and the 'perfected' sheet falls into the space between the cylinders, and is instantly removed by a boy. Fifteen hundred sheets can thus be worked off in an hour. The old hand-press could rarely exceed one hundred and twenty-five much smaller sheets in the same time.

Ingenious as these arrangements are, they are quite matched in ingenuity by the appliances for inking the type. A 'ductor roller,' gently revolving, dips into the ink-reservoir and covers itself with a thin coating of ink. An 'elastic roller' strikes against it, robs it of its ink and carries it down to the inking-table. Another set of rollers spreads the fluid evenly over the table, whilst yet another transfers it from the table to the forme. This apparatus is attached to each end of the type-carriage.

It is evident that a machine capable of so complicated and rapid processes must be moved by some stronger power than the human hand. The cylinder-press is, in fact, worked by the steam-engine. Though an Englishman, Mr. William Nicholson, invented the cylinder-press, to a German, Mr. König, must the honour of first employing steam to print be ascribed. His invention dates from 1804, but it was not till ten years later that the first English newspaper printed by steam was issued. The *Times* of November 28th, 1814, announced itself as steam-printed, and with pardonable pride indulges in a flourish of trumpets: 'Our journal of this day

presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing, since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hand one of the many thousand impressions of the *Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch.' A description of the machine followed; it could turn off eleven hundred sheets an hour. Further accelerations of speed were obtained, and on February 14th, 1828, the *Times* states, 'The reader now holds in his hand an impression which a mere machine has yielded at the rate of *four thousand an hour!* Such ease, rapidity and accuracy united, could hardly ever before be ascribed to any fabric constructed by the hand of man. Let but the reader contemplate, if he can, what must be the rapidity of these motions, which throw off four thousand printed sheets in every hour, or nearly seventy a minute!'

But even this high rate of speed would not suffice. The next step forward was taken by Mr. Applegath. Hitherto cylinders had pressed upon a plane surface. He cast a curved plate, in which the type could be arranged, and 'column-rules,' the brass-slips which form the lines which divide a newspaper-sheet into columns, could fasten it securely enough. The curved plate, with its contents, was fixed upon a roller, so that cylinder could act upon cylinder. In his *vertical* machines, a huge upright cylinder stood in the midst of eight small cylinders. The large cylinder held the type and the inking-apparatus, on the smaller ones the sheets were placed. All the cylinders were made to rotate in the same time, and thus one side of eight sheets was printed at each revolution. Twelve thousand 'impressions'—sheets printed on one side—could be worked off in the hour. The machine is fed and relieved by boys. The Hoe press, by which many newspapers are printed, proceeds on the same principle as the Applegath, only the upright cylinders give place to horizontal, and the sheets are taken off, though not laid on, by machinery.

The Crimean War so whetted the English appetite for the latest news, that the proprietors of the *Times* were constrained to seek for

some method of lessening both the labour and the time of printing. No mere increase in the speed of the press would meet their requirements. Items of intelligence might arrive at the last moment; it was necessary that the process of type-setting should be accelerated. Stereotyping would be no advantage, unless the same mould could be made to serve for more than one plate, so that more than one machine could be occupied with the same matter. Experiment followed experiment; columns were cast in papier-mâché moulds; then entire pages. But the flat plates were not easily reconciled with the Applegath vertical cylinders. Could the matrices be bent to suit the rollers? Curved matrices and curved metal plates were soon obtained, and it was found possible to set up a whole page ready for printing in *twenty minutes*! It seemed as though the art of printing, at any rate so far as speed was concerned, had reached its terminus.

Nevertheless, Mr. Walter, the principal owner of the *Times*, was not satisfied. The machine could work no faster than human fingers could supply the feeder with paper. Now *news paper*, thanks to the invention of M. Fourdrinier, could be woven in huge reels, the length of paper in which could be measured by *miles*. Was it possible to devise a machine to unwind and print from the reel? This would reduce the labour of 'laying-on' to a minimum. It was plainly impossible, even if it were advisable, to dispense with 'taking-off;' but if the sheets were thrown upon a flat surface, that work would be comparatively light. Before the web could become sheets it must be cut; and for commercial purposes the number of sheets must be known. But perhaps the greatest desideratum of all was a double cylinder press which should 'perfect' the sheets,—*i.e.*, print them on both sides. This neither the Applegath nor the Hoe machine accomplished. And in procuring all these advantages none of the old excellencies must be sacrificed or diminished. After well-nigh infinite trouble and indomitable patience, Mr. Walter succeeded to his heart's content, and at the same time accelerated the speed and decreased the labour by about one-half.

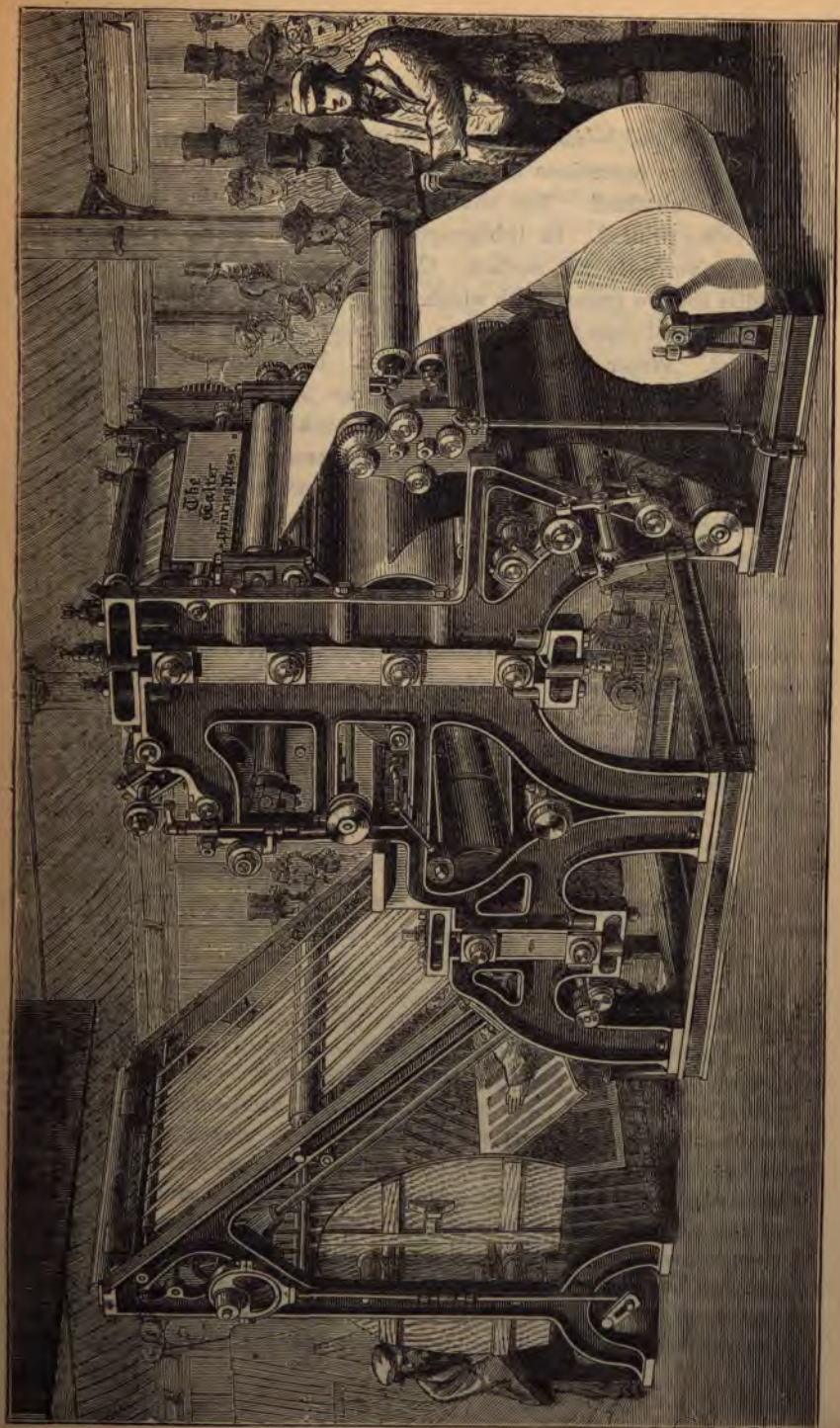
The centre of the 'Walter press' is occupied by four large rollers; on the uppermost is fastened the stereotyped 'inner forme,' on the lowermost the stereotyped 'outer forme.' The paper-reel stands at

one end of the machine. When the machine begins to work, the reel unwinds and passes under and over several little cylinders, and becomes thoroughly *damped* in its progress. Then it glides between the first and second of the printing cylinders, and is impressed on one side. Then it turns *back* and finds its way between the second and third cylinder, then turns again *under* the third cylinder and *over* the fourth, and the second side is printed. Another arrangement of rollers cuts the web into sheets and registers its own performances. The sheets are conducted up an inclined plane, then drop perpendicularly for a short distance, till an instrument throws them alternately right and left upon boards placed to receive them, whence two boys take them off. Two inking-rollers are attached to each of the printing cylinders, the ink being pumped up from a well in the floor. Beside the two boys who 'take off,' only one man is required to work this marvellous machine; he starts it and stops it, and attends to the supply of paper. Curiously enough, the latest edition of the Walter press is not employed in Printing House-square, but at the office of the *Scotsman*. Two of these newest presses print *thirty-six miles* of paper in two hours. Twelve thousand perfected sheets are turned off every hour, and the paper runs through the machine at a speed of one thousand feet a minute!

The substitution of machinery in printing for the hand of man does not end here. To say nothing of the hydraulic press in which the printed sheets are pressed, attempts have been made to construct a machine which should do the work of the compositor, and distribute the type in the case after it has been used. The machinery is too complicated to be rendered intelligible by a mere verbal description, but its general principle is very similar to that of the weaving cards used in the Jacquard loom. A number of keys, like piano-keys, are connected with an equal number of pins, so that to strike a key is to move a pin. By this means holes are pierced in a thin strip of paper, something like the ribbon upon which the electric telegraph prints its messages. The *position* of the perforations determines their meaning. The 'composing-machine' consists of a horizontal wheel, around which are grouped pockets containing the letters, stops, spaces, etc. Opposite each division is placed a 'pick-pocket' with several hooks, connected with a series of levers

and triggers. These, again, are attached to pins under which revolves a small perforated roller. The pricked paper is drawn round the cylinder whenever a pin, a hole in the paper, and a hole in the cylinder are exactly opposite each other, the pin descends into the holes, and stirs the corresponding finger of the 'pick-pocket.' The 'pick-pocket' lifts its letter and carries it to a slide, along which the letter slips, till it reaches an inclined plane, when the direction of its motion changes so as to bring it to the composing-stick. Distribution is accomplished after much the same fashion. One man to play the keys is all the human agency required. This machine works considerably faster than ten average compositors; it can set up between fifteen and sixteen thousand letters an hour. It is seldom necessary to print books at the speed of newspapers; but at the Caxton Celebration, Mr. Gladstone exhibited an entire Bible, the whole of which had been printed on the very day of the banquet.

Type, of course, is not essential to printing; pictures may be printed as well as words. The block for a wood-engraving is to all intents and purposes a type,—i.e., it is a raised surface. The engraver cuts away all the wood that is not required for his picture, light and shade being produced by the varying thickness or thinness of the lines. In steel and copper-plate engraving, the part from which the impression is taken is sunk. The engraver first covers his plate with wax, and by pressure transfers the picture required (of course reversed) from tracing-paper. He cuts through the marks made upon the wax so as to scratch his metal. The wax is then melted away, and he cuts his lines more or less deeply in the metal with a 'graver' or 'burin,' carefully removing every ridge with his 'scraper,' and often toning down the lines with his 'burnisher.' The hollows are filled with ink, every superfluous drop being scrupulously cleaned off. Damped paper is laid upon the metal, the whole passed under a roller, and the impression is made. For *etching*, the covering of the plate is a mixture of Burgundy pitch and bees-wax. The lines are marked as in ordinary steel-engraving, a wall of wax is built round the plate to confine the fluid, and strong nitric acid is poured over the whole. The acid eats into the copper wherever it is free from wax, but does not affect the rest. The acid is poured off, and the lines intended to produce the lighter



shades 'stopped,'—i.e., covered with lamp-black and Venice turpentine. These operations are repeated till every required variety of depth is obtained. The channels are filled with ink and the engraving printed. In lithographing, the impressions are taken from a perfectly flat surface. Certain species of limestone will readily receive grease, with which ink may as readily be combined. In its natural state the limestone will absorb water, but not when greased. Water in its turn resists ink. It is easy, then, to draw with greasy ink upon the stone, which can be afterwards overlaid with printer's ink, water preventing the ink from spreading. In practice, from the nature of the grease used, the process is not quite so simple, but we have correctly explained the principle. The printing differs very little from the common methods. Chromolithographs are produced by employing a separate stone for each colour.

How great the strides wherewith the art of printing has advanced since Caxton's day! But well may England revive and revere the memory of the man who conferred so vast and enduring a benefit upon her. It would be difficult to estimate the stimulus it has given to literature, art and science, or the help it has afforded to religion. That the Holy Bible may now be in every man's hand, even the poorest, we owe in great measure to the printing-press.

GAMMA.

FARMER HOLROYD'S HARVEST SUPPER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

THERE was no small stir at Gaythorpe Grange, for Farmer Holroyd's harvest was all reaped and gathered and stacked; and the annual harvest supper, with which the happy event was to be celebrated, was just about to come off. For some weeks past, all had been business and bustle at the Grange Farm: stalwart men, sturdy women, strong lads and buxom lasses had been working with such a will, that all the broad acres of golden wheat, bearded barley and trembling oats, were stripped of their glory, and barns and stack-yard were crowded with the autumn treasures resulting from a year of toil. Not only had the grain been safely gathered, but the yield was far above the average. No wonder, therefore, that Farmer Holroyd's face, always round and cheery, was rounder and cheezier than ever; no wonder that this harvest supper, in-

point of bulk and bounty, was intended to put all its predecessors into the shade.

The burly farmer's satisfaction was all the greater because the weather, which had been exceptionally fine, 'broke' almost directly after the 'last load' had been brought home. It was now making up for past forbearance by bringing such storms of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that Geordie Meggit, a grey-headed old servitor, whose seventy odd years had been chiefly spent upon the farm, declared that he had 'niver seen nowt like it, since Gaythrup brig was washed away mair then fifty year ago.' For Farmer Holroyd, however, the weather seemed to have a special favour, for on the all-important day which was to be crowned with the best of harvest-suppers, the wind contented itself with blowing a gentle breeze, and the heat, as everybody said, was 'like Midsummer.' No rain had fallen for full four and twenty hours, and the deep blue sky was lightly flecked with little fleecy clouds, whose whiteness only served to give a deeper, richer hue to the azure depths beyond. Old Geordie Meggit, however, whose weather-wisdom was unchallenged, shook his head when congratulations were offered on the fineness of the day.

'Niver prayse a feyn day till neet,' said the old veteran to Joe Harland, the foreman. 'Ah neeather like t' leeak on't nor t' feel on't. It's ower feyn, an' its' ower warm te be relied on, an' it's cum ower sudden te last. Ah doot we sall hae wesh aneeaf an' splesh aneeaf afoore t' neet's decau.'

'Nay, nay,' said Joe Harland, 'ah think it'll hod up till t' folks get yam agean. There's neea sign o' mucky weather noo, at ony rate.'

'Sign!' said the old man, indignant that his judgment should be called into question; 'what's thoo knoa aboot signs? Ah knew all aboot it twenty year afoore thoo wer' whimperin' i' lang cleese. Leeak yonder i' t' soo-west, wheear t' sky leeaks as though it wer' paynted leead-culler! Ah tell tha' 'at it'll bloa greeat guns wi' thunner te 'elp it, an' rain hard aneeaf te hoaf swilled sta' garth away, afoore Garrowby clock strikes ten;' and so saying Geordie Meggit turned away as one whose *ipse dixit* left no doubt behind.

The festive party, consisting of the labourers and their wives, local tradesmen who were at times engaged on the farm in their respective callings, a few favoured neighbours, and the entire family of Farmer Holroyd, gathered round the spacious tables in the large old-fashioned kitchen, prepared to do abundant justice to the feast. When the work of carving and serving out the first supplies was over, the farmer laid down his huge carving knife, and, with the view of opening up a general conversation, said:

'Well, Huddleston! What's the news? Anything fresh stirring in the neighbourhood?'

Huddleston was the village saddler, and as his shop was a resort for gossipers, and he himself was regarded as something of a wag, the farmer naturally thought that something might be expected from him.

'Nay,' said the saddler, 'the only thing fresh that I know of is yeast. That's generally going in for a rise.'

The wit was neither striking nor original; but when people gather together on purpose to be pleased, a very little will effect the object, and so the venture was received with loud laughter. Emboldened by the success of his first essay, the saddler tried again:

'Why, yes. There's something else that's fresh. They say that the Methodist Parson's comin' to Gaythorpe to preach on t' green. So, most likely, when you come our way next time, we shall all be "converted," as they call it. That'll be fresh, surely, for we're a set o' thumpin' sinners!'

Again the saddler was successful, and another roar of laughter greeted his 'news.' James Johnson the carpenter, however, and Leonard Gordon the shepherd, not only neglected to join in the laugh, but both of them wore a sort of self-conscious look which betrayed some knowledge of, and sympathy with, the intention of the Methodist Parson referred to. It was pretty generally known that both these men had gone repeatedly to the distant market town of Garrowby on a Sunday to hear him, and that the shepherd, at any rate, had become one of the despised people called Methodists. The usual cheery look went off Farmer Holroyd's face, and was replaced by a scowl, as he said:

'They're a pack of vermin! If any of 'em were to set foot on the Grange Farm, I'd give 'em a horse-whipping that would make 'em sore for a twelvemonth. A hypocritical set of canting humbugs. That's what they are! Let him come this way, and give *us* a sermon! Eh, lads?' said he, looking round on his farm servants. 'There's the horsepond on one side, an' there's t' gravel-pit on t'other, and he should have his choice.'

The farmer's look of enquiry was answered by a general response to the effect that the horsepond first, and then the gravel-pit should be at his disposal.

It may be well to explain here, that the early Methodist Preachers had, for some time past, paid infrequent visits to the town of Garrowby, with those startling results of rude persecution and remarkable conversions which generally attended those mighty men of valour, the 'helpers' of John Wesley and their immediate successors. Owing to some local influence, of which, probably, the carpenter and the shepherd

were aware, it had been announced that the village of Gaythorpe was to be invaded by the men who were turning 'the world upside down.'

Farmer Holroyd's antipathy to the wandering 'Gospellers' was common enough in his day, and was, moreover, intensified by two facts. He had been seriously defrauded by a Garrowby miller who was openly identified with the new sect; and he was also the Vicar's churchwarden, and so regarded himself as the official defender of Mother Church from the raids and encroachments of unauthorized pretenders. Farmer Holroyd hated the new-fangled meddlers, and we may take it for granted that he would have regarded neither the horsepond nor the gravel-pit as at all an unfit location for the 'pestilent fellows' who were proclaiming the new crusade.

'Ah, deean't knoa what t' Methodies want te cum oor way for,' quoth old Geordie Meggit. 'We've deean withoot 'em up te noo, an' ah knoan't what for we can't deea withoot 'em yit. They tell me 'at they gau groanin' an' 'owlin' aboot as though they were laid skin-bare in a whin-bush. T' chotch hez deean weel aneeaf for me an'——'

'Why, Geordie!' said James Johnson, 'hoo offen d'ye gooa te chotch? Hae yo' ivver been sin' yo' were wed? Ah reckon that's aboot fifty years sin'.'

'Hod thi' din!' quoth Geordie, who had no desire to be catechized on that subject. 'Thoo's a bit ov a Methody thi'sen.'

'Ay?' said Farmer Holroyd. 'I hope not, or he shall never swing his axe at Gaythorpe Grange again. I won't have 'em, either in house or garden, field or barn, as long as my name's Jabez Holroyd. Let's change the subject, it's enough to turn the beer as sour as thunder could.'

Just at that moment a mighty peal of thunder came crashing over the heads of the startled company, and in the hush of silence that succeeded, they heard the dash of the rain, which was being driven like charges of shot against the window-panes. The wind howled in the angles and whistled in the crannies, amid peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning so bright as to pale the lamps and candles, and temporarily to blind the eyes of the guests, who leaped from their seats in wonder and alarm.

'My word!' said Farmer Holroyd, 'but this *is* a storm! It's awful and——'

Before he could finish the sentence, another and even louder crash, booming and rattling like a park of artillery, cut short his words, and a fierce blaze of red lightning lit up features that were deadly pale with affright. The women shrieked, and Mrs. Holroyd's cap, with its wealth of bright-hued ribbon was sore maltreated as she bent her head in her hands and buried both in the lap of her eldest daughter, who was evidently as stout of heart as she was buxom of shape and size.

Whether Johnson the carpenter spoke in sarcasm or solemn earnest may not be said for certain, but he remarked :

'Ah sudn't wunder if some o' yo' ain't been rayther ower hard on t' Methodist Parsons. They tell me 'at they're awk'ard chaps to meddle wi',' an' their prayers 'ez deean wunderful things afoore to-day. It wad mebbe be as weel to be a bit cautious like.'

'Methodist Parsons be hanged!' said the irate farmer, and straight-way a scorching glare blazed round, and a thunder-clap, beneath the force of which the very house reeled, made the frightened guests cower in spasmodic fear.

'Jabez! Jabez! don't say it any more,' said Mrs. Holroyd; for she, at any rate, was not anxious to anger the spirits who might be supposed to make the Methodists their special charge. Then followed the sound of a new and heavier down-pour of rain and the mighty rush of the waters in the swollen beck a little distance from the house.

'My word!' said old Meggit, 'bud them 'at's oot to neet 'll get a sookakin'. Ah, wop t' brig's all right, or ——'

A vigorous knock at the front door, three or four times repeated, checked the old man's words, and was followed by the sound of a horse's hoofs, pawing either in terror or impatience.

Farmer Holroyd himself responded to the call, and opening the door, perceived a tall form enveloped in a long cloak. One hand held the bridle of his horse, the other held on his head the dripping hat, which otherwise would have made swift sport for the wind that swept by in one continuous roar, and almost beat back the breath of Farmer Holroyd as he stood grasping the pillar of the porch.

'Shelter, if you please, for the love of God! Either in house, or barn, or stable; for surely never mortal man was out in a wilder storm than this!'

'Come in, come in!' said the farmer. 'Here Bill! take the horse; rub him well down with a wisp of straw and give him some fodder. Come in, Sir! Come in! you're very welcome.'

Once fairly in the glow of fire, lamp and candle, it was seen that the new-comer was a tall and noble-looking man, a little over middle age, with white hair cut very short, and standing off from brow and temple as if under the influence of electricity. Beneath a pair of dark eyebrows, in which there was scarcely one white hair, there twinkled a pair of bright blue eyes. A somewhat prominent nose, a broad, intellectual brow, a well-shapen mouth and chin, the latter closely shaven, completed a picture both attractive and imposing.

'I'm sincerely sorry,' said he, bowing low before Mrs. Holroyd and glancing at the festive display, 'to intrude with such scant ceremony.

I'm afraid, Madam, that just now I am a very wet blanket and likely to cast a damp upon your merriment.' The witty remark was accompanied by a full, open smile, and so rich a twinkle from the blue eyes, that he won that good lady's heart at once.

'O, don't mention it!' said she, warmly. 'We are very glad, I'm sure, to give you shelter. Don't say another word.'

'Thank you, Madam; as I'm literally dropping with excuses, I will drop them, and thankfully accept your kindness.'

While the farmer's daughters were absent foraging for some dry linen for their unexpected guest, the worthy farmer was aiding him to get rid of his outer habiliments. To rid him of his boots, however, Jim the wagoner was called, and it required all his muscle to withdraw the sodden riding-boots from his swollen limbs.

'Mind, Jim!' said the stranger, noting the name by which his aid had been requested; 'there isn't quite as much in the way of corn on that foot as in your stack-yard, but I would give a harvest supper to anybody who would rid me of what there is.'

Loud laughed the farmer at the ponderous joke, and loudly laughed they all. The unknown visitor was speedily on the best of terms with the whole company, and it was clear that they regarded him as a very welcome accession.

'Now, then,' said the farmer, when the girls returned, 'come and change your clothes. You and I are much of a build, though I don't know how you'll look in mine.'

(*To be concluded.*)

THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

(*Concluded from page 399.*)

THE influence and the services of the Huguenot immigrants were by no means restricted to commerce and manufactures. The little army which accompanied William III. to England was officered largely by Huguenots, and many of the soldiers were refugees. The veteran Marshal Schomberg was a Frenchman, exiled from his country for his faith; the Prince's own *aides-de-camp* were Huguenots, as were also the commander of the Artillery and the chief of the Engineers. When James II. invaded Ireland, the English were greatly aided by Protestant refugees, who flocked from all countries to William's standard. At the battle of the Boyne, Marshal Schomberg stimulated the courage of his cavalry by pointing to the French Catholic troops on the opposite bank, and crying, '*Allons, mes amis! rappelez votre courage et vos ressentiments; VOILA VOS PERSECUTEURS!*' ['Forward, my friends! recall your

courage and your resentments: THERE ARE YOUR PERSECUTORS.'] The charge decided the fate of the day. A somewhat similar event occurred at the battle of Almanza. A regiment of exiles, under the captaincy of the Camisard leader, Jean Cavalier, met a French regiment which had been specially active in the persecutions. Such was the fury of the conflict that the Papist regiment was 'almost annihilated,' and two-thirds of the Protestants were left for dead on the field.

One of the most eminent Huguenot officers who took service under William III. was the second Marquis de Ruvigny. He distinguished himself in the wars between France and Germany, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. Spite of his Protestantism, Louis XIV. endeavoured to persuade him to remain in the French army, but when his father forsook France, he resolved to share the exile, and for some time resided at Greenwich. His brother, De la Caillénote, was killed at the battle of the Boyne, where he commanded a refugee regiment. The Marquis at once joined the British troops, he received the rank of major-general, and succeeded Schomberg in the colonelcy of a Huguenot regiment of cavalry. In the Irish war, Ruvigny showed himself a brave and skilful captain. In recognition of his services he was called to the House of Lords by the title of the Earl of Galway. He fought under William in Flanders, covering his retreat after the battle of Neerwinden with unflinching valour. In 1693 he was despatched in hot haste to Italy to take the command of the defeated Protestants. He arrived too late to prevent the disgraceful desertion of the Duke of Savoy, and could only bring the English contingent back again to England. For several years he was one of the Lords-Justices of Ireland, and encouraged his co-religionists to settle in that island. But Lord Galway is best known by his conduct of the war against Philip V. of Spain. At first success attended his arms, but he was opposed by the Duke of Berwick, one of the greatest generals of that period, fruitful of great generals, and the flower of our troops were with Marlborough in the Low Countries. To crown all his difficulties, our Portuguese allies rendered him but a half-hearted support; he struggled gallantly against odds, till Berwick inflicted upon him the crushing defeat of Almanza, whereupon the British troops evacuated Spain. After his return to his adopted country, he lived usually at Ropley, near Southampton. He died while visiting at Stratton House, September 3rd, 1720, seventy-two years of age. He left no posterity.

Another Huguenot refugee attained to the peerage and to the rank of field-marshal. Jean Ligonier served under Marlborough in Flanders, and won his approval for his dashing courage when Liege was stormed. He followed his commander's fortunes throughout his wars, rising

gradually till he became a major of brigade. At the battle of Dettingen he was lieutenant-general, and materially contributed to that important victory. At Fontenoy, where the British infantry gained in defeat all the honour of a victory, his courage and coolness proved him worthy to lead even such troops as followed him. He lost the battle of Laffeldt and was taken prisoner, but he lost neither honour nor the confidence of the country. When liberated, he returned to England and was appointed commander-in-chief. He died in 1770, aged ninety-two years.

The Huguenot sailors were scarcely less distinguished than the soldiers, and vied with the English tars in bravery and seamanship, notably at the engagement off La Hogue. Every one has heard of 'the gallant, good Riou,' and few names occupy a higher place in our naval annals than those of the Gambiers, upon one of whom a peerage was conferred.

Paul de Rapin-Thoyras forms a connecting link between the men-of-war and the men of letters. Of high descent and of considerable wealth, he forsook the estate of which he was seigneur rather than conceal his Protestantism. England was his first refuge, but he subsequently obtained a commission in the army of the Prince of Orange, with whom he landed at Torbay. He served in Ireland with no little credit, but resigned his company on appointment as tutor to the eldest son of the Earl of Portland. He travelled on the Continent with his pupil, and when his charge ceased, resided at Wesel, where he wrote his celebrated 'History of England.' He died in 1725. Among the Huguenot men of science who settled in England may be mentioned Solomon de Caus, who has some claim to be considered the inventor of the steam-engine; Dr. Denys Papin, who conceived the idea of a steam-boat and actually constructed a working model of one; Dr. Desaguliers, Curator of the Royal Society, and author of many papers on their Transactions and of a 'Course of Experimental Philosophy;' and Durand, a Fellow of the Royal Society. But the most celebrated of the Huguenot scientific men was undoubtedly Abraham de Moivre, the arbitrator between Newton and Leibnitz in their dispute as to the invention of the Calculus, the author of a work on the 'Doctrine of Chances,' which, to say nothing of its development of the theory of probabilities, taught how to calculate annuities and life assurances. Perhaps, however, his fame chiefly rests upon his trigonometrical investigations: 'De Moivre's Theorem' still retains and must ever retain a most important place in Plane Trigonometry.

It would be easy to cite the names of Huguenots eminent in literature and learning, some of whom were professors at Oxford and

Cambridge, but we pass on to glance at the Huguenot Ministers of the Gospel. Foremost among them was Jacques Saurin. The son of an advocate at Nîmes, for a short time he held a commission in the army; resigning that, he qualified for the ministry at Geneva, and in 1701 he accepted the co-pastorate of the French Church in Threadneedle-street. His ornate eloquence attracted attention beyond our own country, and he was invited to take charge of the Protestant Church at the Hague. He accepted the position, and in that church he delivered those sermons which have been printed and translated into English, and which are a standing memorial of his justly-acquired reputation. Of the French Preachers who ministered solely to their own compatriots in England, Claude de la Mothe, Jean Armand du Bourdieu, Daniel Chamier, Jean Graverol, and Ezekiel Marmet are perhaps the best known. Others obtained preferment in the Established Church; Peter Allix, the not unsuccessful rival of Saurin as a Preacher, died canon and treasurer of Salisbury Cathedral; Jacques Abbadie received the deanery of Killaloe; Jacques Pineton was a canon of Windsor; Pierre du Moulin, prebendary of Canterbury; Samuel de l'Angle, prebendary of both Canterbury and Westminster; and Peter Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh. Fewer refugee Pastors joined the Dissenters, James Capel being the most distinguished. He had been Professor of Hebrew in the University of Saumur, and accepted the Professorship of Oriental languages at the Dissenters' College in Hoxton-square.

One of Mr. Smiles' most interesting chapters traces the Huguenot blood in its mixture with the English downwards to the present day. He has also compiled a brief biographical dictionary of 'Distinguished Huguenot Refugees and their Descendants.' 'From the peerage to the working-classes,' he writes, 'the descendants of the refugees pervade, to this day, the various ranks of English society. The Queen of England herself is related to them, through her descent from Sophia Dorothea, granddaughter of the Marquis d'Olbreuse, a Protestant nobleman of Poitou. The Marquis was one of the numerous French exiles who took refuge in Brandenburg on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Duke of Zell married his only daughter, whose issue was Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George Louis, Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England. The son of Sophia Dorothea succeeded to the English throne as George II., and her daughter married Frederick William, afterwards King of Prussia; and thus the Huguenot blood continues to run in the royal families of the two great Protestant States of the North.'

Several peers of the United Kingdom are descended in the direct male line from Huguenots: Lord Northwick, whose ancestor was John

Rushout, who fled to England in the reign of Charles I; Lord de Blaquieres, descended from John de Maquière, whose youngest son attained to the peerage through his skill in diplomacy; Lord Rendlesham, a scion of the house of Thellusson; Lord Taunton, who, as Mr. Labouchere, was a prominent politician; Lord Eversley, late Speaker of the House of Commons; and Lord Romilly, the late Master of the Rolls, whose fame is almost eclipsed by his great ancestor, Sir Samuel Romilly, eminent alike as a lawyer and a philanthropist. The family of De la Franche gave two members to the House of Lords, now the Earls of Clancarty and Ashtoun; the present Archbishop of Dublin, poet, expositor and scholar, is a member of this family; he shares, too, the blood of Cheveux,—whose name he bears,—a distinguished refugee. The Bouveries, the Hugessens, the Puseys, the Du Canes, the Papillons, the Legards, and many other well-known stocks are of Huguenot origin. Following the female line, ‘the blood of the noble family of Ruvigny mingles with that of Russell (Duke of Bedford) and Cavendish (Duke of Devonshire); of Schomberg with that of Osborne (Duke of Leeds); of Champagné (née De la Rochefoucauld) with that of Forbes (Earl of Granard); of Portal and Boileau with that of Elliot (Earl of Minto); of Auriol with that of Hay-Drummond (Earl of Kinnoul); of D’Albiac with that of Innes-Ker (Duke of Roxburghe); of De la Touche with that of Butler-Danvers (Earl of Lanesborough); of Montolieu with that of Murray (Lord Elibank);’ and the list might be readily extended.

To whatever department of eminence we turn, we find the descendants of Huguenots by the male or female line occupying high positions. We group a few of them together, taken almost at random: Sir John Vanbrugh, architect; George Grote, the historian of Greece; the brothers Newman, at the opposite poles of faith; the Martineaus, of marked intellectual ability; Dr. Pusey and the Evangelical Hugh Stowell; Dr. Arnold and Sydney Smith, whose mothers were of Huguenot extraction; the learned Dr. Jortin; Rev. W. Romaine, author of ‘The Life, Walk and Triumph of Faith;’ Royet, the physiologist, writer of one of the Bridgewater Treatises; the actor Garrick (whose original name was Garrique); Lord Palmerston and Sir G. O. Lewis (by the female side); Delane, the editor of the *Times*; Daniel De Foe, author of ‘Robinson Crusoe;’* Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., to whom England is mainly indebted for the *Merchant Shipping Act*; Austen H. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, a member of several Liberal Governments, and the present Ambassador to Turkey; La Trobe, the Moravian bishop;

* Timothy Crusoe, De Foe’s schoolfellow, from whom he took the name of his hero, was undoubtedly of Huguenot extraction.

Charlotte La Tremouille, the brave Countess of Derby (who, by the way, was a Protestant, not, as generally supposed, a Catholic); and last, though by no means least, Charles Perronet, the Methodist Vicar of Shoreham; and Mary Bosanquet, the wife of the saintly John Fletcher.

Frequently the French names were translated or so metamorphosed as to be scarcely recognizable. We select a few examples from Mr. Smiles: L'Oiseau, Bird; Le Jeune, Young, Du Bois, Wood; Le Noir, Black; Le Maître, Masters; Dulau, Waters; Sauvage, Savage and Wild; Le Fevre, Smith (Sir Culling Eardley Smith was really a Le Fevre); Jolifemme, Pretymen (as absurd a translation as could well be devised); Taillebois, Talboys; Le Coq, Laycock; Mahieu, Mayhew; Bois, Boys; D'Aeth, Death; De Vere, Weir; Condé, Cundy; De Prix, Diprose; Drouet, Drewett; De Molins, Mullins; Huyghens, Higgins, or Huggins; Brasseem, Brassey; Saveroy, Savery; and so on.

Even so brief a sketch as we have given in these papers of the Huguenot emigrations to England and Ireland, shows that Britain did well to receive them, that they have amply repaid our hospitality. Among the various streams which have run into our nation as rivers into the sea, to lose themselves therein, none have brought more of purity, thrift and religious influence, not to mention mechanical skill and intellectual power, than that which came from Protestant France and Flanders. If we are to estimate the benefit this country received by the loss the land they left sustained, we should appraise it at a very high value indeed. That measure, however, might not be altogether trustworthy, as England already possessed some of the qualities the Huguenots supplied. But France lost her merchants and manufacturers, almost her entire middle-class. And thus a great gulf was rent between her nobles and the lower orders. The one grew more tyrannous, the other more miserable, till the people could bear no more and no longer.

The Revolution of 1789 terribly avenged the persecution of the Huguenots. The triumphant Papal Church had neglected to care for the sheep whom it had deprived of their shepherds; the masses became as irreligious as they were ignorant. The very clergy lost even the show of virtue, and abandoned even the profession of faith. Of the power of godliness they had none, and scarcely more of the form. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, who owed much of their greatness to the atmosphere of Protestantism around them, died, and their mantles could find no wearers. From the Revocation to the Revolution, French literature presents only a barren waste. French statesmanship cannot boast a single noble name, and French military glory was little more than a memory.

These assertions are not based upon the testimony of Protestant or Christian observers alone; the Catholic Michelet and the free-thinking Buckle confirm them, the latter roundly declaring that Louis XIV. 'survived the entire intellect of the French nation.' The horrors and blasphemies of the 'Reign of Terror' are sufficiently notorious; the ground that had been stained with the blood of the saints, drank its fill of the blood of the children of the persecutors. Another confiscation of property wrung estates from the hands of those whose fathers had been enriched with the plunder of the exiles for religion; and another exodus rivalled the flight of the Protestants in extent and suffering. What traces have the banished nobles and clergy impressed upon the countries of their adoption? If any at all, they are too faint to be compared for one moment with the abiding forces for good the Huguenots carried whithersoever they wandered. The Revolution of 1789 was the righteous successor of the Revocation of 1685; in all human probability toleration of the Protestants by the 'Grand Monarque' would have saved his dynasty.

'The last act of the unfortunate Louis (XVI.),' notes Mr. Smiles, 'was his attempt to address a few words to his subjects when the drums were ordered to be beaten, and his voice was drowned by the noise. It was remembered that the last occasion on which a like scene had occurred in France, was that of the execution of the young Huguenot Pastor, Fuleran Rey, at Beaucaire. When he opened his mouth publicly to confess his faith, the drummers posted round the scaffold were ordered to beat, and his dying speech remained unheard.' Such things are not mere accidental coincidences, they are the finger of Providence pointing to visible and complete retribution.

'Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though He stand and wait with patience, with exactness grinds He all.'

Looking at the France of to-day, one cannot but perceive how terribly she misses her Huguenots. They would have given stability to the fickle national character, and made the government firm and settled; and they would have saved the people from their proverbial godlessness. Now the Protestants of France are few and feeble, and only a portion of them are faithful to the Evangelical creed. To us it is a source of consolation and hope, that Methodist Ministers are preaching the old Gospel in localities that heard the voices of Huguenot and Camisard Preachers; may the Head of the Church vouchsafe to them abundant results!

J. R. G.

THE OLDEST FREE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

IN most of the villages of Protestant England are to be found not only the church, with, may be, its antique and ivy-mantled tower, round which 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,' but also the Independent, Baptist, or Methodist Chapel, around which cluster happy memories of the past.

Though some of these village chapels are plain and simple, as are the worshippers, they are as dear to the villagers as are Cathedral and Abbey to the dwellers in our cities and towns; nay, thousands of our townspeople find their memories clinging tenaciously to the humble places where they first 'learned to read and pray.' To thousands, the old village chapel in which the Sundays of their boyhood or girlhood were spent, is one of the dearest spots they know.

Most of those chapels have been built in the last half-century, though many were erected during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and were the outgrowth of the religious life and liberality brought forth through the ministry of Whitefield and the Wesleys, with their coadjutors. A few chapels date back to the time of the Commonwealth. But in the quiet and beautiful valley in which the village of Horningsham lies, you may see a chapel bearing upon its front the date 1566. To it belongs the honour of being the oldest Nonconformist place of worship in England. The story of its erection, as far as it can be ascertained, may be told in a few words.

Sir John Thynne, having purchased the Long-Leat estate, resolved to build upon it one of the 'Palaces of England.' In order to secure the best workmanship, he brought some artisans from Scotland, where the Reformation had been just legally completed. The workmen, being members of the Presbyterian Church established in Scotland in 1560, felt conscientious objections to the use of the Book of Common Prayer. They had no alternative but to meet by themselves for the purpose of prayer, praise and the reading of the Scriptures. It is believed that these Protestant Scots brought copies of the Sacred Scriptures, and also copies of the old Scotch Psalm-Book published in 1564, and

'The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.'

Tradition has it that they began their service by meeting in a retired part of Penny's Woods. Subsequently, however, they resolved to ask their noble employer for a place in which they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. He readily granted the

land upon which the old Meeting-house now stands. From that time to the present, the ground has been leased for worship and burial. There those Scottish worthies worshipped, and there many of them were buried. They did not live to themselves, and when they died they left a legacy of holy influence behind them.

There were devout men in the town of Warminster and its immediate neighbourhood who regularly met with the good Scots at Horningsham. They did not all find either 'a faith's pure shrine,' or 'freedom to worship God' in England. And when the oppression came which drove multitudes from England to America, some who went from this locality to Virginia, called the place where they settled Warminster.

In the year 1665 the Five Mile Act forbade any Nonconformist service being held within five miles of a market town. Dr. Rowland Cotton, a pious physician of Warminster, being a thorough Puritan, was determined to hold a service where he could preach what he believed to be the truth. Horningsham was the village where this beloved physician ministered according to the ability which God gave him. He walked from his house in Warminster to Horningsham Sabbath by Sabbath, for many years, for the purpose of conducting religious services. After a forty years' pastorate he rested from his labours. The next Minister of whom anything is known was the Rev. Lebbeus Driver, who for some time was known as 'the Pious Weaver.' Why he was so called it is impossible to say, unless it was because he, like the clergyman described by the poet Wordsworth, used to grow, spin, dye, weave and make up all the cloth worn in his family. Or perchance a century ago he was obliged to weave in order to eke out his scanty support.

It is said a complaint was on one occasion presented by the Incumbent of Horningsham Parish to the Earl of Weymouth against Mr. Driver. The complaint was that he drew the people away from the parish church to the meeting. The Incumbent also hinted at Driver's ejection. The Earl's steward enquired into the matter, and found that Mr. Driver's ministry had been instrumental in the reformation of some of the worst characters and most troublesome poachers in the village. The results of the steward's enquiry were made known to the Earl, who at once directed him to prepare a renewal of the lease of the Meeting-house, with the addition of the house and garden adjoining for Mr. Driver's residence.

This, of course, disappointed and vexed the Incumbent, but it was done. Upon the completion of the deed, the Earl sent for Driver, and after a friendly conversation with him, signed the deed and presented it to the village Pastor, with a donation, saying, 'Go on, Driver, as you

have been doing; do all the good you can, and no one shall drive you out of the parish,' and so he went on until the year 1782.

Other Ministers succeeded him, meeting with various success; but of these Ministers and of their success we cannot now speak.

In 1828, the last deed was granted by the late Marquis of Bath. The Meeting-house is for the use of people called Independents, on condition of its being kept in repair, thatched and not raised. Consequently, when in 1862 the old chapel underwent repairs, the present Marquis desired that the roof might be thatched and not raised, and there it stands to-day a memorial of the past.

Not far from this old Meeting-house is a spot named 'Heaven's Gate,' where it is said Bishop Ken wrote his morning and evening hymns in the year 1697. Of Heaven's Gate and Bishop Ken's twenty years' retirement to Long-Leat House, something may be said in a future paper.

H. S.

THE HISTORY OF THE TEA-CUP.

BY THE REV. GEORGE R. WEDGWOOD.

CHAPTER II.—TEA.

'Celestial tea—a fountain that can cure
The ills of passion, and can free from frowns,
And sobs, and sighs, the disappointed fair.
.....
Whether at blushing morn, or dewy eve,
Her smoking cordials greet your fragrant board
With Hyson, or Bohea, or Congou crown'd.'—FERGUSON.

THIS commodity, as is well known, is the leaf of a shrub—the botanical name of which is *Thea*—which has been freely cultivated in China for nearly two thousand years. It is indigenous to the soil of this vast country, as also to that of Japan. For the last century at least, the cultivation of it has been carried on in Burmah, Assam, and other parts of Northern India. As for many years the Chinese had a monopoly of the trade, it became an important question to European merchants whether or not it were possible to make themselves independent of that treacherous and tricky people. By way of experiment, the late East India Company cultivated several spots in Northern India, and officially inspected several places among the Himalayan mountains. An English company, under the title of 'The Assam Tea Company,' also tried its skill at the cultivation of this shrub in the tract of country lying at the South-eastern extremity of the same range of mountains. But despite all opposition, the Chinese have retained their fame as the best and largest tea-producers in the world.

The mode of cultivation is very much alike in every country where tea is grown. Fertile tracts of land in proximity to the mountains are generally selected, so as to secure a moderate temperature, as the shrub will seldom flourish in either extreme heat or extreme cold. For that reason the so-called 'tea-country' of China is found running through nearly the centre of the empire. It is, however, only just to remark, that in the Report made in 1839 on the suitability of Assam for tea-growing, Mr. Bruce expresses his belief that if the tea-plant be planted where there is a deep shade, and plenty of water that could easily be conveyed to the root, it is hardy enough to grow in almost any soil.



When the shrubs have attained an age of about seven years, they are considered useless, and are therefore destroyed. To meet the demand, large quantities of seed are sown every year, somewhat after the same manner in which our nurserymen sow their seeds, to produce the various kinds of ornamental shrubs,—that is, in rows about four or five feet apart. But such is the uncertainty with which they regard the growth of the *Thea* seed, that several seeds are deposited in each hole. As soon as the tiny blades begin to peep above the earth, their growth is carefully watched. The ground is most diligently irrigated and weeded, and nothing is suffered to grow that would rob the young plants of their necessary nourishment. Care is also taken that the shrub does not grow too high. When in full bloom, the myriad little white flowers, not unlike our hedge-rose, emit a most fragrant perfume. For three years they are thus tenderly cared for. At the commencement of the third year, or about the month of April, the first crop of leaves is gathered; and if the growth has been tolerably vigorous, this crop is generally considered the best. During that year, two other crops will be gathered if the shrubs are regarded as healthy, usually in the months of June and August. But some of the plants are so prolific that they will admit of four 'pickings' in the year. And so 'the harvesting' goes on for four or five years, until the vitality of the parent is literally consumed. One well acquainted with the subject has said: 'The earliest gathered leaves have the most delicate colour, the most aromatic flavour, and the least bitterness; those of the second gathering have a dull green colour, and less valuable qualities than the former; while the third gathering is of a darker green, and least valuable of the three.'

So easily are the leaves injured, that the greatest care is bestowed in both their collection and their preparation for the market. In China, 'the growers' are almost amusingly particular. Having engaged their 'collectors,' they watch with strictest closeness their food, even prohibiting some kinds, such as fish, lest by their breath they should contaminate the leaves. Besides this, they require them to take frequent baths; to wear but little clothing, and that of the cleanest kind; and always to use gloves when at work. Having been thus carefully gathered, the leaves are first placed in small quantities in small, shallow wicker baskets to dry for a couple of hours in the sun. From these they are taken in about half-pound quantities to be dried in a flat, cast-iron pan, or sometimes a kind of drum, over a stove heated with charcoal. If in a pan, the workman stirs them rapidly with a brush, or more generally with the hand, for a short time, and then sweeps them into another basket. If in a drum, or cylinder, the workman keeps it revolving so as to prevent the leaves scorching. They are then 'twisted or rolled by hand to assist the natural tendency; and the process of curling is continued for a longer or shorter time, according to the nature and quality of the tea. The hand seems to have most to do in the case of *green* teas, and the fire in that of *black*.' When they are considered sufficiently dry, they are spread on large tables and minutely examined, all unsightly stems being taken out and burned. With what is to be called 'green tea' they are especially particular to extirpate all the foot-stalks. Otherwise there is really no difference between it and 'black tea,' except what may have been produced by some variation of culture and of subsequent preparation; though it is well known that both kinds may be, and often are, gathered from the same shrubs.

'The early leaf-buds in spring, being covered with a white silky down, are gathered to make Pekoe, which is a corruption of the Canton name, "Pak-hoo," "white down." A few days' longer growth produce what is here styled, "black-leaved Pekoe." The more fleshy and matured leaves constitute Souchong; as they grow larger and coarser they form Congou, and the last and latest picking is Bohea.' The latter name is taken from the district in Fokien where the better kinds of black tea are produced. Congou is named from a corruption of the Chinese 'Kung-foo,' 'labour or assiduity.' Souchong, or Seaou-chung, means 'small or scarce sort.' Of the green teas there are also several kinds, the principal one, however, being Hyson. This word is corrupted from the Chinese name, which signifies 'flourishing spring.' 'The tea, when prepared, is packed while warm, by the contractors, in chests and canisters. The black teas are trodden down with the feet, to make them pack closer;

but the green tea-leaves would be crushed and broken by so rude a process; they are accordingly only shaken into chests.*

Having been thus packed, the tea is conveyed to the nearest seaport, to be shipped thence for 'tea-loving England.' Sometimes it is carried across the country by coolies, each one carrying two chests, slung over his shoulders on his favourite bamboo. These chests frequently reach their destination much bruised and very dirty. To avoid this the finer teas are always carried in single chests, and never allowed to touch the soil during the transit. That well-packed teas should be affected by the chest being allowed to rest for awhile on the ground may seem strange. But it is generally admitted that teas are easily affected by moisture. For that reason, the tea used in Russia is superior to that used in England. It is brought overland from China, and thus avoids the deteriorating effects of a sea voyage.

That many 'teas' are adulterated, is commonly believed. The adulteration, however, is not as deleterious as is frequently asserted. In China they assort what they call 'lie teas,' being a mixture of inferior teas, and sometimes, with these, dried leaves which have been previously infused by the natives. How much of this class of tea undergoes a process of glazing it is difficult to say. But it has been not unfrequently found on examination that 'black tea' has been made blacker by being coloured with plumbago; and that 'green tea' has been given a deeper hue by being sprinkled with talc or Prussian blue. By many it is also believed that the leaves of other shrubs are frequently employed. It is well known that 'sloe leaves' strongly resemble tea leaves when freshly gathered, and still more so when carefully dried. In the production of 'lie teas' these leaves may be employed, but certainly not to any great extent. That such productions are sometimes imposed on 'barbarian' merchants by the merchants of that lie-loving country, is undoubtedly true. But the Excise Laws of the United Kingdom are now so strictly enforced that adulterated imports are annually on the decrease.

All innovations, whether they relate to habits and customs or to diet and dress, are usually denounced at first, even by persons of taste and scholarship. So was it with tea. The exact period of its introduction into Europe cannot be ascertained; but there seems to be abundant proof that this luxurious beverage was unknown to the ancient epicures of Greece, Rome, or Gaul; and indeed, that the monks of 'the middle ages' never, during their hours of solitude and loneliness, cheered them-

* Davis' 'China and the Chinese.'

selves with this exhilarating drink from the East. The honour of its introduction into Europe is generally attributed to the Dutch East India Company, very early in the seventeenth century; and to Lords Arlington and Ossory belong the credit of first bringing it to England from Holland, about the year 1666. Dr. Short, in his 'Dissertation on Tea,' published in 1730, relates that on their second voyage to China the Dutch took with them a large quantity of dried sage, which they persuaded the Chinese to barter for tea; and that this novelty from the West speedily became so popular with the Chinese that they found it difficult to meet the demand. But the novelty from the East did not fare so well in the West. In Holland it was ridiculed as 'hay-water.' In Germany it was called 'black water,' and the dealers in it were denounced as 'immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives;' and very lately tea was so little drunk by the German people, that in many cases it acted like a medicine, so that a cup of good Bohea was declined with, 'No, I thank you: I am quite well at present.' In Britain, the celebrated Dr. Duncan suggested that the sounding of its praise was but a trick to increase its sale. And it is related that the Russian Ambassador, who resided at the Imperial Court of China in 1639, refused a large present of it for his Imperial Master from the Great Mogul, on the ground that 'it would only incumber him with a commodity for which he had no use.' Gradually, however, Western taste 'improved,' and tea became a fashionable drink. The exorbitant prices which the first small importations fetched, prevented it becoming a beverage of general domestic use. Voyagers, speculators, and dealers continued to extol its virtues, until the price per pound came down from sixty shillings to sixteen, and a lordly luxury soon became a popular drink. Mr. Isaac Disraeli has preserved for us, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' the copy of a shop bill which he supposes to have been distributed about the year 1660—I should think about 1630—by a 'tobacconist and coffee man,' named Thomas Garway, who lived in Exchange-alley. This dealer seems to have been one of the first who sold tea, and was one of those credulous mortals who think it a panacea for all 'the ills that flesh is heir to.' The following is his curious handbill:

'Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made

according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, etc., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound.' The most flashy and full-blown advertisement of to-day can scarcely surpass that!

Dearness of tea is, however, now a thing of the past. No longer does scarcity make this olden 'regalia in high treatments and entertainments' dear. Like other importations,—such as potatoes and coffee,—it has battled with the absurd prejudices of both learned and unlearned, and with the 'oppositions of science, falsely so called;' and so successful has been its struggle, that the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland now annually consume upwards of two hundred millions of pounds weight; and the duty on it, though greatly lightened of late, has become a most important item in the revenue of the Imperial Exchequer. In 1816, a writer to the 'Edinburgh Review' wrote thus in its praise: 'The progress of the famous plant has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues.' It has inaugurated many social improvements and moral reforms. It has suggested a thousand wants from which spring the decencies and luxuries of society. A savage might drink water out of his calabash till doomsday, and never think of improving on it; but give him tea, and suddenly his faculties are exercised to invent a drinking utensil worthy of such a beverage. It is, of course, reasonable to suppose that the cup was first used for tea-drinking purposes in China. Then from that country came both the beverage and the utensil; and from that time the cup has had also among us a prefix, and is commonly called 'THE TEA-CUP.'

THE MUCH-WELCOMED IMPOSTOR.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

A **BEGGAR** needs to have a very straightforward story. If he be an impostor, he must have prepared his account of himself very carefully so as to sustain a strict cross-examination. This is even more essential if the man cannot conceal the fact that he has some very low

connections. A well-devised tale becomes increasingly needful when the man is covered with rags. Deceit, in such a case, is almost sure to be suspected and sought out. If the mendicant, in addition to his unfavourable surroundings, chooses to be insolent, his case is hopeless. He will be ordered away at once, and, should he fail to comply, will be threatened with the police. It is otherwise when advances are made by one who offers gifts; who is, beyond all dispute, highly connected, associating with all sorts of grand people; who is attired in handsome vestments; and who speaks in very soft tones, and employs respectful terms. Such a visitor is likely to be welcomed. It will seem exceedingly uncharitable to suggest that such an one intends to deceive, and we are certainly too good and kind to listen to such calumnies. Wealth is thus welcomed. Most men are very ready to open the door, and the heart too, at its approach. Indeed, we do not wait until it rings our front-door bell, but hurry down the street to request a call. Yet the Great Teacher instructs us that this same wealth frequently acts the part of a deceiver, and He bids us be on our guard. He warns us in the most emphatic manner against 'the deceitfulness of riches.'

The reader is probably quite satisfied that he is in no danger from this quarter. In the first place, it so happens that the stranger, whatever his real character, has never stopped to knock at that particular door, although it is evident that he does visit in the neighbourhood and make calls. Then, in the second place, the reader is quite satisfied that if wealth did ask entrance to his house, and were welcomed, as most likely he would be, he could be readily managed by the inmate. He would not come as a ferocious burglar, armed with deadly weapons and uttering horrid threats. So, the reader, as he looks out of his window and sees the stranger going up and down making calls, wishes that he would pause at his doorstep. Impostor or otherwise, he would venture to admit him. The reader, however, will probably acknowledge that wealth has deceived some of his personal acquaintances at whose houses he has sojourned for a time. As to our individual danger, it is well to bear in mind that the visitor is sometimes in a house without the occupant observing it. Wherever there is more of earthly stores than is really needed, there is wealth. If there is a piano in the house, and silk or satin dresses, and costly trinkets, and such like things, we ought to be upon our guard. As to wealth proving an impostor sometimes, and not always the kind-hearted friend he professes to be, we have only to open our eyes in order to perceive that he frequently fails to perform what he has promised, and inflicts most deplorable and unexpected mischief, and then perchance departs, as it were with a laugh of derision, never again

to come within sight of the dwelling. We have read 'characters' given to persons out of employment by those who were well acquainted with their excellencies and defects. Often the document reads something like this: 'He will prove a good servant if he be carefully watched.' This is true of wealth. It will prove a good servant, provided that it be well watched; otherwise it will deceive. Let us glance at a few of its freaks when, not being carefully overlooked, it plays the part of impostor.

Wealth often robs men of their common sense.—You may have observed a young man with notions so absurd that people can scarcely stay until he shuts the door as he is going out, before they laugh. His self-importance is so ridiculous, that it remains doubtful for a time whether he is not caricaturing what he has remarked as ridiculous in somebody else. You learn, the more fully you become acquainted with him, how very little he has to be proud of. He is really distinguished for nothing valuable. As Absalom was admired by weak-minded people for his hair, so our young friend may be remarkable for his well-fitting coat, lavender gloves, scents and such like trifles. But there is nothing of special excellence in him from head to foot, outside or in. Yet it is evident that he has acquired the profoundest admiration for himself. He might be congratulated, as it is said such a youth once was, as the luckiest fellow in the world, because he was evidently over head and ears in love with himself, and was absolutely without a rival. The man's overweening conceit is insufferable, and it pervades and mars all he does. Yet many who were once his schoolfellows, recollect him as a lad of considerable promise. Those who were the friends of his parents stand amazed. They remember that his father was a shrewd, well-read man, whose judgment was in most respects very sound; and his mother was both good and clever. The most obvious blunder they made was the faulty training of their children. What can have become of the common sense which seemed to belong very largely to the family, and of which there were some indications in our young friend when he was a lad? Why, it oozed out as he gradually ascertained that his father had amassed a large fortune, and when the young man came into possession of his share, the little common sense that was left disappeared entirely. It has actually come to this, that he regards himself as of some superior and finer type of humanity, because of property which he never earned, and which he knows not how to use wisely. Had there been less money, and had a careful guard been kept on what there was, it might have proved a good servant. As it is, the money has become as a giant slave, who has conquered his master, and detains him in bondage, compelling him to play the part of a buffoon to the amusement of on-lookers.

Wealth often defrauds men of their health.—It has been said with force and truth, that a rich man, in order to enjoy vigorous health, must live like a poor man. The prescription which has been ascribed to Dr. Abernethy, and which it is affirmed he prepared for a luxurious invalid, 'Live upon sixpence a day, and earn the sixpence,' was probably worth more than a guinea to the sufferer. It is very certain that thousands suffer terribly from neglect of self-discipline. They work less than nature demands, and they fare more sumptuously than nature allows. And they suffer accordingly. Existence would, in their case, have been far more pleasant had they lived more rationally. To many such the departure of the mischief-maker has proved a great blessing, although they felt heart-broken when he left. In other cases where he has remained as a welcome and honoured guest, the evil has extended. Occasionally it has assumed the form of gout. The pretended friend has certainly furnished the cellar and larder most abundantly, but the victim, after brief gratification of his palate, has been cruelly tormented. Instead of being taken downstairs to some subterranean vaults and there stretched upon the rack, as in the days of the Inquisition, the unhappy man has been taken upstairs and placed on a bed as soft as upholsterers knew how to fashion. But the torture which the rich epicure endures might have been inflicted by an Inquisitor. In other instances the mischief has assumed the form of aggravated dyspepsia. It cannot of course be denied that this malady attacks some who are not rich, and that over-work, even in the most worthy cause, will augment it. But, in the case of those to whom wealth has presented its enticing luxuries, and who have unduly indulged therein, there is the needless misery without any satisfaction resulting from good work well done. The man is wretched, not that the miserable feelings were unavoidable, or incurred in a too ardent pursuit of a worthy aim, but because animal gratifications were presented, and he had not strength of mind to resist the temptation. There are many, many instances in which the possession of wealth, whether in the form of good wages earned by an artisan or of a fortune secured by a merchant, has unhappily resulted in some latent liking for strong drink being developed into shameful and hopeless intemperance. In not a few cases there is reason to think that reason might have prevailed, and appetite been overcome, if the too-abundant riches had departed from their owners.

(To be concluded.)

WAITING FOR BREAKFAST; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

THE time of the potato failure will never be forgotten in Ireland; the principal food of the population was blighted at a stroke; the seed rotted under the clods! And not only the poor felt this terrible blow, but those better off, who tried to help the poor until they became poor themselves. Of the latter class, one family deserves special mention, that of a clergyman in a southern diocese, who denied themselves all their comforts, to provide for the pressing necessities of the starving parishioners around their pretty, cosy parsonage. But at length stores were exhausted, money spent, and still the surrounding poverty stared them in the face, and the rich farmers, who should have supplied the clergyman's income by cheerfully paying his rent-charge, were unable to pay either rent or rent-charge. The clergyman's wife was a good manager, but with a sad heart she had to send the poor empty away from her hospitable door, for she could not see her own children want bread. Many resources had failed, and at length this man of God and his wife found that their last shilling was spent, and there was no food in the house for breakfast! The children rose early as usual, and played about the lawn, getting an appetite, until the bell rang for morning prayers in their father's study, and then they all trooped in and took their places with their little Bibles. The mother, they remarked, looked very sad; she had just had an anxious conference with her husband before the children were called in. With tears in her eyes, she told him that she had no breakfast to give to the children, and had not laid the cloth as usual, as she said it would be only a mockery. The good man was sorely puzzled, and grieved to see his helpmate so cast down, but he said, 'Let us not despair, my dear wife; the silver and the gold are *our* God's, "and the cattle upon a thousand hills." He feeds the "young ravens that cry" to Him, and will He forget our young children? No, no; "*though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!*" and though the fig-tree and the vine have failed, and the fields yield no meat, still let us rejoice in the God of our salvation, in this trial of our faith and patience; we "are of more value than many sparrows." Who *ever* trusted in Him and was confounded?'

When the children took their seats round the study table, their father read as usual a portion of Scripture, with a few explanatory words of running commentary, all tending to raise the minds of his family to the 'hills' from which their 'help' was to come. When family worship was over, each child in order came to the father for the morning's kiss and blessing. Then, as they thought, they were to have breakfast, for which they were quite ready. But as they passed from the study to

the breakfast-room outside, they saw no cloth laid—no plain, wholesome food ready; and they wondered, but said nothing. The mother was the last to leave the study, and with a heavy heart she came into the outer room. It was Midsummer, and the breath of the roses from the lawn filled the room with sweetness; but it was unheeded by her, as with downcast eyes, she walked to the open window. As she did so, however, her eye was attracted by a small parcel that seemed to have been flung in through the open window. She took it up, and opening the wrappers in which it was carefully packed, saw to her utter amazement *a roll of bank notes to the amount of fifty pounds!* Instantly she ran back to the study to show it to her husband, whose prayer for help in time of need had not ended when he was left alone: he had laid his whole case before the Lord, poured out his heart before Him, and having made his petition, was looking up for the answer, when his wife put the roll of notes into his hand.

It was easy now for the housekeeper to provide breakfast, and dinner too, for her family and those who depended on her. Before she did so, she joined her husband in humble and hearty thanks to the gracious God Who had so wonderfully supplied their urgent wants. They tried in various ways to discover the instrument of this much-needed supply, but they *never* could find out that secret. There were at the time many agents of English charity in Ireland, who travelled about to see the most necessitous places and give relief, often through the parochial Clergy of all denominations; but this was the *only case*, apparently, of a mysterious supply, and whether it came from that source or not, they never learned. But no matter who threw in the mysterious packet, there it was at a time of extreme need. How much it strengthened the faith of those servants of God we need not say; they are both in heaven now, where they hunger and thirst no more. That breakfast was worth waiting for: it was spread from above.

R. B. T.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

GEORGE HUGGINS,

*THE BLIND PREACHER OF VAUXHALL.**

THE names of Hick, Dawson, Brookes and Richardson, awaken grateful memories in thousands of hearts. And who can estimate the faithful service rendered by the goodly company of labourers less brilliantly gifted than these noble Preachers, less cultured than many of their modern

* 'From Darkness to Light,' a Memorial Sketch of the late George Huggins, of Vauxhall. By the Rev. W. J. Heaton. London: W. R. Symons, 10, South Lambeth-road. Sold also at 66, Paternoster-row.

successors, yet withal, men of earnest godliness and original thought, whose wide sympathy, based on practical knowledge of the trials of humble life, adds weight to their appeals, which are none the less forceful because clad in homely language; men whose week-day life in workshop, farm and mill is an irresistible argument for the truth of their Sabbath discourses. To this latter class belonged **GEORGE HUGGINS**. He was born December 1st, 1804, and began life as a nailmaker, at the age of seven. In early youth he lived in unrestrained godlessness, but at nineteen, having been induced to enter a Methodist chapel, he was brought under the power of the truth, and sought and found salvation in Christ. Ten years later his name appeared on the Plan of the Coleford Circuit as a preacher 'on trial.' His appointments were frequent and arduous, often requiring him to preach three times, and walk thirty miles in one day.

While thus labouring faithfully and effectively in his Master's service, Mr. Huggins' business prospects were anything but encouraging; and after five years' residence in Coleford, he rashly disposed of all his stock, and came up with little capital and small prospect of gaining a livelihood, to try his fortune in London. For two years he struggled on, unable to obtain regular employment, but at last contrived to open a small shop in Vauxhall. Here, for six years, he kept himself unspotted from the world of sin around him, winning the hearts of his neighbours by constant acts of kindness. Brighter days dawned when he obtained a situation in the firm of Messrs. Burnet and Co., where he subsequently filled a position of trust.

During all this time he had been a zealous Methodist, and after eight years' connection with the Vauxhall Chapel, consented to become a Class Leader. Of his rare qualifications for such an office, many would gladly testify. His counsels were marked by great plainness of speech, and a mingled forcefulness and tenderness which sprang from deep acquaintance with the individual character and needs of his members. One secret of his power in later life doubtless lay in his own familiarity with trial. Many a time God's billows had gone over his soul. They had left him 'chastened, but not killed,' and enriched by an experience which made him 'able to comfort them' that were 'in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith' he himself had been 'comforted of God.' One of his members thus testifies to the winsomeness with which he attracted strangers to his Class:

'It was my happiness to form his acquaintance on first leaving my home in the country for London life. At the close of the service he came forward, took me lovingly by the hand, and asked me a few questions. Then looking me kindly in the face, he said, "Come thou with

us, and we will do thee good." I there and then cast in my lot, resolving that this people should be my people, and their God my God. And who shall say how much of my subsequent happiness and prosperity I owe, under God, to our friend's taking knowledge of me thus, and speaking "comfortable words and kind?"

In 1854 appeared the first indications of the shadow which was soon to darken the home of Mr. Huggins. Cataracts began to form on both eyes. The nature of the disease was misunderstood, and after four years of painful suspense, having 'suffered many things of many physicians,' he was pronounced incurable. Keenly as he felt the trial, Mr. Huggins heartily and cheerfully accepted the God-given thorn in the flesh. The habitually peaceful expression of his face, and the simple joyousness of his Christian experience, proved that he believed and realized the precious truth that 'All is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will.'

Yet he was not content to exhibit merely passive graces. Relieved from temporal anxiety by a handsome pension from the firm with which he had been so long honourably connected, his heart yearned to devote himself entirely to the work of the Lord. To this his blindness at first appeared an insuperable obstacle, but soon God gave him his heart's desire by raising him up a faithful friend, who nobly volunteered to be his companion and helper in all his schemes of usefulness. For twenty years Mr. Stedman was eyes to the blind. He accompanied Mr. Huggins to all places where he was appointed to preach, and himself conducted those portions of the service for which our friend's infirmity incapacitated him. The blind preacher and his self-denying curate soon became well-known characters in the neighbourhood, and they seldom failed to secure an attentive congregation. Mr. Huggins' discourses were remarkable for directness and thoughtfulness, and an unaffected fervour of utterance gave him much power over his hearers.

But not simply in conducting public worship did the two friends jointly labour for God. Together they visited the sick and dying, and were always ready to canvass the neighbourhood for subscriptions when funds were specially needed. By contributions, gathered for the most part in very humble homes, they succeeded in extinguishing the heavy debt on the Vauxhall chapel and day-school, and subsequently obtained considerable sums to be applied for various improvements in the buildings. In many other ways Mr. Huggins sought to do good; and his services were lovingly and gratefully recognized in his own church and neighbourhood.

Towards the close of his life, public as well as private testimonies were given to his worth; and when in a good old age he fell on sleep,

February 10th, 1875, crowds of working men and women united with the members of the Church in which he had so long been a pillar, to pay a last tribute of respect to Father Huggins, the blind preacher. A handsome marble tablet records the estimate of his character formed by his fellow Methodists.

G. M. A.

PSALM ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH.

O! how I love the Lord,
In Him do I rejoice;
My pleadings He hath heard,
And listened to my voice.

He hath inclined His ear,
Therefore on Him I'll call,
Though death fill me with fear,
Or hell my soul appall.

I called upon His name
When threat'ning waves did roll,
Besought Him to reclaim
My overburdened soul.

How gracious is the Lord!
How righteous, how benign!
He soon did help afford;
His love awakens mine.

Return unto thy rest,
I'll say unto my soul;
When saddened and depressed
The Lord did thee console.

How bountiful His hand!
I've now no cause for fear;
Strong in His strength I stand,
He checks the rising tear.

I'll walk before the Lord
Whilst I'm of life possessed;
I trusted in His word,
Therefore my faith professed.

Affliction's arrow sped,
My happiness to mar;
Then, in my haste, I said
That all men liars are.

What offering shall I make?
How God's great gifts proclaim?
Salvation's cup I'll take,
And call upon His name.

I'll pay my vows with those
Who do in Him delight.
The death of all God's saints
Is precious in His sight.

Thy servant, Lord, am I,
No longer bound, but free;
Son of Thy handmaid: I
Will now serve only Thee.

This sacrifice I'll bring,
Thanksgiving for Thy care;
And loud Thy praises sing,
And all Thy love declare.

Within the hallowed courts
Of Thy most sacred house,
In presence of Thy saints
I now will pay my vows.

Jerusalem! in Thee
I'll strike a blissful chord;
Come, Zion's sons, with me,
Yea, come; Praise ye the Lord!

MARIE.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Martin Luther: the Prophet of Germany. By the REV. J. S. BANKS. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.—Martin Luther is well called 'the Prophet of Germany.' There is about him a strength, an outspokenness, a fearlessness, a Divine impul-

sion that irresistibly remind one of the prophets of Israel. Mr. Banks has drawn his portrait from this point of view. He endeavours to show what Luther was, as much as, if not more than, what Luther did. The salient features of the great Reformer's life

are described, and judiciously-selected brief extracts from his writings exhibit his thoughts and sufficiently indicate his theology. The author is not blind to the one or two spots that dim the lustre of his hero's greatness; but he clearly perceives what the elements of that greatness were, and sketches them in bold outline. Hitherto no popular life of Luther has been written in the English language; the defect is now supplied. Readers of little leisure will find this a satisfactory compend, and to youths of both sexes it must prove very serviceable.

Missionary Stories, Narratives, Scenes and Incidents, illustrative of the Providence and Grace of God in Connection with the Propagation of the Gospel in Heathen Lands. By the REV. WILLIAM MOISTER, Author of 'Missionary Anecdotes,' etc., etc. New Edition, with Additions. London:

Wealeyan Conference Office. 1877.—This collection is worthy of the indefatigable pen that has produced so many works on Missionary subjects. About a quarter of the book is occupied with 'Narratives of Personal Missions,' which evidence that Mr. Moister has played his part efficiently as an Evangelist among the heathen. The other sections relate to 'Missionary Shipwrecks;' 'Hurricanes and Earthquakes;' 'Joys and Sorrows of Mission Life;' 'Eminent Native Converts;' 'Mission Work in the Army and Navy;' and the last consists of 'Miscellaneous Narratives.' It will be gathered from this enumeration that the book conveys a great deal of information about Missionary work. It is written in an interesting style, and its circulation will doubtless assist the cause the writer has so closely at heart.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR NOVEMBER, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>
Oct.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	6 47	4 40	5 40m	6 19a	1 46m	7 26a	1 59m
Nov.							
7	7 4	4 23	6 42	6 25	1 26	6 54	1 19
17	7 22	4 8	<i>Sets.</i> 4 8a	6 38	1 11	6 24	0 39
27	7 38	3 58	4 9	6 58	0 58	5 54	11 57a

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Nov. 5th, New Moon 8h. 48m. morn. | 20th, Full Moon.. 10h. 19m. after.
12th, First Quarter 11h. 44m. after. | 27th, Last Quarter 10h. 5m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 2nd 2h. morn., Perigee; 227,847 miles.
" 13th 11h. after., Apogee; 251,206 "
" 27th 6h. after., Perigee; 230,110 "
Mean distance for the month 240,092

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 1st	90,928,320 miles.
December 1st	90,358,560 "
Decrease of distance for the month.....	569,760 "

Mercury is now in the part of its orbit remote from us, and will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th, at 5h. in the afternoon. It will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the morning of the 5th; on the morning of the 11th it will be in descending node; and on the morning of the 22nd in aphelion, or at that point of its orbit most distant from the Sun.

Venus may be seen near the Moon on the evening of the 8th; the actual conjunction takes place below our horizon: *Jupiter*, too, is quite near, and will be in conjunction with the Moon two hours later than Venus. The conjunction of Venus with Jupiter occurs on the morning of the 10th.

Mars, in no mythical sense, is now absorbing the attention of the vastly-increasing numbers who take an interest in astronomical discoveries. It has long been known that he has no attendant satellite which bears anything like the proportion in size to its primary, which our Moon bears to the Earth; and it was supposed that, if he has any attendants, they must be very small indeed to escape detection by the powerful instruments which were brought to bear on them. It now turns out that the supposition was correct, and yet Mars has at least two satellites. The largest, and probably the best, refracting telescope at present in existence, is the one mounted comparatively recently at Washington, U.S. With this, which has an object glass of twenty-six inches aperture, 'the outer satellite

was first observed by Professor Asaph Hall, on the night of August 11th, though cloudy weather prevented the recognition of its true character at that time. It was again observed on the 16th, and its motion was established by observation extending over two hours. The inner satellite was first remarked by the same astronomer on August 17th.

From observations to August 20th, Professor Newcomb has calculated that 'the period of revolution of the outer satellite is 30h. 14m., and the major axis of its orbit subtends an angle of 32 seconds at the mean distance of the Earth from the Sun. The observations of the satellite indicate that the mass of the Sun is to that of Mars as 3,090,000 to 1, which is in close agreement with the result derived by M. Leverrier from theory. The second satellite appears to revolve round the primary in the extraordinarily short period of 7h. 38m., the major axis of its orbit, similarly referred, being 13 seconds. The true orbit of the first satellite is inclined to the ecliptic 25 degrees, the longitude of the ascending node being 83 degrees; or the pole of the orbit in the celestial sphere is, according to these early calculations of Professor Newcomb, in Right Ascension 316 degrees, and North Polar distance 36 degrees.'

We have copied the above from the 'Illustrated London News' of September 8th; but on examination we find that there must be some error. The mass of Mars and periodic times here given would correspond to distances almost

exactly double of those indicated above, so that probably for 'major axis of the orbit,' we should read *semi-axis major*, or *mean distance* of the satellite from Mars. These mean distances in English miles are about 14,400 and 5,700 respectively. As the radius of Mars is 2,300 miles, the inner satellite is only 3,400 miles from the surface, almost exactly three-fourths of the diameter of the planet.

One or two interesting consequences may be drawn from these results: Mars rotates on its axis in 24h. 37m.; the outer satellite revolves in 30h. 14m.; hence we can readily infer that to an inhabitant of Mars this satellite would appear to complete a revolution in 132h. 40m. At the equator of Mars the horizontal parallax, which is more than nine degrees, would shorten the time between rising and setting by about 6h. 48m., and reduce the interval to 59h. 34m., or, in round numbers, to sixty hours, nearly two complete revolutions of the satellite; thus, while above the horizon this satellite will go through all its changes twice over. Let it be remembered that from new moon to full moon is only fifteen hours instead of fifteen days, as with us.

But the inner satellite leads to a conclusion still more striking and startling. It revolves in 7h. 38m., less than one-third of the time that Mars takes to rotate on its axis. In angular motion, then, it far outstrips that of a point on the surface of the planet, and to an observer there would actually seem to revolve from *west* to *east*, and to perform a complete revolution in 11h. 4m. Its horizontal parallax is very nearly twenty-four degrees,

and this would shorten the interval between its rising and setting at the equator by 1h. 23m. To an observer there it would appear to rise in the *west* and set in the *east*, and the interval between rising and setting would be only 4h. 4m.! We need hardly remark that these intervals between rising and setting would be increased somewhat by the horizontal refraction; but we could only guess at its amount.

A word about the size of these bodies. From their extreme faintness it is conjectured that they must be each under ten miles in diameter. If they were ten miles, the outer satellite would subtend an angle at the centre of Mars rather less than a twelfth part of the diameter of our Moon, the inner just about a fifth part. From the standpoint of either of these satellites, the primary would appear a very large object indeed; an observer on the outer satellite would see it under an angle of 18 deg. 26 min.; that is to say, the diameter would appear to be thirty-seven times larger than the diameter of the Moon appears to us; on the inner satellite, if the lower edge of Mars were in the horizon, the upper edge would be more than half way to the zenith.

Mars will be in conjunction with Saturn on the 4th, at 4h. in the morning, when the distance of the two bodies will be only eleven minutes; at the previous midnight the distance will be less than ten minutes. To the naked eye, Saturn will look like a satellite to Mars. The width of the ring of Saturn is less than three seconds, the length forty seconds.



(WILLIAM CHAMBERS.)

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

(Concluded from page 487.)

SERIOUS reverses compelled the removal of the family from Peebles to Edinburgh. At the time of the removal William was in his fourteenth year, and had to seek some kind of employment. His wish was to be apprenticed to a bookseller, but his enquiries

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for such a situation not proving successful, he endeavoured to engage himself to a grocer in Leith. The grocer pronounced him too slight for the heavy work of the trade, and in a desponding mood he returned up the walk to Edinburgh. On his way home he had to pass the shop of Mr. John Sutherland, bookseller, Calton-street, in the window of which was the announcement: 'An Apprentice Wanted.' Here, he thought, was the right thing at last; and on the following morning he and his mother presented themselves before the bookseller, who received them politely, and agreed to take William into his service, at the same time specifying his duties, which were to light the fire, take down the shutters, prepare the oil-lamps, sweep and dust the shop, and go all the errands. When he had nothing else to do, he was to stand behind the counter and make himself useful in any way that he could. He was also informed that sitting down or reading in business hours would be quite contrary to rule. The term of service was to be five years, with payment at the rate of four shillings a week. Mrs. Chambers, who conducted the negotiations, was not without misgivings, and remarked that her son was surely wrong in wishing to follow the business. 'We may manage,' she said, 'to get him through his apprenticeship, but I have serious fears of what is to follow. We cannot set him up in business; and how' (looking around) 'can he ever be able to get a stock of books like that?' To those apprehensions the worthy bookseller replied: 'There is no fear of any one getting forward in the world, if he be only steady, obliging, attentive to his duties, and exercise a reasonable degree of patience. I can assure you when I was the age of your son, I had as poor prospects as any one; yet I have so far got on tolerably well. In the outset of life it is needless to look too far in advance. We must just do the best we can in the mean time, and hope that all will turn out rightly in the end.' The mother's fears were allayed by those sensible remarks, engagements were entered into, and on the 8th of May, 1814, William began his duties as bookseller's apprentice.

About a year and a half after that start in the business world, the family left Edinburgh, Mr. Chambers having been appointed commercial manager of a salt manufactory called Joppa Pans, about midway between Portobello and Musselburgh. When the

Edinburgh home was broken up, William was consigned to a lodging on the top story of a building in the West Port. His landlady, a Peebles woman, was parsimonious but honest, and agreed to let William have a bed, to cook for him, and to allow him to sit by her small fire, for eighteenpence a week. To her lofty abode he carried his entire property, consisting of a few clothes, and two or three books, including a pocket Bible—the whole contained in a blue-painted box. After taking away the cost of his lodging and reserving ninepence for miscellaneous expenses, such as shoes and other necessary articles, he had one and ninepence a week with which to supply himself with food. Tea, coffee, sugar, and new milk were luxuries beyond his reach; but he managed to live and to keep his faculties bright on oatmeal, butter-milk, and kail or broth, which had in it just a hint of meat. His master was a strict disciplinarian, and kept him fully employed. There was no part of his work so distasteful to him as the delivery of hundreds of circulars recommending the purchase of tickets in the State Lottery, for which the bookseller was agent. He would gladly have revolted from the humiliating task, but he felt that his only safe course was to submit. Several times in a day he passed an old house in the West Bow on which was the inscription carved in stone:

‘HE THAT THOLES OVERCOMES.’

To ‘thole,’ is, in the Scottish dialect, to bear with patience; and he resolved to bear his present hardships, and to wait with patience for better days. Lottery and other errands frequently took him to the debtors’ ward in the Tolbooth prison, the scene of the Porteous riot. It has since been pulled down, and the only memorial of its position in the High-Street is the figure of a heart let into the pavement; but in William’s early days it stood in all its ancient gloom and barbaric strength, and it was not without interest that he looked on the pinnacle which had borne the head of the Marquis of Montrose, and then that of the Marquis of Argyll, and entered the portal against which the rioters dashed so violently in 1736.

‘As any eddy corner,’ he says, ‘of the world’s tumultuous current, into which light floating wreck was naturally swept, the Old Tolbooth, with its scenes of grief and drollery, might not be supposed to be quite an appropriate resort for a lad who had to make his way

in the sober track of life. All I can summon to remembrance in the matter is, that I here incidentally saw down into the depths of society, to which the affluent classes have little opportunity of penetrating. My experiences among the shifty sub-middle classes, here as elsewhere, proved by no means the least valuable part of my training for the career into which I was ultimately drifted. Nor has the recollection of the Old Tolbooth and its inmates ever ceased to afford a fund of entertainment.'

While serving his apprenticeship, William endeavoured to make up for the defects of his education at school. Though not allowed to read in the shop, he had the privilege of taking a book to his lodgings, a privilege of which he gladly availed himself. His best time for study was the early morning in summer, when the light cost him nothing. However wearied he might be, he forced himself out of bed not later than five o'clock, and worked at his book until the hour came for him to go to the shop. In that way he made some progress in French, and became acquainted with valuable works, such as Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' Locke on 'The Human Understanding,' Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' and Blair's 'Belles-Lettres.' His Sundays were spent with the family at the Pans. There was not much of the devotional element, but decorum was observed; and it was cheering to the youth, after the struggles of the week, to converse with his mother, and to listen to the waves of the Frith as they broke in gentle murmurs on the rocks. His father frequently gave him advice, which, though good, would have had more force if he had illustrated it by his own example. From his arm-chair he gave such lectures as the following:

'You think it is a hard business, I dare say, to live in your present pinching way, scheming as to buying meal and milk, and all that; but it is doing you an immense deal of good. It is strengthening your mind, and teaching you the art of thinking—that is the great point. You should be thankful for my not doing anything for you. Perhaps you would like to have everything held up to you—lodgings, tailors' bills, boots, and what not, all paid for the asking. What would be the upshot? You would never know the value of money. You would grow up as ignorant and dependent as a child, and never be able to take a front rank in the world. It is melancholy to see so many fathers spoiling their children from mistaken notions of kind-

ness. Young men treated in that foolish way can do nothing for themselves, but must have somebody always behind them to shove them into situations, where their minds lose all power of thinking and planning correctly. No doubt they can plan what they would like to have for dinner,—few folk are ill at that,—or what should be the colour of their gloves. But that is not what I mean. What I am speaking of is the faculty of thinking and acting for yourself in all kinds of unexpected difficulty.’

With all his wisdom, the sage of the Pans would have fallen into destitution but for the energy and prudence of his more practical wife. His want of tact brought him into discord with his employers, and his loss by robbery of a sum of money belonging to them completed the alienation, and led to summary discharge from his office. William hastened home to condole with the family on the disaster, and not getting there till midnight, found the house gloomy and silent. He sat by his mother's bedside, and had a talk with her about a small business she had projected. He could do little to help her, but having received half-a-guinea from a tradesman to whom he had carried tidings of a successful draw in the lottery, he put the coin into her hand. ‘With emotion,’ he says, ‘too great for words, my own hand was pressed gratefully in return. The loving pressure of that unseen hand in the midnight gloom, has it not proved more than the ordinary blessing of a mother on her son?’

“All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may.
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.”

For some time Robert had been attending school in Edinburgh, and had lodged with William in the West Port. He had become a good Latinist, and in addition to being diligent in his academical tasks, had carefully studied the archæology of Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. The Old Town, with its historical memorials; the gravestone in the Greyfriars churchyard on which the Covenant was signed; the Borough-Moor where James IV. unrolled his standard when on his way to the field of Flodden; the tomb of the Earl of Murray, with many other relics of the ancient days, were eagerly inspected by him, and stored his mind with materials

of which he afterwards made effective use in some of his literary works. In his labours and privations he had been cheered by the hope that he would be able to enter one of the learned professions, but with the disaster which befell the family, his school-days necessarily came to an end, and he had to trust to his own resources for a livelihood. He obtained a little private teaching at Portobello, and then served a few months as clerk in counting-houses, but could obtain no permanent employment. When, to use his own expression, he was 'at the bottom of the wheel,' his brother William gave him advice which had prosperous issues. They were seated one calm evening on a grassy knoll commanding a view of the Frith and the shores of Fife, when William suggested to him that he should seek employment neither as a teacher nor as a clerk, but begin business for himself as a bookseller. The project was a daring one, but nothing better was presented to his mind, and he took a small shop in Leith Walk with space for a stall in front. His stock-in-trade consisted of the Encyclopædia from his father's chest, his own school-books, and a few cheap Bibles.

'To keep him company,' says William, 'and aid by my professional advice, as well as lessen his expenses, I went to reside with him—quitting, with my blue-painted box, my quarters in the West Port, for which I entertained no special attachment. Unless for the pleasure of associating with my brother and talking over our plans, the change did not immediately bring any assuagement of condition. So miserably was the place furnished, that the first night we had no bed, but lay on the floor, with a rug for our covering, and a bundle of books for our pillow. Afterwards, a bed stuffed with chaff made things a little easier, and, rolled up during the day, the bed with its rug answered as a convenient sofa. Rather a hard kind of life this! In one sense it was so, but I cannot remember ever caring much about the hardship. The whole affair was treated as an amusing adventure. The very shifts we were put to had in them something to laugh at. There was likewise an undefined but comforting feeling that by endurance matters would mend; and so with modest trust, as yielding to our lot, we cheerfully submitted to present privations.' Robert's small venture was so far successful that in the first year his stock increased to the value of twelve pounds.

William's apprenticeship came to an end in May, 1819, and he also commenced business for himself in Leith Walk. With the last wages he received from Mr. Sutherland he bought a few deals, and constructed with his own hands the shop furniture he required. Having obtained about ten pounds' worth of books, he displayed them to the best advantage, and the first day cleared over nine shillings, by the sale of Robertson's 'History of Charles V.,' and other works. His books disappeared with pleasing rapidity, and he kept adding new ones, and also stationery and other articles to his stock. In order to increase his profits, he bought books in sheets, and put them in boards, though he knew nothing of bookbinding beyond what he had seen in frequent visits to a bookbinder's shop. After a time he secured an old printing-press and a fount of worn types, and by dint of great labour and perseverance managed to print a small book. One attempt led to another, until at length 'Chambers' Journal' was started, a popular periodical, the circulation of which soon rose to eighty thousand numbers weekly. The brothers united in business, and attained high position in the publishing trade. Robert had special inclinations to literature, and his name is associated either as editor or author with seventy works. He died at St. Andrews, on March 17th, 1871, and was buried in the venerable chapel of St. Regulus. The clergyman who officiated at his funeral said of him, in a sermon preached on the following Sabbath: 'He seemed to be a man of vigorous, manly intellect, sparing no labour, no self-devotion, in the acquirement of whatever knowledge he thought it good for himself and his fellow-creatures to possess; and, at the same time, a man of pure, gentle, kind and unselfish character, whom it was impossible to know and not to love.'

JABEZ MARRAT.

THE LOST SON.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE GERMAN OF ELIZABETH KLEE.

CHAPTER III.

FOUR months had flown away without bringing any news from Stephen. During many a long evening had the loving pair talked of the subject so dear to their hearts. But often, when the Pastor saw how Marie, in motherly zeal, prepared one article of

dress after another for her granddaughter, he shook his head thoughtfully, and said :

‘Let us not be too hasty, good wife. I know not why, but I cannot altogether keep away the thought that the man was only an adventurer and deceiver : in any case, we must wait the issue quietly : it will soon be decided, I think.’

‘No, indeed !’ interjected Minna, eager, if possible, to comfort her mistress. ‘I think he had too honourable a countenance to deceive us. Would he have given me six francs an ell if he had not been honest ? After such a winter as the last, we must have patience, and we shall soon see who was right.’

‘God grant,’ sighed the Pastor’s wife, ‘that we may yet have this joy in our old age.’

March came with its rough winds, its many rural tasks, and its sacred festivals. On the morning of Palm-Sunday, just as the Pastor was going into the church, the postman’s wife came to him and gave him a letter with the French post-mark, saying, ‘Pardon me, the letter has been already lying in our house three days : my husband has business in Fleurier, and we had quite forgotten to send it. You will not, please, be angry with us ?’

With trembling hands the Pastor broke the heavy seal, and as he walked read as follows :

‘Sarreroy, March 15th, 18—.

‘REVEREND SIR,

‘You perhaps think that I have forgotten my promise and count me ungrateful. It is not so ; for I often think of the Sunday in your house : but “What speeds not does not speed,” we are wont to say. First, I had a difficult journey to get over, and then a serious sickness—people tell me it was fever. When at last I was well, I set about seeking your grandchild. I think everything will turn out well. The farmer with whom she was is dead, and the community is of one mind, to send the child to you. You need only write to the Pastor here, who cares for the child’s interests, and, if you like, to the girl herself,—the address follows,—and you will soon complete the matter. Send here only the certificate of place of birth and baptism of your son, and about twenty-five or thirty francs’ travelling expenses, and everything will be then ready. Write to me whether I must bring her to you. I think if I soon pack up my wares I can be with you in two months. With respectful greeting,

‘STEPHEN LORIMER, Hawker.’

On this Sabbath, Divine service was not so long as usual. The good Pastor was so full of the letter that he said, for example, that they would sing the tenth verse of a hymn which had only nine verses ; but the skilled schoolmaster saw the mistake and covered it. As the congregation was departing all was explained : the Pastor took his friend by the arm, and shared with him upon the way the news just received. Again the schoolmaster must dine at the vicarage, as in all the important moments of their life, to consider the matter with the Pastor and his wife.

At first Lambert wished to go himself to fetch the child, but it was agreed that they could still further entrust the matter to the pedler, who hitherto had acquitted himself so faithfully. A very lively correspondence now followed, which in a month had as its result, that Stephen was ready to start at the grandparents' wish, without delay, upon the quickest, most direct route. The good Pastor in Sarreroy showed himself to be kind in a notable degree, which was the more wonderful, as he must certainly have hesitated to let the girl go to Protestants, who were sure not to train her in the teaching of the Infallible Church.

Mrs. Lambert counted the days and hours, listened to the rolling of every wheel, and was in a state of continual feverish excitement. One bright morning, on one of the last days of April, Minna rushed into the room of her mistress, who expected no one at such an hour, and called, in her joy almost falling over her broom :

'They come! they come! I am not deceived this time.'

Mrs. Lambert was the first in the yard : at a distance she recognized her old friend Stephen in his Sunday attire, who, with military mien, led towards her a girl of about ten years of age.

'Here comes the rear-guard of the great army,' he called, with hearty laughter, and placed the child in her grandmother's arms. The latter could speak no word, for no sooner had she looked upon the child than she saw the living image of her dear son.

'The people over yonder called her Nanon,' said Stephen ; 'but shall we not rather call her Tony, for her father's sake ?'

She was indeed a very pretty child, despite her coarse peasant-dress : beneath her white cap, smooth, flaxen curls flowed down and fell over her neck and shoulders. Moreover, she looked upon her

new protectors with her open, fresh countenance, as trustfully and frankly as if she did not feel at all strange to them.

When her grandfather folded her in his arms, she said, quite trustingly, 'Are you indeed the father of my father? How strange it is! You have no uniform, like him. You know, Mr. Stephen says, the Prussians have killed him in the war. But how much like my dear, good Pastor you are! Will you love me as much as he did?'

'My dear child, we shall love you like your father and mother, and you shall also learn to love the loving God aright.'

'The loving God! O! I lately bore Him in the great procession, you know, when the Bishop came.'

'Well, my child,' interrupted the Pastor's wife, and led her into the house; for she needed rest after her long journey on foot from the nearest coach-station. Very soon the active, candid child was a friend with all.

'Shall we dwell in this beautiful house?' she said to Minna: 'it seems like a castle: shall I not have to sleep in the barn as at home?'

Laughing, the true servant embraced her, seeing, like the master and mistress, that the sunshine had returned to their quiet home in the person of this child.

Not, indeed, that the latter was by any means an angel. She had grown up like a wild flower in a garden, which puts forth strong but irregular shoots on every side. Meanwhile, the care and training of the poor country people had greatly benefited the girl, and her grandparents soon perceived, to their heartfelt joy, that without being specially gifted or developed beyond her years, she was decidedly kind-hearted; and that, more than they expected, they would have influence and power over her, to educate her suitably to her present circumstances. In a few weeks she could read fluently, and Minna, as well as her mistress, found in her an apt scholar of whom they were proud. But Minna had a little conflict with herself to pass through. Although her joy about the child had been so great, although she had welcomed her so warmly, it was hard for her kind soul to see herself, as she thought, dispossessed of the place which she had held for so long a time during their solitude in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert. But she overcame this

jealousy, and the caresses and childish, happy freaks of the girl completely won her heart, especially when the child was able to help in the kitchen and house as well as in the poultry-yard. Quite touching was the intercourse between Tony and her grandfather, who showed to her firmness and tenderness in equal proportions. When the task was once assigned it must be done; but when Tony had done it to his satisfaction, he would play with her in the most loving way, as indeed only a most tender father could. His granddaughter soon found out that he meant to do her good as well by his firmness as by his love, and how well she was trained in his hands. Her gratitude led her to make pleasing progress. The dearest moment in the day was always that when clinging to her grandmother with arms thrown round her neck, or sitting upon Mr. Lambert's knee, she gave them her 'good-night kiss,' after she had heard from them some beautiful Bible story. Her young heart soon learned to love the Saviour with characteristic sincerity and fervour. Once her grandfather was obliged to correct her sternly because of a falsehood on her part: when, after this, she saw tears in his eyes, she asked, 'Are you indeed sorry about my wrongdoing?'

'Yes, dear child; it not only grieves our loving God, but makes my heart very sad to have to punish you.'

'Then,' embracing him, she said, 'I promise you that you shall never be sad about me any more.'

And she kept her word. She learned to train herself in right things, and knew Who could help her best in her efforts, because He enables the good to succeed in well-doing. The worthy Pastor and his wife were indeed happy in their care of and love for the child, when they saw how she unfolded according to their wish.

Thus the years passed away, and Tony, now fifteen years old, bloomed like a mountain-rose, by which name all the villagers called her. Had old Stephen now seen her for the first time since he brought her, with her cheeks glowing with health, her tall, active form, her merry, sparkling eyes, he would hardly have recognized the little orphan. Frequently she rambled with her friend, the daughter of the schoolmaster, about the mountains, sometimes laughing and singing in the clear atmosphere, sometimes telling stories which she had learned in school; and often sought some

hidden nook for her own devotions and secret communings with herself.

They all tried in vain to persuade old Stephen to settle down in the village. He said: 'When one is old he clings to his old customs, and mine now are those of a wanderer. I must see the world, although I have lived long enough to have had quite enough of it.' Meanwhile, not a year passed in which he did not include the country round Neufchâtel in the plan of his journey, and gladly stayed a few days beneath the hospitable roof of the Pastor. He listened with attention to everything which the Minister sought to lay upon his heart, and thankfully took from him a little Bible, which became his constant companion in his journeyings. Often he so arranged his journey that he could spend a Sabbath at the vicarage; and when with the rest he passed into the church, he often said, 'Your way of worshipping God is indeed a good one, since every one can understand; yes, even an old sinner like myself, how God loves him and wishes him well.'

But one autumn came without the usual visit from Stephen. After much enquiry the Pastor learned that the old man was found by a compassionate traveller upon the highway, as, with his pack upon his shoulders, worn and weary, but without murmur or complaint, he had softly fallen 'on sleep,' his look directed heavenward.

Since then five years have passed. We see two forms come out of the vicarage-garden and climb the hill to where the many grave-stones mark out the peaceful churchyard. There, under the shade of a venerable lime-tree, rests the good Pastor's wife. He who is climbing the hill is her faithful and now solitary husband, who is now so old and bowed that it is well for him that the tall, strong form of Tony is with him to give to him the support of her arm. Since he laid his dear wife in her last resting-place, his strength has failed him: in the house his granddaughter has become his right hand; in his office and parish a young curate who is like-minded with himself. Every evening the Pastor and Tony make this journey to say 'Good-night' to grandmother; and Tony is proud to be her grandfather's support—his staff, as she often laughingly says. But to-day they stay a long time, as if they had quite forgotten the return journey. At last the good Pastor speaks: 'Yes,

my dear child, you will have gratified my heart's wish when I shall soon unite you and can give you my blessing in the sacred House; then I feel that the days of my pilgrimage will be accomplished.'

'O grandfather, would you not like to stay with us, that we may cherish you and care for you?'

'Well, my child, as God wills; I have indeed reason to be thankful for so beautiful an evening of life; once I wept for my lost child, and now I have two, and see you so happy and joyous; I will therefore quietly wait till I may enter into rest.'

'See there, below, Gustavus comes; let us go to him.'

'God be praised for this evening also!'

'Amen,' said Tony; 'but now come, lest Minna, who reigns supreme in the house, scold us.'

On the next Sabbath the little congregation held a glad festival with their Pastor, and there was bright sunshine both without and within the Pastor's home.

THE YEAR'S TRANSITION.

HARK! across the startled midnight,
How the solemn echoes swell,
As from tower to tower repeated,
Peals the Old Year's parting knell.
All its flush of vernal beauty,
Wealth of summer's golden prime,
Harvest joy and winter sadness,
Ended with that farewell chime.

Sinks the heart in painful musing,
As the slow vibrations fall;
And the Old Year swift departeth,
Evermore beyond recall.
Memory's busy pencil painteth
Scenes we do not care to view;
Voices that we fain would silence
Thrill the darkened chamber through.

O the golden days departed!
Could we live their hours again,
Never should their memory waken
Such a mournful spectral train.
All the blessings coldly slighted,
All the counsel set at naught,
Burdened hearts we might have light-
ened,
Loving deeds we might have
wrought:

Passing now in dim procession,
Sad, reproachful looks they cast,
Till they cross the shadowy threshold,
Entering on the silent Past.
But regret and shame and sorrow
Not alone to us remain;
There is One Who waits to pardon,
One Whose blood can cleanse each
stain.

He hath marked each upward effort,
Knowing all the pains it cost,
Told contrition's falling tear-drops;
And our labour is not lost.
Thus with judgment mingles mercy,
Blends with grief the song of peace,
As the voice that stilled the ocean
Bids the spirit's tumult cease.

Hark! the bells' sweet clangour
changeth,
And a hundred towers repeat,
'Welcome to the New Year's dawning,'
And the Past and Future meet.
And the chimes resounding o'er us,
Wake a glad, responsive tone,
While upon the path before us
Beams of heavenly light are thrown.

Now with calm, courageous spirit
 Press we onward to the prize,
 Where the crown of fadeless glory
 Waits for us beyond the skies.
 Soon o'er Time's dark waters swelling
 Sweeter notes than these shall ring—
 Echoes of celestial anthems—
 Songs which only victors sing.

Yet awhile the work and waiting,
 Still with sin the mortal strife,
 But Eternity to rest in,
 Glorious with immortal life.
 Time flows on; the rapid river
 Soon will mingle with the sea;
 Let us through the fleeting Present
 Labour for Eternity!

EMMIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT, AND WHAT SHE BOUGHT WITH IT.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

'HOT potatoes, hot potatoes' (or as the voice really pronounced the words, 'Ot taters, 'ot taters'), cried a poor, thin, pale-faced lad in the streets, on the 23rd of December, 1876.

But there were very few of the passers-by who took the slightest notice either of the voice or the frail lad who sought to deal out at one halfpenny each the baked potatoes he had in his can. Sad and miserable he appeared, as he stood shivering 'neath the falling snow, which was tossed hither and thither by the cold east wind; and ever and anon he turned his bright eyes upward, whilst his blue lips seemed to be whispering words of prayer. If you had been near enough you might have heard this request: 'Dear Lord, let the people buy my 'taters.' The shops were as bright as abundance of gas and glittering plate-glass could make them, whilst the windows were like a fairy picture to that poor, lonely boy who stood blowing his fingers and thinking how tired he was.

The clock in the tower of St. Mary's struck out a quarter past nine, but the chimes had been heard twice more ere Willie Duffton began to think of moving homewards through the snow-covered streets, and if the night had been fine he would have stayed out another hour without thinking of his needed rest. Just as he had got the potato-can on his poor, thin arm, an old gentleman with his niece caught sight of the wistful face, and stopped him to enquire the way to the Bank. In a few quiet, respectful words Willie gave the information required, and then the kind-hearted old man began to question him as to his parents, and where he lived, and also how he obtained a living; then wanted to know what he did out at such a late hour of the night. If the face of the old gentleman had not looked so kind and benevolent as he stood beneath the gas lamp, and his niece Emmie had not placed her soft hand on the lad's shoulder, I am afraid Willie Duffton would have been inclined to run away; but the white-haired questioner spoke in such gentle tones that the lad told him freely all his history.

'We live in Laurel-row, Sir, mother, Jessie and me, and mother goes a-charing when she can, but then I tries to be home with Jess, for she's a cripple, and does not like to be left alone all day, 'cos she gets so dull like. Ah, Sir! our Jess is a good gal, that she is, and never complains, though the pain is so bad she can't bear it sometimes.'

'My poor boy,' said the young lady; 'and what does father do for a living?' The question was asked in a tone of sympathy and kindness, but she was sorry she had made the enquiry, for the little face grew clouded and the eyes dim with tears as he said:

'O, Miss, father's gone home to heaven this three year; he were ill for months afore he died, but still he was happy, and told us all God would take care of us as long as we lived. He was a good father, Miss; and when he was well Christmas-time used to be so happy with us all: we used to have our cousins to spend the day with us, and a nice little Christmas-tree in a real pot, and then we used to sing nice hymns like carols during the evening; but it's all altered now, because we can't get nice things, we are so poor.'

So bit by bit the listeners got to know the whole story of these lives; no, not quite all, for little Willie did not know that the rent was due on the previous Saturday, and that the landlady had told his mother she would '*bundle the whole kit of 'em into the street*,' if the money was not ready next time she called. But still old Captain Thomason and his niece Emmie Edwards had heard quite enough to touch their tender hearts, and so the lad was given a bright shilling by the gentleman; and Willie could scarcely credit his senses, when the young lady stooped down, with tears in her eyes, and kissed his pale, thin face as she said, 'Good bye, my boy; God bless you, and give you and your mother and Jessie a happy Christmas, and a bright New Year when it comes.'

And then they went away; but Willie Duffton forgot that the clock had struck ten, and that the cold wind was blowing the snow-flakes into his face; he scarcely remembered the shilling, though it was such a large amount for him to get all at once, that at any other time he would have danced for joy at its possession: the lad seemed in a kind of daze or dream, for he set down his little potato-can on the snow-covered ground, and said over and over again, 'The young lady kissed me, and said, God bless you; yes, the young lady kissed me, and said, God bless you!'

By and by he hastened home, and told his mother all about it; how the gentleman gave him a shilling, besides saying he might call and see him, and how the lady kissed him, and said she hoped they might have a happy Christmas and a bright New Year. A few more words about the work for the coming day, and a promise from mother that she would try to get a little pudding—just to keep up Christmas—if she could

manage it at all, and then, in that chill garret, whose halfpenny rush-light only seemed to make the darkness visible in that bare room, the best they could call '*home*,' the poor widow, her crippled daughter and little Will knelt down to pray unto the Father Who hears the ravens when they cry, and sees a sparrow fall.

Outside that house the drunkard's song was heard from the intoxicated man as he hurried homewards through the snow, and the hoarse laugh or unseemly jest was borne upon the still, night air; *inside the room*, on two low beds of straw, with but scanty coverings, lay the tired, sleeping forms of three of God's own children. Watched over by angels, they forgot the bustle and care and hunger of their lives, and their Heavenly Father gave to His own beloved soft and refreshing sleep.

Captain Thomason and his niece lived with Mrs. Thomason and her sister, a kind-hearted widow lady, in a curious, old-fashioned house with pointed front; and in a cosy parlour, well warmed and ventilated, all four of the relatives were sitting at breakfast time the next morning. They had been talking of their adventure the night before, and the Captain had stated that he should 'make tracks' for the boy's house in a day or two, just to know how Willie and his friends were getting on. Before they left the table, however, he gave his niece a bright half-sovereign, telling her to be sure and get something with it that was worth having for a Christmas present. Now Emmie wanted a great many things, for she was dependent upon the kind uncle with whom she resided, and he was not by any means a rich man; indeed, he just had sufficient to keep the little household comfortably, but not enough to procure what are called the luxuries of life.

But somehow the kind-hearted girl could not make up her mind to spend the half-sovereign in dress or the new umbrella she had been longing for, and in whatever way she *began* to think, somehow her thoughts all *ended* about poor Willie's widowed mother and crippled sister.

At last she resolved she would go and see them there and then; so, buying a few oranges, so plentiful at Christmas time, and a little tea, she made her way to Laurel-row, heedless of the melting snow beneath her feet. But she trembled when she reached the house, for some of the other lodgers were swearing so terribly that Emmie shuddered to hear them; still, heeding not their cursing, she asked a child for the widow's room, and at last stood before the door. Her timid knock was not heard, for a woman was talking very earnestly, so Emmie thought, to somebody else in the room; the girl did not wish to listen, but could not avoid hearing these words, 'O, do! do help me so



that I can pay the rent and get some food for my little ones to-morrow. Lord, it is Christmas-day, and Thou art the Prince of Peace, O! speak a word of peace to me, and give my dear children "daily bread" for their bodily support; then guide our feet into the way of peace, for Thine own sake. Amen.'

Emmie Edwards knocked loudly at the door, and told the poor widow that God had heard her prayer and had sent her the help she needed. Speechless with glad astonishment, the woman took the tea and the oranges which God's young servant had brought. And then, forgetting all her own wants in the greater need of that sorrowful woman, Emmie said very gently, 'I have one other present to give you, but it's only a

half-sovereign, and I shall be so pleased if you will accept it, and get something nice for dinner to-morrow, as it is Christmas-day.

Quietly stooping down to say a kind word and to kiss poor crippled Jess (who sat on her low stool in the corner), Emmie Edwards took her little basket and was about to leave the room, but the widow threw herself before the girl and said: 'God bless your kind heart, Miss; God bless you always! May you have many a bright Christmas, and be spared to see many happy years after I am dead and forgotten; and remember this, dear Miss, that One above will not forget your kindness, for Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."'

With a light heart and strange, indescribable peace, 'which passeth all understanding,' Emmie Edwards went to her home, feeling that she had denied herself for Jesus' sake, and her Lord's smile was upon her because she had made 'the widow's heart to sing for joy.'

Next morning she awoke just as the clock struck seven, and though it was scarcely light the church bells were pealing joyously in commemoration of the Saviour's birth; but the bells seemed to have a voice which said,—

'Inasmuch as ye did it
To the least of these, of these,
Ye have done it unto Me,
Ye have done it unto Me!'

So the widow's words rang in her ears all that happy Christmas-day; and at dinner-time, when her Uncle Thomason said, 'Well, Emmie dear, and what did you get for yourself with my Christmas present?' she quietly got up from the table, and kissing the old man's face, said:

'Uncle, dear, you must not ask any particulars, but I bought the richest blessing and the sweetest happiness I ever possessed with that half-sovereign you so kindly gave me.'

Emmie never forgot that happy Christmas-tide, and its sunshine in the quiet home of her loving uncle; often did she recall its evening hours when, gathered round the family altar, that chapter was read in which the Apostle states that '*pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*'

In the chill, damp garret where that widow resided, songs of thankfulness went up to the throne of God, and many a petition was breathed forth for His blessing upon Emmie Edwards for her kindness to them at that joyful Christmas-tide. And I tell you that the young lady so quietly dressed in black, who thought she did so little for Jesus, and all who copy her example by trying to cheer the sad and weary, are just as truly ministering angels of the King of Glory, as they are who fly on outstretched wing to do His will.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

(Concluded from page 459.)

BUCHANAN's connection with the Marshal de Brissac terminated in 1560, and after a time he returned to Scotland. The precise date of his return has not been ascertained, but he was officiating as classical tutor in 1562. Mary was at that time twenty years old, and was as accomplished in mind as she was beautiful in person. She understood French, Italian, Spanish and Latin. Buchanan read Livy with her every afternoon, and she was so pleased with his expositions of the Roman historian, and with the poems he composed for her entertainment, that she rewarded him with the temporalities of the Abbey of Crossraguel. In Scotland he openly avowed his adhesion to the principles of the Reformation. He had not the intensity of religious feeling which impelled Knox to his manful and unsparing assault on the Papal hierarchy, and enabled him to mould a nation according to his own Presbyterian and Calvinistic pattern; but on account of his learning and versatile gifts he was regarded as a great accession to the strength of the Reformed Church. The Earl of Murray, who was then rising to power, accorded to him his friendly patronage, and in 1566 nominated him to the principalship of one of the St. Andrew's Colleges. His office required him to give occasional lectures in Theology; and though we are not told how he succeeded as a teacher of Revealed Truth, there can be little doubt that his lectures, while deficient in unction, would be characterized by perspicuous thought and scholarly eloquence. He also took part in the weekly meetings of Ministers and learned men, when passages of Scripture were read and expounded; and it is related of him that he showed great skill in 'the exercise of prophecying.' While in St. Andrews he won the esteem of many of his countrymen, and his judgment was frequently sought in the settlement of ecclesiastical affairs. Such was the confidence in his prudence and ability, that he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly, which met at Edinburgh, in 1567. As he sat in the Moderator's chair, surrounded by noble and gifted men, who truly loved and honoured him, he had cause to be thankful to God for the change in his condition since the days when he fled as a fugitive from the vengeance of Cardinal Beaton, and when he was arraigned as a culprit before the Portuguese Inquisitors.

He was actively employed in political as well as ecclesiastical movements. Mary's supposed complicity in the murder of Darnley, and her unseemly marriage with Bothwell, excited the indignation of a number of her most powerful subjects. Convinced of the necessity of securing her person, they confined her in the castle on Lochleven. Aided

by a youth, she escaped one night in a skiff from her island-prison, and sought to regain her position by force of arms. The defeat at Langside was fatal to her hopes of speedy restoration to the throne, and she sought refuge in England. Queen Elizabeth required Murray, who had been appointed Regent, to send delegates to the commission she had authorized to enquire into the dispute between Mary and her people. None of his adherents would take the lead in what seemed a hazardous task, and he had to attend in person. He was accompanied by the Earl of Morton, and also by Buchanan and others. The Conference was opened in York, but afterwards transferred to Westminster. Buchanan wrote in Latin a 'Detection of Mary's actions,' which made a deep impression on the minds of the commissioners. He has been charged with ingratitude to Mary in thus presenting her character in a dark and repulsive aspect; but he does not appear to have received anything from her beyond what he might justly regard as a recompense for his services. Besides, he was only one of a number who, at the beginning of her reign, regarded her with sentiments of loyal admiration, yet were compelled before the lapse of many years to place themselves in opposition to her on account of her obliquities of conduct. Had she avoided cause of scandal, and especially had she given more heed to the counsels of Knox than to the follies of fiddling Rizzio, 'ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult;' the hearts of her people would have been as an impregnable bulwark round her throne; and every eloquent tongue and every learned pen in Scotland would have added new splendours to her name. But by her intrigues and indecorous behaviour she forfeited the confidence of those who would have been her friends, and made it impossible for them to do other than regard her as unfit for sovereignty.

Soon after the transactions at Westminster, Murray was shot in Linlithgow by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. Buchanan not only eulogized the murdered Regent in verse, but fearing that his death was only the beginning of a series of gigantic crimes, addressed a letter to the faithful lords, adjuring them to protect the young king and the children of Murray from the perils to which they seemed exposed. The members of the Privy Council and a number of the nobility and gentry having assembled to consider the affairs of the nation, appointed Buchanan to act as one of the preceptors of the young king. He was not disposed to relax discipline in favour of even a royal pupil; and in after years James used to say of a person in his court, that he ever trembled at his approach, 'it minded him so of his pedagogue.' One day James wanted a sparrow which another boy had caught and tamed, and not able to persuade the boy to give it up, tore it out of his hand with such violence as to kill it. When the

circumstance was reported to Buchanan, he struck James sharply on the ear, and told him that he was a true bird of the bloody nest to which he belonged. Another day James was playing with a boy, and made such noise as to disturb Buchanan while reading. The latter requested James to be quiet, but as no attention was paid to the request, he threatened that he would soon use something more forcible than words. James, in allusion to a Scottish story which had been the theme of a lesson, said he should be glad to see who would *bell the cat*. This was intended as a princely defiance of the tutor; but Buchanan threw down his book and inflicted on James a chastisement at once sharp and ignominious.

As James grew up, Buchanan noticed in him a tendency to grant favours without proper consideration, and adopted an ingenious expedient for correcting his conduct in that particular. He put two papers before him, which he asked him to sign, and James, not taking the trouble to read them, wrote his signature on each. One of them was a formal transfer of the royal authority to Buchanan for fourteen days. Having left the presence of the king, he was met by one of the courtiers, who saluted him in the usual way, but he announced himself as sovereign, and began to assume the demeanour of royalty. He afterwards acted in the same manner before James, who, on expressing surprise, was reminded of his resignation of the crown. The king began to think that his preceptor was deranged, but Buchanan produced the paper, and gave James a lecture on the evil of thoughtless assenting to petitions. James was not likely to forget the severities to which he was subjected in his boyhood, and his large pretensions to authority in Church and State increased his repugnance to the memory of one who had been a strenuous advocate of the rights of the people; yet he was usually ready to praise Buchanan's learning and ability, as by doing so his own reputation was advanced.

In 1570 Buchanan was made Keeper of the Privy Seal, an office which entitled him to a seat in Parliament, and he was thus in a position to render important service to his country. By people abroad he was regarded as having great influence in Scotland. Henry of Navarre wrote to him, urging him to instil into the mind of the young Monarch sentiments favourable to the Protestant cause. The French Protestants were anxious for James to form a matrimonial alliance with the sister of the king of Navarre, and besought Buchanan to promote the scheme. He was venerated by learned men on the Continent; and Beza, writing from Geneva, said: 'My late paraphrase of the Psalms, if it has reached your country, will, I hope, inspire you with the design of reprinting your own, to the great advantage of the Church: and, believe me, it is not so much myself as the whole Church that entreates you to accelerate this scheme. Farewell, excellent man. May the Lord Jesus bless your

hoary hairs more and more, and long preserve you for our sake.' The last letter Buchanan wrote was to Beza, and was sent by Jerome Groslot, a young man whose father perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and who had been studying some years in Scotland. 'Although my attention is divided by various occupations, and the state of my health is so desperate as to leave me no leisure for the common duties of life, yet the departure of Jerome Groslot has banished all my excuses. For as the father, who was a man of distinction, loaded me, during my residence in France, with every species of kindness, and the son has honoured me here as another parent, I was aware that among you I could not escape the heavy charge of ingratitude, if I should now overlook the kindness which I experienced from the one, the pleasant intercourse I have enjoyed with the other, and the polite attention which you have uniformly paid me. Yet among those who are not unacquainted with my present condition, such a fault would readily find its apology. It is my best apology that all my senses dying before me, what now remains of the image of the former man testifies, not that I am, but that I have been alive; especially as I can neither cherish the hope of contracting new intimacies, nor of continuing the old.' After again referring to Groslot, he added: 'With regard to myself, since I cannot continue my former mode of life by the reciprocation of friendly offices, I shall refrain from those exertions to which I have been long unequal, and indulge in silence. Farewell.'

The work of Buchanan's old age was his *History of Scotland*, part of which was written in the palace at Stirling. The history, though praised by scholars as a splendid contribution to the literature of the age, was offensive to King James and the high royalists of the time, on account of the unflattering portraiture of Queen Mary, and the liberal opinions so boldly expressed. In September, 1581, Andrew Melville, James Melville, and Buchanan's cousin Thomas, hearing that the history was in the press, and that the author was indisposed, went on a visit to him in Edinburgh. When they entered his room he was giving a lesson in reading to a young man who was in his service. 'I perceive, Sir,' said Andrew Melville, 'you are not idle.' 'Better this,' was the reply, 'than stealing sheep or sitting idle, which is as bad.' After a brief interview they walked to the printing-office to inspect the history. They found it in type so far as to include the narrative of Rizzio's death and burial, and being alarmed by the uncourtly words in which those incidents were narrated, requested the printer to suspend his work until they had seen the author. When they returned to Buchanan's house he was in bed, and they were told in reply to their friendly enquiries, that 'he was even going the way of welfare.' His cousin mentioned the strong language

in reference to Rizzio, and intimated a fear that it might induce the king to prohibit the book. 'Tell me,' said Buchanan, 'if I have told the truth.' 'Yes, Sir,' replied his kinsman; 'I think so.' 'Then,' exclaimed the dying man, 'I will abide his feud and all his kin's. Pray to God for me and let Him direct all.' He spoke to John Davidson, one of the Edinburgh Ministers, of his reliance for salvation on the blood of Christ; but could not refrain from making some witty observations on the absurdities of the mass. Finding that all the money he possessed would not defray the cost of his interment, he ordered his servant to distribute it among the poor. On being asked how he was to be buried when all his money was given away, he said that it was a matter about which he was indifferent, and if no one cared to bury him his corpse might be left where it was. He died September 28th, 1582, aged seventy-six years and eight months. He was interred at the expense of the city in the Grey-friars churchyard, and many of the citizens showed their affection for him by being present at the funeral.

ON OLD AGE.

"OLD age is a lease which nature only signs as a particular favour to a few;" or, 'Old age is a tyrant which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of Death.' Moses wrote: 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.' In these days of 'the sere' and 'yellow leaf,' when 'Time's chariot-wheels have made their ruts on the fairest face,' or when the countenance is 'marked with the crow's foot,' some become disabled and have to be pensioned before they are wearied of the service in which they have been engaged; and others become so effete, and relapse into such dotage or feebleness, as to recall Holmes' lines:

'But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.'

Juvenal declares, 'Old age is replete with many and great evils.' In some cases 'Old men are twice children;' and occasionally Shakespeare's words are applicable: 'A good old man, Sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out.' The same poet says of old age:

'Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion.'

It is said that Lochiel, in his old age, was rocked in a cradle as he had been when a babe. The Duke of Wellington was very peaceful, gentle, and quiet as he approached that 'bourn' whence 'no traveller returns.' The revered and beloved Dr. Guthrie, during his last affliction, delighted in 'the bairns' hymns' of his childhood. Goethe says: 'Age makes us not childish, as some say; it finds us still true children.' But some lose energy of mind as well as vigour of body, in their declining years. When the old Duke of Marlborough had the description of his own battles read to him, he frequently expressed admiration of the exploits, but then he asked, 'Who commanded?' Sir Isaac Newton, towards the close of life, was asked to explain one of the problems or theories he had worked out, but he could then only answer, 'I once knew it was correct.'

After passing the autumn of his age, its winter begins to shed its snow upon his head; but, though 'gray hairs are here and there upon him,' man is seldom willing or glad to acknowledge that he is entering upon 'the last stage in life's drama,' and many have found that 'it is difficult to grow old gracefully.'

Grecian ladies, in ancient times, used to reckon their age from the day of their marriage, not from their birth. Other persons have counted their years from the period when they really began to live by devoting their powers to noble, important, wise and useful objects. In reply to a Persian monarch, a very aged man said: 'I am only four years old. Eighty years I wasted in getting wealth and pursuing those follies and pleasures I cannot take with me out of the world, or profit from in my future life. Four years I have spent in doing good and in preparing for my eternity, and this portion of my life is alone worthy to be reckoned which has answered life's best end.' From this sensible standpoint how old are we? 'That life is long that answers life's great end.' 'The man of wisdom is the man of years.'

Old age brings many infirmities to some, they are 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;' and life to them becomes a burden.

'Years steal fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb,
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.'

Hence many have almost querulously exclaimed, 'I would not live away.' When, however, the moral and religious faculties are rightly directed and employed, they generally remain unimpaired; and so also, in some cases, the mental powers. We were told lately of an aged blind man who retained wonderful mental vigour and memory from his habit of daily committing something to memory for reflection and conversation. Some, however, outlive their usefulness, and they become quite a burden and trouble to themselves and their friends. To avert this, Wesley used to pray, 'Lord, let me not live to be useless.'

Some old people are very crotchety or bad-tempered. They chill us by their gloom, which is as bad as a cold and foggy November day; or they embitter the cup of social enjoyment by the gall of their spirit; or they sting us to vexation by their waspishness. To such as these the proverb applies, 'An old goat is never more revered for his beard.' It is also true of them, 'Their life resembles wine, when there is only a little remaining, it becomes vinegar.' Their irritability is such a self-torturing vice, that Sir W. Temple's aphorism is probably true: 'There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old person, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others.' Cato said: 'Old age has deformities enough of its own, and should not add to them the deformity of vice;' else it may have to say,

'. . . That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.'

Pitt affirmed that 'Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' Is this a reason why some aged persons are so self-opinionated? Proverbs say, 'You might as well physic the dead as advise an old man;' and 'There is no fool like an old fool.'

'An old dog cannot alter its way of barking;' therefore, we should prepare for a happy old age by avoiding the formation of bad habits. Shakespeare intimates that in order that old age may be 'like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly,' intoxicating drinks and intemperate excesses should be avoided. Reading and study are necessary in order to become well-informed and intelligent; observation must be exercised in order to form a sound judgment; whilst religion alone gives Divine purity, peace, beauty and blessing to the soul. 'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.' Religion gives 'health to the navel, and marrow to the bones.' 'Length of days are in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.' The ancients fabled that Medea made aged Æson young again by drawing the blood from his veins, and then filling them with the juice of certain herbs. The temperance, peace, joy and blessings of religion *do* cause those who possess them to 'renew their strength.' John Wesley said he proved this, for when nearly eighty years of age he was more vigorous than he had been fifty years before; one secret of which was, as he said, 'I feel and grieve, but I never fret.'

'When persons grow virtuous in their old age, they merely make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.' Rather, as many fruits grow sweet before they decay, so, during the years of youth and manhood, maturity in virtue and godliness should be attained. Then God will

be the comfort and stay of the aged, and their declining years may be like a psalm of praise, to His glory, and the delight and benefit of others :

‘Till, sinking low, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph’s song.’

Bacon affirmed : ‘Some are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years ;’ and Shakespeare speaks of men being ‘mellowed by the stealing hours of time.’ And as ripe fruit is much more valuable, sweet and beautiful than what is green and developing, so with many who are aged. ‘Years bring the philosophic mind.’ ‘An old fox understands a trap.’ ‘An old head is better than a young one ;’ therefore, ‘If you want good advice consult an old man.’

Goethe said : ‘It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.’ Many aged persons are very charitable in their judgments on others.

‘No doors are shut against honest gray hairs.’ Juvenal tells us that in the old times the youth that did not pay proper respect to the aged was condemned to die. The first lesson which the North American Indians taught their children was respect for the aged, and for parents. The enfeebled powers, the palsied hand and the failing frame, plead for sympathy, and we should ‘gently rock the cradle of reposing age.’ When a Russian princess of great beauty heard an aged man spoken disparagingly of, she took him a valuable present, and said, ‘Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country ;’ and then she kissed him, ‘as a sign that Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age.’ The Africans say : ‘If a child does not honour the aged, he will call the palm-branch *haha* (a senseless word) ; that is, he will be capable of any absurdity. The Bible rule is : ‘Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man.’

It has been said that a truly venerable old age, after a really well-spent life, should be regarded as the childhood, the dawn, or the vestibule of immortality itself. ‘The Christian is like the nightingale, which sings at midnight as no other bird can sing at noonday ;’ and this applies to the aged Christian if, on any account, his age be clouded with the gloom of poverty, affliction or trial. But many aged can say with Longfellow : ‘Time has laid his hand upon my heart gently, not smiting it, but as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp to deaden its vibrations.’ When Charles Wesley was dying, he dictated the lines :

‘In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem ?

Jesus! my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O! could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity.'

Young says that old age should,

'Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,
And put good works on board, and wait the wind
That blows us shortly into worlds unknown.'

Then, if on the margin of eternity the aged be as a shock of corn full of weighty and ripe grain, they bow in deeper humility. They often feel, too, that 'each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world, and the old man lives among graves.' Sailors, during the first part of their voyage, pledge their friends astern; towards the end of their voyage, they pledge friends ahead. And so it has been observed the aged think most of their friends ahead, whom they are going to rejoin.

Dr. Arnold did not live to realize his ideal, that, 'Old age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work at either end of our existence seems to me out of place.' Wordsworth wrote;

'An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to the grave.'

'The old man's staff is the rapper at death's door;' and 'Gray hairs are death's blossoms.' As winter strips the trees and enables us to see the distant landscape more clearly, so when the winter of age strips us of our worldly delights, we are able to look more clearly at the things not seen and eternal. Some 'drop like mellow fruit into the grave,' or into the hand of the Great Husbandman, without the painful wrench which, in other cases, is alike distressing to the individual and to other branches of the family tree. Leighton compared his putting off the burden of his flesh to a traveller putting off his miry boots at the end of his journey. Others, with Charles Wesley, regard their latter end as like the termination of a troublesome, difficult and dangerous voyage, on the blest shore of 'assurance and peace.'

'There all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.'

H. B. B.

QUEEN MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

In the present day, surrounded by the comforts and refinements of modern life, we are tempted to imagine that the England of eight hundred years ago was a country of positive barbarism; but when we look at the cotemporary condition of her sister-kingdom of Scotland, we find there a cruelty in warfare, a roughness in domestic life, an untutored ignorance in religion, which had no parallel in the southern half of the island. The people were wild, ferocious and bloodthirsty, and while possessed of great energy and courage, they also betrayed an unscrupulousness which rendered them very formidable neighbours. Nor was it only the lower classes who might be so described. King Malcolm was himself one of the most violent and sanguinary of the nation, and adding spiritual darkness to his other characteristics, was denominated, by his cotemporaries, 'infidel' and 'unbeliever.' There must be an inherent beauty and attraction in virtue, to have made *such* a man love so faithfully and passionately as he did the pious and gentle Margaret. Perhaps in the whole range of history there is no story more romantic than that of Queen Margaret, and certainly few lives are more worthy of imitation.

When Edmund Ironside died, he left a son, Edward, who married Agatha of Hungary, and was the father of three children: Edgar, Margaret and Christina. The splendid heroism of Edmund Ironside was not reproduced in either his son or his grandson, but in his granddaughters his virtues were hopefully visible. In Christina, the future stern Abbess of Romsey, could be traced his inflexible will and capacity for rule, while the nobler and more humanizing qualities of his nature were conspicuous in the lovelier character of Margaret, the future Queen of Scotland. Their brother Edgar was unfortunately infirm of purpose, and being unable to obtain his crown when he reached the age of manhood, he, with his mother and sisters, abode peacefully in England awaiting the coming of the Norman conqueror. In the inglorious repose which they enjoyed in William's court, they strove to forget the fatigues and terrors of their early years of exile and wandering. It did, however, eventually dawn upon his lethargic intellect that he who was the cynosure of so many eyes, and in whose behalf so many Saxon swords were pledged, should somewhat bestir himself to regain his crown; and he roused himself, therefore, to that which four or five years before would have been an act of simple justice, but which *now*, after eating William's bread and being the pensioner of his bounty, was rank ingratitude and revolt. Placing himself under the leadership of more fiery spirits, he made that ineffectual attempt to shake off the Norman yoke so well known to students of early English history, which, failing

in its object, ended in that fearful harrying of the North which brought desolation into some thousands of happy homes. Edgar, Agatha, Margaret and Ohristina took ship and fled to the extreme north, from whence they sent a message to Malcolm III., King of Scotland, craving his hospitality and protection.

At the time that the ship bearing the English exiles put into Wearmouth harbour, Malcolm was busily occupied in ravaging the surrounding district. The most harsh and brutal natures generally have some one accessible point, and the Scotch king was not wanting in hospitality; so he hurried from the ruins of Wearmouth to meet the royal suppliants in person, and offer them a refuge in his bleak country. With a rough kindness he strove to make them 'feel at home,' assuring them of protection, and bidding them 'dwell there as long as they pleased.' They sailed away northwards, and he returned to his congenial employments of burning, slaying and devastating. Little did Margaret imagine that her heaven-consecrated life was to be united to the prince whoslaughtered old and young, women and children, indiscriminately, and who carried so hard a hand in war that the Scottish houses were supplied with *English* slaves, captured by the ruthless king in his border warfare.

Having completed his terrible task, Malcolm returned home, and remembering the sweet face and gentle bearing of the English princess, he sent for the entire family to visit his court. Beauty, enhanced by the amiability and unselfishness of the owner, was not likely to grow tiresome and unattractive, and each day the half-savage king saw new loveliness in the pious princess. His admiration deepened into a passionate love which allowed of no obstacles, and proved as steady and faithful as it was strong and vehement. But to Margaret the idea of marrying Malcolm was repulsive. She had hoped to pass her life in holy retirement and contemplation, or in acts of charity and benevolence. Furthermore, she was a portionless exile, no meet bride for a king. But neither of these considerations weighed with the ardent lover. He knew that as Queen of Scotland she could be more extensively useful than as the abbess of some obscure nunnery; and as to her penniless state, was not the descendant of the Kings of England and of the Emperors of Germany more than a match for the sovereign of bleak and barren Scotland! Malcolm swept all minor objections relentlessly away, and having wrung a consent from Edgar, he so urged his suit with the beautiful princess, that she could no longer withstand his great and yearning love, and at last she too consented, with ill-concealed reluctance, to crown his life with happiness.

We think there are few historical pictures more touching than this

marriage of Malcolm and Margaret. On the one hand stood the bride, homeless and an exile, whose only wealth was her piety, whose only adorning was her simple beauty. Indebted to Malcolm for shelter, food and probably raiment, the passionately-wooed maiden, in her reserve and poverty, was a complete contrast to her bridegroom, whose love neither could nor would be conquered, and whose *faithfulness*, at least, deserved its reward. Rude, harsh, irreligious, cruel; yet with his whole nature gradually changing with his all-absorbing love, he won her, thinking himself honoured by the gift of an exile, and boundlessly rich in the possession of a portionless queen. He claimed her with joyous exultation, she gave herself with fear and trembling; but for Scotland it was a day of unmixed happiness and joy. They were married at Dunfermline Castle, in the year 1070, in the twenty-fifth year of Margaret's age.

Now began the most difficult and laborious work of her life. She had known the hardships of exile and want; she had felt the terrors of war and pursuit; but the real difficulties of life now opened out before her, and in the prospect there was enough to appal the stoutest heart. But hers quailed not. She addressed herself bravely to her task, and her name has been, as a consequence, handed down to posterity as that of a model queen, wife and mother. In these three relations we will briefly sketch her life.

As a *queen*, she found Scotland steeped in ignorance and barbarism, the king and people alike brutal, and the religion of Christ corrupted to their depraved tastes. Perceiving that the king placed implicit confidence in her, she sought *primarily* the good of the country, and by her example and persuasions induced him to regard the people as 'their family,' over whom they were bound to exercise the most careful and loving oversight. She sent for faithful and holy Ministers of religion to teach the benighted Scotch how to reform their church and their lives. She insisted upon the strict observance of the Sabbath. She promoted trade, in opposition to theft and rapine; encouraged the fine arts and the study of science, and instituted many new and valuable laws. She was largely charitable, and frowned upon war. At her magical touch civilization spread, and beneath the sunshine of her influence religion received a new impulse. What marvel that her grateful people revered her memory as that of a saint?

As a *wife*, her influence was extraordinary. The love which had overleapt all obstacles was faithful to the close, and was rewarded by a reciprocal affection of great power. Seeing how sweetly the love of Christ adorned *her* character, Malcolm himself sought happiness in religion; and through the humanizing influence of Margaret and the

purifying effects of God's love, he changed into the wise king and merciful master of later years. She softened his temper, cultivated his mind, polished his manners, taught him religious truths, and withal maintained an obedient, loving wifeliness which charms as much as it teaches. From her correspondence with Lanfranc and others, we gather that she excited as much admiration in outsiders as love in her own people.

As a *mother*, Queen Margaret was no less successful. Her six sons and two daughters (one of whom, Matilda, eventually married Henry I. of England) were trained to follow in the footsteps of their mother, and none of them disappointed the fond expectations of their parents' hearts. Her life of tireless benevolence was not a long one. Worn out with the cares of a large family and the responsibilities of government, she often longingly anticipated death. Sadly enough, she was allowed for a moment to taste the bitterness and sorrow of widowhood before the merciful hand of the Master released her to an eternal reunion with her loved one.

King Malcolm was treacherously killed before Alnwick castle; and the news, brought to the Queen as she lay ill in Scotland, doubtless hastened her death, which took place a few days after her husband's, in the forty-seventh year of her age. Her dying prayers were directed to 'Christ alone,' without intervention of Virgin or saint. The bodies of the royal couple were buried, first in Scotland, but were subsequently removed to the Escorial in Spain by Philip II. The Queen's skull was afterwards a travelling relic of Mary, Queen of Scots, and after many changes finally found a resting-place in the Netherlands.

A. W.

'EBENEZER.'

(1 SAMUEL VII. 12.)

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

GOD is better than my fearing,
 Evermore my passage clearing;
 His sure love and truth are boundless:
 Hence, ye dark forebodings groundless!

Will He His compassions rue?

He hath helped me hitherto.

Since the time His mercy sought me,
 Hitherto His love hath brought me;
 Hitherto His arm hath led me,
 Hitherto His hand hath fed me.

Nothing could my weakness do;

He hath helped me hitherto.

When dark fears and doubting took me,
 When my confidence forsook me;

When my heart to sin inclined me,
 When I cast His fear behind me—

Me again His Spirit drew:

He hath helped me hitherto.

When I walked with none to guide me,
 When false friends their aid denied me;

When the way was closed before me,

When astonishment came o'er me:

Though the dusk to darkness grew,

He hath helped me hitherto.

In the time of strife and slaughter,

In the fire, and in the water;

In the desert, on the ocean;

In the hours of high commotion,

Hewas nigh and brought methrough:
He hath helped me hitherto.

When the hosts of hell surrounded,
 Them His sovereign hand confounded;
 That was faithful which is written—
 He my angry foes hath smitten.
 Evermore I found Him true:
He hath helped me hitherto.

He who from the danger took me,
 He who never yet forsook me,

From the danger still will take me;
 Never will His love forsake me.

Ever nigh to watch and woo,
He hath helped me hitherto.

On His steadfast truth depending,
 Still His holy hill ascending—
 All my wants to Jesus bringing,
 I will travel on with singing:
 Old the song, yet ever new—
He hath helped me hitherto.

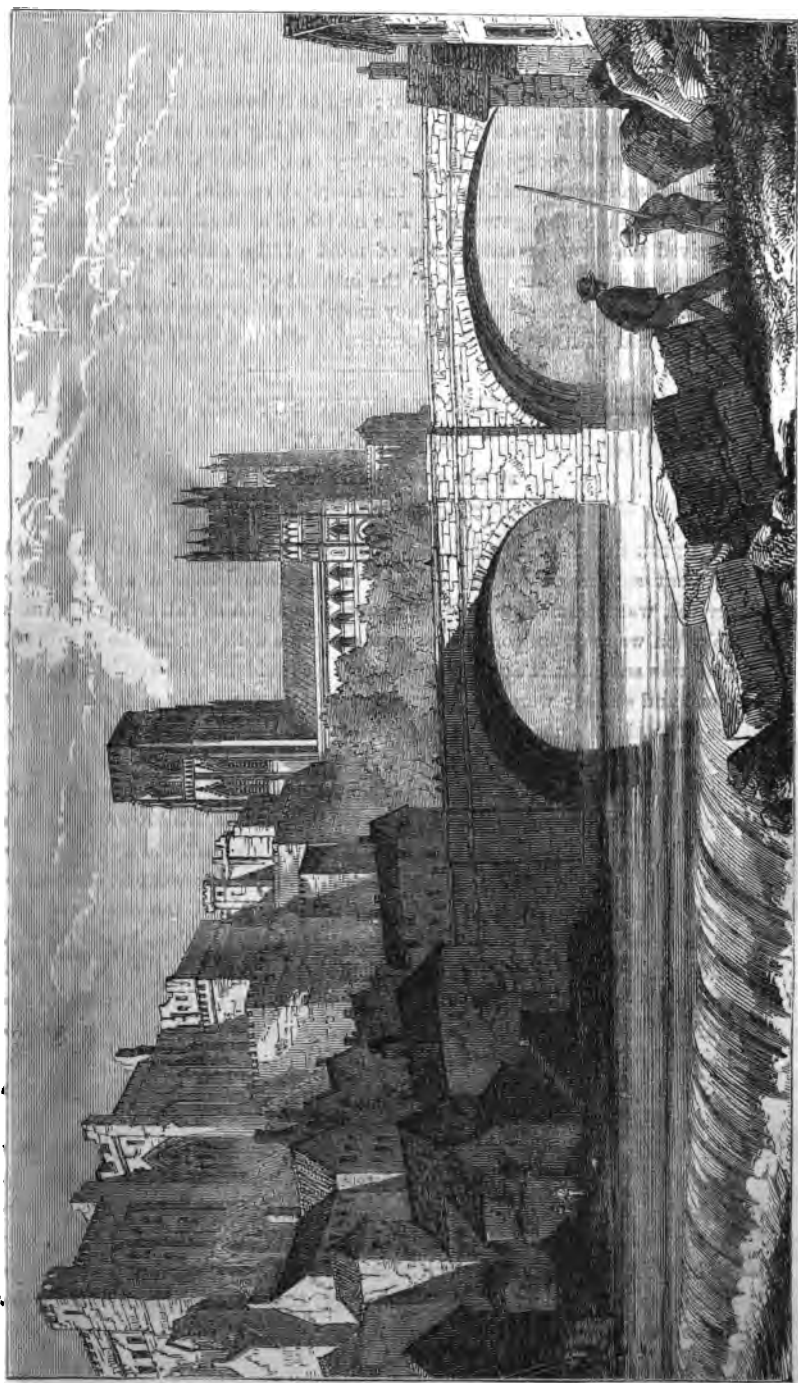
ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTIES OF AN ANCIENT CITY.

THIS England of ours is singularly rich in grand old buildings, the noble works which remain to testify to the noble minds of the men who planned them; men whose very names, with every circumstance of their history, are, in most cases, lost in hopeless obscurity.

We find not a few of these architectural monuments in the quiet but important and historic city of Durham. We catch the most imposing as well as most pleasing view of the city from the banks of the lovely river Wear. The most prominent object is the Cathedral, as it stands on rising ground, surrounded by beautiful trees, with the Wear flowing below, and reflecting in its calm waters the three fine old towers, and quaint, weird legend attributes the selection of the site to St. Cuthbert, some years after his death. It must have been chosen by the monks of Lindisfarne, who were driven from the Island by the repeated incursions of the Danes, and sought refuge in Durham. Here they built the Cathedral, and finally deposited the remains of the saint whose bones they had carried with them in their wanderings.

There is no question as to the wisdom of their choice, for perhaps no building in England is more 'beautiful for situation' than Durham Cathedral. Viewed from every part of the city or the surrounding neighbourhood, it stands well.

A very different style of building is the massive old castle, a noble structure, which strikes the eye very impressively as the city is entered from the bridge over the Wear. This was formerly the fortress as well as the residence of the warlike bishops. An institution of a kindlier nature was the celebrated Kepier Hospital, the ancient gateway of which is still standing in good preservation, bearing on the keystones of the groining the arms of two masters of the hospital, probably the two earliest, as the dates are 1341—1345, and the style of the gateway is in keeping with the architecture of that period. The hospital was endowed from the wealthy See of Durham with the munificent sum of one hundred



and eighty-six pounds per annum ; and as it boasted six chaplains, we may gather that it was a remarkably flourishing institution in its time. The site is now occupied by a country inn, though the old name is retained, and some portions of the hospital remain, but these are of a later date than the gateway. The march of civilization has, however, deprived the lover of antiquities of most of the curious old-fashioned houses which added so greatly to the interest of the city. The ordinary houses and the streets, though they may be ancient, are not picturesque, as compared with the grand old structures which tower above them.

FARMER HOLROYD'S HARVEST SUPPER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(*Concluded from page 503.*)

DURING the stranger's brief absence, the supper, which had been all but suspended by the episode of the thunderstorm and the new arrival, was resumed, and conversation was again at full swing. James Johnson was carrying on pantomimic converse with Gordon the shepherd, who was seated at the opposite table. It was evident that wonder, amusement and secrecy were all telegraphed to and fro. When the stranger reappeared, he cut a very different figure from the limp and dripping mortal who, all wind-battered and wet, had come in out of the tempestuous night. He had donned the farmer's corderoy breeches and drab gaiters, his yellow waistcoat with deep flaps over the pockets, his brown velveteen shooting-jacket with brass buttons, and around his neck was a voluminous red and white neckerchief, such as the farmer used to wear at Garrowby market and Gaythorpe church. The carpenter and the shepherd exchanged glances, and had to make swift use of their pocket-handkerchiefs and an impromptu cough to smother a burst of laughter that would have startled all the company. Inserting his thumbs in each pocket of his waistcoat, the stranger approached the hospitable landlord, who wore a broad grin on his face, and said :

'If you'll kindly prick me with a pin, farmer, it'll settle the question as to whether it's you or I, when one of us shouts "O!"'

And amid another chorus of merriment the stranger took the seat provided for him by the side of his genial hostess and her daughters. His pleasant talk, and clear, attractive voice soon gave him a monopoly of the conversation ; and while he evidently laid himself out, successfully, to interest his auditors, it soon became equally evident that a soberizing influence began to pervade the assembly, though the pleasantness grew none the less.

Isn't he nice?' whispered Sally Holroyd to her eldest sister, and the question was answered with an emphatic nod.

Taking advantage of a brief lull in the conversation, old Geordie Meggit, unwilling to be longer ignored, said:

'It's a waint rough neet, sor.'

'It is a rough night,' said the unknown, looking benignly on the speaker. 'I say, you've seen a great many rough nights in your time, I know. Why, you must have seen fourscore Christmas days, if not more.'

'Nay, nut queyat, bud ah isn't far off. Ah's gannin' o' seventy-nine, an' ah've been on't Grange Farm ivver sin' ah wer' eight year and, when ah com' te be a bod-tenter.'

'A bod-tenter! What's that, I wonder?'

'Why, flayin' bods off o't corn, yo' knoa, wiv a rattle. Ah've been here ivver sin'. Ah reckon it's nigh seventy year sin'.'

'Dear me!' said the stranger, kindly. 'It's a great honour to see you, old friend, and to make your acquaintance;' and so, rising, he shook the old man warmly by the hand and gained his heart for evermore.

'Farmer, I have just had an introduction to your old servant here, who tells me he has been on the farm for the full Bible space of three-score years and ten.'

'Yes,' said the farmer, 'old Geordie belongs to the Grange; I'm free to say that he's an old servant and a good one.'

'God bless you, old man!' quoth the guest. 'What a grand thing it would be if we were all as good servants to our Heavenly Master! Then we should all hear Him say, when the time comes to go up yonder (looking reverently upward): "Well done, good and faithful servant... enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." God help us! We should all like to hear Him say that.'

'Hey,' said the carpenter, glad to help now that he saw how things were moving; 'that'll be a grand harvest-supper te sit doon at, an' harvest 'll last for ivver.'

'Praise God!' said Leonard Gordon, whose heart always lay near his lips when religion was the topic, and eager to lend, as he hoped, a helping hand. 'The Lord pays good wayges while t' work's bein' deean, bud it'll be glorious when it is deean an' heaven's won.'

'Ah say, shippard,' said Wetherill the blacksmith, 'isn't that a bit o' Methody talk 'at tho' ears when tho' gaus to Garrowby?'

Bob Wetherill was an ungainly and cross-tempered fellow, whose peculiar talents lay in drinking and fighting, and whose antipathy to Methodism was a savage hate. Farmer Holroyd pricked up his ears at the mention of the Methodists, and bringing his hand down upon the table with a force that made the crockery clatter, he said:

'I'll have no Methodism here! Good religious talk, such as we've had,' said he, looking at his guest, 'is good anywhere; but the Methodists are all canters. Hey! and I'll have no Methodist sheep either, they're sure to have the scab. So let them that has care of 'em look out.'

There was no misunderstanding this pointed reference; and it was felt that the shepherd's days of service were numbered as far as the Grange Farm was concerned.

'Hadn't we better change the subject?' said the stranger, quietly, as one who would sprinkle oil on troubled waters.

'Hey,' said the farmer, recovering his good temper. 'But I never can hear the name of the hateful Methodists—'

A blinding flash! a chorus of screams! and the awful crash of a thunder-boom cut the farmer's speech short, and James Johnson couldn't help saying:

'Mebbe it wad be as weel to say nowt about t' Methodies here. Ah deean't feel cumfortable;' and again the awful terrors of the sky shook the house to its very foundations. And now flash followed flash with scarce a moment between, and a real awe and a dead silence fell upon the stricken company. The stranger stood upon his feet, lifted a rapt gaze heavenward, and solemnly repeated the words of the Psalmist:

'The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: Thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.' 'Say unto God, How terrible art Thou in Thy works! through the greatness of Thy power shall Thine enemies submit themselves unto Thee.'

'O God!' he prayed, 'we will submit; be not angry with us for ever.' Turning a commanding countenance upon the still and softened audience, he stretched forth his hand and said:

'Hark! God speaks to you!' He paused, until a deep hoarse boom of retiring thunder passed away. 'He Who sent the gentle breeze, the soft dew, the precious rain, the warm sunshine; Who nourished the fields, ripened the harvests and filled your barns; Who brought you here to feed on His goodness, has heard no word of praise, no song of thanks, no sound of prayer. So now He sends His thunders to speak in a louder voice, His lightnings to show you Himself, and if ye will not hear'—and again the wrathful horror crashed into the midst of them, and literally caused them to cower to the ground. 'Down upon your knees!' he shouted, and on the instant the stranger prayed as one who speaks face to face with God. In tremulous and pleading

tones he made confession of sin. Then with marvellous power and pathos he pleaded for mercy in Jesus Christ. He drew every bended soul under the shadow of the Cross, and in his prayer 'preached Jesus' and a full salvation. Sighs and tears broke in upon the mighty pleader's voice, and it seemed as though, like the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, the whole company were pricked to the heart. Checking his petitions, but remaining on his knees, he sang, in a clear, pathetic voice,—

'Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly, etc.'

Farmer Holroyd himself leaped to his feet and came round to the kneeling singer.

'Stranger!' said he, 'I'm the biggest and the worst sinner of all! Is there mercy for me?' and kneeling by his side, he buried his head in his hands, and in a voice broken with sobs, prayed, 'God be merciful to me!'

Laying one hand on his shoulder and another on that of his weeping wife, the stranger said:

'My Lord hath sent me through the storm to tell you that He wants to save you. O! my friends, He died for you; surely that's enough! He's *your* Saviour, farmer, He's *yours* too; tell Him so; call Him by His name.'

'My Saviour! He is! He is! He is!' said Mrs. Holroyd, over and over and over again. Leonard Gordon the shepherd, who had been speaking to some who knelt near him, jumped to his feet, unable to restrain himself, and kneeling by his master's side, said: 'O, maister, He's yours an' all; ah knoa He is!'

A look of wonder, then a gleam of joy passed over the farmer's lifted features; jumping to his feet he seized the two hands of his serving man, saying, 'He is, shippard! He is!' and passing over to his rejoicing wife, they too mingled their praises to their common Lord.

By this time some of the assembled guests were seated, looking on in silent wonder. Several professed to have found the Saviour. The grim blacksmith and the gossiping sadler were standing in a corner of the room, dumbfounded and distraught. The stranger was kneeling by the side of old Geordie Meggit, and as his white hair touched the sparse and snowy locks of the old labourer, he pointed him to the Saviour.

'My dear old friend,' said he, 'I must have you too, for my Saviour. He bare *your* sins. He'll be *your* Saviour!'

'Nay, ah's frettened 'at ah's ower aud. Ah've had nowt te deea wiv' 'im for fower score year, an' noo He'll hae nowt te deea wi' me.' With a sigh of despair, he thrust his poor shrunken and trembling hand among

his scanty hair, and one solitary tear from a fount all but dry trickled down his tanned and wrinkled cheek.

'No, no, you listen to me!' and in simple words he repeated the parable of the vineyard labourers. When he came to the place where the Master went out again at the eleventh hour, the old man stopped him:

'What did He gau oot then for? There was nobbut an 'oor left. It wan't worth hevin'.'

'That's just it, you see, dear old man; the Master wanted the men more than their work, so He hired them, and He gave them as much wages as the rest got.'

'What *diz* it mean?' said poor Geordie.

'It just means that Jesus wants you, however old you are. Though eleven hours of your life-day's gone, He wants you; He wants to save you; He died for you; He loves you; He's sent me to tell you so. And it means that the wages of pardon and joy and heaven shall be given to you, just as well as if you had come first thing in the morning of life. Ask Him for yourself.'

The old man prayed in the most touching simplicity, 'O, God A'mighty, ah's a poor and sinner. Ah's shamm'd te ax Yo' noo 'at ah've nowt but tops an' tengs te gie Yo'.' (By 'tops an' tengs,' Geordie, referring to the tops and the roots of turnips which are cut off that the bulb itself may be stored for food, meant the worthlessness of his failing life.) 'But ah deea want te be seeaved. Ah've allus heea'd at Jesus Christ dee'd fo' ma', but ah nivver thowt aboot it an' ah nivver cared. Its t' alevent' 'oor wi' me, an' dizn't want aboon two or three minnites te twelve. Ah's flaid it's ower leeat. Lord, hev massy! an' seeave me poor and sowl, for Jesus Christ's seeak.'

'Let us sing,' said his instructor. 'You all know "Auld Lang Syne." — "He breaks the power of cancelled sin, etc."' And while they sung, the old man stood upright, as erect as though no weight of years had ever bound him. He lifted his hands and shouted:

'Ah's hired! Ah's hired! 'At t' alevent' 'oor! O, ma' blessed Sayviour! What a fecal ah've been! Maister! Missis! Lord luv yo': Ah's seeaved this minnit!' Subsequently he took the stranger by the hand and said: 'Wheea yo' are, an' what yo' are, ah deean't knoa, but if yo' were a Methodist Preacher, you've cum' through thunner an' leetnin' to seeave mah sowl!'

The stranger spoke a few earnest words to the entire company, and then engaged in prayer. That prayer was never forgotten by those who heard it, as that night, through all eternity, will not be forgotten by those heirs of glory who were born then. When they rose to their feet, there was the hush of a great calm. 'I wonder what sort of weather it

is,' said their mysterious guest; and going to the door he let in a flood of light. The clouds were gone, the full moon in brightest glory hung nearly in mid heaven, and the autumn landscape lay bathed in quiet beauty.

'I can now continue my journey, farmer,' said the stranger, 'if you will kindly allow me to change my clothes and get my horse.'

'No, never!' said the farmer, as the party began to prepare for their homeward journey through the early morning. 'Your clothes aren't dry. It is night yet, though late, and as long as I have shelter, bed and board for me and mine, so long will you be the most welcome guest that can darken my door or cross my threshold.'

'God bless you and yours, farmer, for your kindly words. God *will* bless you; God *has* blessed you for giving willing shelter to a poor belated Methodist Preacher!'

'What!' thundered the farmer, in amazement. 'Then God forgive me for hating the servants of the living God!'

Old Geordie Meggit looked at the stranger from under his shaggy eyebrows.

'Ah said we'd deean without Methody Parsons all ower lives,' he said, 'but God A'mighty be prayed for ivver an' ivver, 'at t' Methody Parsons hezn't deean without uz!'

Mr. Hugill, as the guest was called, abode there some days; Methodism was introduced into Gaythorpe; and to this day the Garrowby Circuit finds liberal and hearty supporters in the descendants of Farmer Holroyd, who was long a pillar of the Methodist Church, and whose name lingers with a pleasant fragrance round the now evangelized district in which Gaythorpe Grange is situated, the scene of 'Farmer Holroyd's Harvest Supper.'

HOLY-DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;

OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. B. S. CLIFFORD.

NEW SERIES.

IV.

BROAD as is the gulf that sunders us in matters of thought and feeling from our ancestors of three or four centuries ago, the language in which some of the old poets express themselves concerning the sweet flowers of spring and summer, strikes a responsive chord in our breasts. We, as did they, view with unaffected pleasure the yellow daffodils and 'cuckoo-buds,' the fair lilies, the blue violet and eyebright, and the 'pied daisy;' yet doubtless in other times the enthusiasm with regard to these simple wild flowers was greater, because the modern displays of

garden and greenhouse were unknown. The admiration and love of flowers so strongly, if quaintly, uttered in English not familiar to our ears, were common among the people, or the poets would not have found listeners, as they surely did. Hence it was that the young folks took to decorating the interior of the churches after Easter, with such flowers as were obtainable, because in towns, and especially in the metropolis, many who could not go out into the fields were glad to have this chance of beholding those buds and blossoms which gave a promise of the coming summer. But what began innocently enough soon took a superstitious tinge; and the Puritans also objected that a display of floral or other decorations in places of worship tended to withdraw the thoughts of the congregation from the grand object of their assembling. Ritualists of the nineteenth century have revived a custom which had become obsolete, and the ornamentation of churches with flowers supposed to be appropriate to certain days in the calendar, serves to amuse, and partially occupy, ladies of various ages.

Greater even than the festival of Easter, in the estimation of multitudes, was the 'Pentecost-tide;' and for this preparations were diligently made as May advanced. Withered flowers were thrown away, to be replaced by a fresh gathering; in some churches, too, the walls were enlivened by a display of tapestry wrought by the fair fingers of titled dames and their attendant maidens. Ere this festival, however, came the Feast of the Ascension. Though the forms of matins and first and second vespers were duly gone through, when 'Alleluia' resounded after every versicle and every prayer, the greater part of the holy day was given up to feasting and merriment, not always of an innocent kind. In the rude, unmetrical lines of a doggerel poet, Barnaby Rudge, an account is given of an odd custom practised in some places on Ascension Day, when an image of our Lord was drawn up to the roof with cries of joy, and another, to represent Satan, flung down on the pavement, to be attacked by the boys and broken in pieces by their fists or sticks. It was also part of the ceremonial of the day to have a distribution of cakes after the evening service, accompanying the 'antiphon,' in which prayer was offered for the gift of the Holy Spirit—alas! too often lightly uttered. On the following Sunday intimation was given (scarcely needed) that the feast of Whitsuntide was approaching.

Before the dawn, the bells pealing from tower and turret woke our ancestors, and, sometimes at least, sent them to their devotions in their own chambers on Whit-Sunday, in anticipation of the service in the church; for it was believed by many people that any prayer was sure to succeed which was sent to heaven just as the sun dawned upon the earth at the commencement of the Pentecostal feast. Under this super-

stitious notion, probably, lay hid some dim realization of the great truth that the Spirit of God both aids men in their supplications and intercedes for them Himself. Unquestionably Whitsuntide took its name from the circumstance that on this Sunday the catechumens appeared at the entrance of the choir clad in white robes, and chanting frequently, we may presume, in no very melodious way; while (though the candidates were mostly adults) their sponsors stood around to make vows and promises for them. The priests used much exertion to gather a goodly number of these catechumens, not being scrupulous, in most instances, as to the agency which brought them to confess their faith; and bribes or threats helped to make converts, since 'the strong arm of power dragged many an unwilling heathen to the waters of baptism, and the sign of the cross was impressed upon many a shuddering brow.' In early Norman times there stood round the font the frightened Jew, the half-pagan Saxon or Dane, or perhaps the swarthy Eastern man, each prepared seemingly to renounce, in the quaint old phrase, 'all the devil's works, and all the devil's words.' During the sixteenth century, when it had become unusual to have the catechumens thus mustered, the Clergy resorted to other devices to attract or surprise the people. Lambarde tells us that he saw, at Paul's church, the coming of the Holy Ghost set forth by the liberation of a white pigeon, and a censer of incense was drawn up and down between the roof and the pavement. The service concluded, every one hastened to the well-spread tables to be found in every hall and palace, for monarch and nobles on this grand holy-day held themselves bound to feast all comers; so soldier, serving-man, peasant and vagrant, tramped in together to the rush-strewn floors and ate and drank heartily.

Much as they might love a feast, however, they could not eat from morning to night and day after day, throughout the festival of Whitsuntide, and hence the season had its special amusements, which attracted not only the men, but the women and the children. In the days of chivalry, the clash of shields and spears was to be heard and the twang of the bows, for tournaments enabled the knights and squires to show what feats they could perform, if need be, against the active Frenchman or the fierce Saracen. Also, according to another writer, horse-races were deemed by the Normans a very suitable amusement at Whitsuntide, and our author says that the course run was generally three miles, and the reward of the winner forty pounds of 'redde golde.' But of far more importance than these, and especially so during the century or two preceding the Reformation, were the old miracle plays, or mysteries, about which much has been written, not always with judgment or fairness. Now they have been called 'ridiculous,' 'profane' and 'indelicate;'

and it is granted that some of these plays, if not all of them, do very well deserve these adjectives. Yet it is by no means fair to value the customs of the past by the estimate of an age like the present. The reader of history must remember the philosophical and important truth, that only amongst a people highly civilized can a sense of the ludicrous flourish. Long subsequent to the downfall of Papal supremacy in England, Preachers would employ grotesque or absurd images to set forth the doctrines they proclaimed from the pulpit, to which the people then listened with steady attention, but which would shake a modern congregation with laughter, or drive them out of the doors in disgust. The miracle-plays were bad as mere plays, we admit, bad also intrinsically, from the faulty way in which they represented Scriptural incidents; yet they made men acquainted with the narratives of the Bible, when they had no other means of knowing them, and by the indirect, but undeniable influence they exerted, the English nation was prepared to welcome the dawn of Reformation light and spiritual freedom.

The ancient city of Chester had long a notoriety for the grandeur of its miracle-plays. They were enacted on *Corpus Christi* Day, as well as at Whitsuntide; and the district of London called Clerkenwell, is supposed to have taken its name from the clerk's well, near which certain miracle-plays were performed, the acting, with only short intervals, going on the whole day. There were also plays which occupied several days in their performance. One play, which is stated to have taken a week to perform, represented the life of Christ, from His Birth to His Ascension. To promote the interest of these plays (which somehow brought money into the ecclesiastical coffers, we may be sure), one of the Popes, by a bull, granted a thousand days of pardon to those who attended the annual performances regularly; so that these persons had an indulgence for every day in the year, and for six hundred and thirty-five days more! Yet the absence of unity of opinion amongst the Clergy with regard to the miracle-plays is proved by the vigorous manner in which William of Wykeham, A.D., 1384, denounced those priests who lent, or made use of, the sacred vestments for the purposes of these performances. The matter of the plays, or dramas, judging from the specimens surviving, was dull enough, being for the most part the composition of the monks, who mingled sacred fact and pagan or Jewish legend in a singular and contradictory manner; sometimes, being wilfully guilty of irreverence and misrepresentation. We do not wonder to find in several of the plays vivid and disgusting pictures of the terrors and sufferings of Purgatory, as these would manifestly advance priestly power with the masses.

The oldest miracle-play is thought to be one entitled the 'Descent into Hell,' a very unscriptural affair, borrowed chiefly from the spurious gospel of Nicodemus. The list of the characters contains the names of Satan, the Porter,—i.e., gate-keeper, in the old sense of the word,—Adam, Eve, Abraham, David, Moses, and John the Baptist. The point of the play turns on the fable that Satan bore off to his abode, and there retained, all the patriarchs and prophets until the coming of Christ. After our Lord has heard the appeals of those so immured by the great enemy of mankind, He is represented as their deliverer, though Satan and the Porter strenuously resist; and at the conclusion of the play the company of believers march out in procession singing anthems!

Miracle-plays appear to have been almost invariably performed in the open-air, music occasionally filling up intervals between the acts; and, at other times, short addresses were given, perhaps of a moral nature. It is notable that in London and elsewhere, various crafts undertook the acting of special plays, often with a seeming appropriateness,—as when the water-carriers exhibited the scenes of the Deluge. The building of Noah's ark fell appropriately to the shipwrights; the miraculous draught of fishes to the fishmongers; but we can hardly see why the drapers undertook to display the Fall of Lucifer!

But the sightseers had still more to look for; since the following Sunday, being Trinity Sunday, led the Clergy to a new exhibition of gorgeous ceremonial within the churches, preparatory, in part, to the Thursday of that week, *Corpus Christi* Day, devoted to the glorification of the best loved and most dangerous of the errors of Rome—the dogma of Transubstantiation. In strange contrast to the summer flowers around the church, the largest wax candles blazed beside the altar, on which was piled the church plate; and the whole clerical staff, with numerous attendants, took part in the service. That ended, a procession was formed, of a similar character to one yet to be gazed upon in numerous Continental towns; and along the crowded streets, carpeted with green boughs and rushes, the consecrated wafer was borne aloft by the principal priests, preceded by the choristers singing the 'Prose,' in which, amongst other things, it was insisted on that the duty of the faithful requires them to receive all Mother Church declares, though it should be opposed to the evidence of the senses!

THE MUCH-WELCOMED IMPOSTOR.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

(Concluded from page 520.)

Wealth frequently undermines vital godliness.—The Lord Jesus very explicitly taught that the possession of riches renders it more difficult to

maintain true discipleship. It becomes less likely that a place will be secured or retained in the kingdom of grace, or that entrance will be found into the kingdom of glory. Christ's words, though they were derided by money-loving men, and ever will be scornfully received by such persons, need no confirmation. It is enough that they are His. Daily life, however, furnishes us with numerous and ceaseless illustrations of our Lord's unerring teaching. Take one :

While Methodism was struggling for existence in Liverpool, there was in that town a barber, Mr. M—, who was induced to hear the Itinerant Preachers, perceived that they spake the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and became a regular worshipper at the Methodist chapel. Mr. M— and his wife soon furnished evidence that they were not mere hearers of the Word. The Gospel, as ministered by the Methodists, proved the 'power of God' to their 'salvation.' They were growing old, but were exemplary in their attendance at the means of grace. They were not rich; but, according to their ability, they cheerfully aided in the support of God's cause. At this time the much-welcomed impostor made his appearance. He had been sadly deceiving an aged relative of the barber's who lived in London; and, having no more to do in that case, he came to Liverpool to try his wiles on the barber and his wife. In other words, there had been an avaricious old woman living in a garret in London, eagerly hoarding up her money, of which she had much, and utterly unwilling to spend a shilling beyond what was indispensable. At length the unhappy creature died. It was ascertained that Mr. M—, the barber in Liverpool, was one of her nearest relatives. So he thus, suddenly and unexpectedly, came into possession of considerable wealth. It was known that two thousand three hundred pounds were paid to him at one time, and it was supposed that he afterwards received considerably more.

Wealth thus found admission into the barber's dwelling, was cordially welcomed, and not very carefully watched. So that happened which might have been anticipated. Where there might have been a useful servant there was a hurtful deceiver. Poor Mrs. M—, though generally regarded as an old woman, began to exhibit the sort of finery fashionable towards the close of the eighteenth century. She and her husband did for a time attend the chapel; but Mrs. M— was now arrayed in costly silks and long double ruffles, and carried a large roll in her gray locks. They now thought themselves unable to walk as far as the chapel, but were drawn thither in a single horse chair. In a short time they took a house in the country, yet still found their way to the preaching, still riding as before. They were, however, afraid of being overturned if they journeyed in the dark, and therefore now only attended Divine service in the forenoon. The relish for sacred things was rapidly

diminishing. The 'love of the world' was destroying the 'love of the Father.' They were not happier than when they filled a lowlier position, but far otherwise. The poor man could not now sleep in peace. He was in constant dread of thieves; and, though unaccustomed to fire-arms, procured a brace of pistols and kept them loaded by his bedside. His table was now spread with costly luxuries, and also with choice wines and other strong liquors; while his attachment to the cause of his Redeemer had so fearfully decreased, that he would not now contribute to the evangelization of his own country as he had done in his penury. When applied to for his contribution, instead of making it tenfold or a hundredfold, as he could easily have done, he refused to give anything, stating that he did not approve of the Yearly Collection. Poor miserable man! Even Dives did not refuse a portion for the needy one at his gate.

Twice had that hoarded money deceived its possessors. It had befooled the wretched old woman in the London garret who scraped the gold together, and the aged pair in their country mansion. The money was soon to be dissipated so as to be no longer traced as the old woman's hoard. But it worked one more mischief as it disappeared. The aged barber and his wife died. It is to be feared that the idol was cherished to the last. They had one son, and we may suppose that the plea which the aged couple would urge on behalf of their niggardliness was their love for their child. But that son did not long survive his parents. He left a widow, however, and the money might provide for her. It did not even do that. Through the knavery of one of the executors the widow was defrauded; and, after some struggles, took refuge in the parish workhouse. After spending some time there, she was furnished with a small income; and, helpless and blind, had food and raiment. The barber, when happy in the love of God and a good hope of heaven, little thought what a deceiver he was welcoming to his home. He doubtless might have used the money aright, and so have received advantage therefrom, and secured augmented treasure in heaven. As it was, he had better have never handled the gold.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Hidden Jewel: Brief Memorials of Emma, the Beloved Daughter of REV. JOSIAH PEARSON. London: S. W. Partridge and Co. 1877.—A sketch, by a father's hand, of a girl whose seventeen years on earth developed a singularly attractive and holy character. It is not a memoir in the ordinary sense of the word; it gives little or nothing of its subject's history,

not even the date of her birth. But by extracts from her journal and other modes, it enables a reader to gain a clear conception of her spiritual life. The author's own reflections and appeals to parents and to the young add much to the worth of the book. It would form a suitable and probably beneficial present to a girl in her teens.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR DECEMBER, 1877.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1877.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.
Nov.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	7 38	3 58	4 9a	6 58a	0 58m	5 54a	11 57a
Dec.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
7	7 51	3 52	4 25	7 21	0 48	5 25	11 19
17	8 1	3 52	4 57	7 43	0 40	4 56	10 42
27	8 6	3 57	5 29	8 1	0 34	4 28	10 7

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Dec. 4th, New Moon.. 10h. 4m. after. | 20th, Full Moon.. 11h. 51m. morn.
 12th, First Quarter 9h. 34m. after. | 27th, Last Quarter 6h. 20m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 11th 8h. after., Apogee; 251,288 miles.
 " 23rd..... 2h. after., Perigee; 227,572 "
 Mean distance for the month 239,430 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 1st 90,358,560 miles.
 January 1st, 1878 90,141,170 "
 Decrease of distance for the month..... 217,390 "

The *Sun* attains his greatest southern declination, 23 degrees 27 minutes 25 seconds 6 tenths, on the 21st, at 5h. in the afternoon, and the winter quarter commences.

The *Earth* will be at that point of its orbit nearest to the Sun, or in perihelion, on the 31st at noon, when the distance from the Sun will be 90,140,990 miles, taking the mean distance at 91,677,410 miles. It was in aphelion on the 3rd of July at midnight, when the distance was 93,215,900 miles. It was at its mean distance on the mornings of the 1st of April and 3rd of October. If the Sun and Earth were the only two bodies in our system, the orbit of the Earth relatively to the Sun would be a perfect ellipse, and the mean distance would be half the sum of the greatest and least distances; but both these bodies are attracted by, and in their turn attract, the other

bodies in our system, and thus the orbit of the Earth is sensibly but not greatly altered. Kepler's supposition that it is an ellipse is a near approximation to the fact, but by no means near enough to meet the wants of modern astronomy. An exhaustive investigation of the form of the orbit of the Earth, and of that of the other larger bodies of the solar system, was happily completed by the late distinguished French astronomer Leverrier shortly before his death.

All the larger planets, with the exception of Uranus, are now evening stars.

Mercury attains its greatest eastern elongation from the Sun, 20 degrees, on the 25th, at 2 h. in the afternoon. For a few evenings about this time it sets an hour and a half later than the Sun, and may be seen with the naked eye.

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